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THE NEW GERMAN INTRIGUE: A NOTE OF WARNING.

Germans complain that they are known in Japan by an opprobrious but amusing nickname—*Kawaji-doroba*—the "fire-thieves"—the people who appear when a house is in flames and walk away with property under pretext of saving furniture. The epithet is not only witty; it amounts to one of the best political epigrams of our time, and is worth a compendium of diplomatic principles for the use of another island. Since the Kiel visit, the Wilhelmstrasse has begun to open out its parallels once more in the direction of this country. The German Fleet has visited Plymouth in the hope of exciting the cry of "*nous sommes trahis*" in France. Recent tourists were amazed to find a powerful German Squadron with a personnel of 9,000 men in practical occupation of the Shetlands, which might be as useful to the new navy in the North Sea as Heligoland was once to us. We are again extending to our chief rival inexplicable opportunities for the study of our coasts and fortresses. The German semi-official Press is showering compliments upon this country with extraordinary effusiveness and system. These are the preliminaries of the further efforts by which Berlin hopes to neutralise the Anglo-French agreement, to recover diplomatic predominance upon the Continent, and to direct the backwash of the war against ourselves.

With the crisis of the struggle in the Far East we are within near approach of a diplomatic situation which may be decisive for the future of British policy. It has been foreseen for some months that in the event of the Japanese successes proving unexpectedly complete, intervention would be attempted upon the initiative of Berlin in the nominal interests of Russia. Note

the word nominal. It is used with design. Those have read the modern history of Europe in vain who imagine that Berlin is capable of making any move in the genuine interests of another Power. The Wilhelmstrasse works exclusively upon a science of self-interest more definitely methodised than in any other Foreign Office, and applied with more tenacious persistency. When Germany acts upon a plea of philanthropy the world's loose property is in unusual danger. For more than a century and a half the historic policy of the Hohenzollerns has aimed without swerving at the weakening of their neighbours and the aggrandisement of their House. The methods of Frederick the Great in the seizure of Silesia were those of the Iron Chancellor in connection with Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine. Austria and France were elaborately deceived before they were attacked. Berlin is now applying that familiar process to the British Empire as a matter of course. If we are blind to the lessons of the past Germany will again succeed up to the very hour of her opportunity in duping the power which she will endeavour sooner or later to destroy. Open Anglophobia after all gave warning of its own existence. It had the crepitation as well as the venom of the rattlesnake. The plausible advances of the *faux bonhomme* are infinitely more dangerous, and it would be fatal did we consent upon any fair-seeming pretext to be flattered back into the fool's paradise from which we have so recently escaped.

The main object of German diplomacy is to restore British delusions. Its Press was never so unanimously tuned to the key of compliment. The Kaiser notoriously meditates renewed efforts to drag this country into another scheme of compromising co-operation. Berlin is awake above all things to the desirability of lulling British opinion to slumber. While the splendid instrument of an ultimate naval attack upon this country is being created upon the other side of the North Sea, the absolutely essential business of German diplomacy is to trade upon all our sentimental weaknesses, to exploit the dynastic connection between the two countries, and, in a word, to amuse our minds in order that we may be induced to minimise our preparations. This policy does not arise from any peculiar iniquity at the Wilhelmstrasse. It is dictated and enforced by the nature of things. It will be continued, if we permit ourselves to be victimised by it, until the moment when the German Navy, organised from the beginning and exercised even in complimentary visits for one purpose, shall be able to strike with advantage.

No British interest can benefit by the promotion of any

German interest. Those who have taken a firm hold of that simple maxim will be tolerably sound judges of developments in foreign policy. From this point of view we shall enter upon the psychological analysis of the German official attitude towards the Far Eastern situation. What we have to study most carefully beforehand is the probable reflex action of intervention upon the future relations of this country with both belligerents and with France. Such an inquiry will reveal a mechanism of wheels within wheels, which has been singularly ignored in our current comment upon the war. Even the sincere and natural apologists for Germany in this country must admit that if—*if*—she knew herself to be our destined and inevitable antagonist, bound to become our rival for sea-power with the growth of her commerce, it would be her duty to dupe us until it became her chance to destroy.

But to the sincere and natural apologists for Germany in this country a word upon the reason of the matter may be first addressed. The high finance of London to an extent that would be amazing to the average Englishman, if fully known, is very particularly connected with our great competitor. The danger that with the best intentions it may be induced to play the part of a golden horse in Troy is not altogether illusory. There is in this direction an intense hatred of Russia, which Russia, for her part, by one of the fundamental mistakes of her policy, has done everything to deserve. Israel—let us write the words with seriousness and with admiration—Israel must always be reckoned with as one of the Great Powers. Wealth, brains, and the most complete and cosmopolitan of all intelligence services are no bad substitutes for armies and fleets. But the anti-Russian sentiment in the sphere of high finance works strongly with a pro-German sentiment. Both these feelings make it difficult for those who are affected by them to follow unflinchingly the purely British point of view in foreign policy. Yet, when the greatest naval danger by which this Empire has ever been threatened is rising up opposite our shores, it is a grave thing that an important element in English public life—which is a still more effective factor in English private life—should allow itself to echo the diplomacy and to apologise for the armaments of another Power. No nation in Europe except ourselves is at a similar disadvantage in relation to a possible and probable rival. Apologies for German policy would come with a better grace and more effectively, if they are to come at all, from those whose immediate sense of patriotic duty towards one country is not at all liable to be confused by a sentimental feeling for another.

Another danger lies in what may be called the best weaknesses

of our national temperament. Upon this point it is perhaps not out of place to make an earnest and reasonable appeal to the Opposition journals who represent, as they believe, the more conciliatory school in foreign policy. That school is at least as likely to err through Idealism as is the other school through Jingoism. It is apt to magnify the mote in our own eye, and to accept the assurances of our brother that there is none in his own. All policy leans towards error upon some side. It will hardly be thought a controversial statement if we say that the Gladstonian tradition, now continued by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is most liable to the mistake of disparaging British action and defending foreign action—rendering rather less than justice to our own case and rather more than justice to that of our rivals. Impartiality is always excellent, but the effort to be impartial becomes a snare when it leads us to special pleading for an enemy or a competitor. So much will be admitted by sane newspapers like the *Westminster Gazette*, now engaged in forming the Liberal opinion which will influence in all probability the foreign policy of another Government before the close of next year. The point is, whether Liberal journalists and politicians, in their desire to be charitable to the motives of other Powers, are not liable to mistake the logic of objective facts. Is there to be a definite Liberal foreign policy, not only actuated by universal good intentions, but clear as to particular modes of action? Or is the work of conducting the external relations of the British Empire to be undertaken by a Radical Cabinet merely in the spirit of nebulous benevolence towards all mankind? Opposition prospects in domestic affairs will again depend, to a large extent—let us be certain of it—upon the degree of practical capacity displayed by that Party in the conduct of foreign affairs.

The conciliatory school is apt to regard the vital danger in the North Sea as a myth—to assume that the growth of the Kaiser's Navy is legitimate and its purpose defensive. Why, we are asked, should not Germany have a fleet? There is, indeed, no reason why she should not. Germany is not only entitled to have a great fleet, she is bound by the development of her Imperial and commercial situation to develop her Navy. The sea-borne trade supplying the needs of sixty millions of people, depending more and more upon the import of foreign raw material and foodstuffs, bulks ever larger by comparison with our own. Germany has been instructed by the eventual success of British arms in South Africa. She is warned by the fate of Russia in the Far East. The Kaiser's subjects must either assert their future upon the water or must run the risk of meeting their fate upon the water. There is no reason, then, why Germany should not have a

fleet—there is every reason to the contrary—so that naval rivalry between the holders of sea-power and the new aspirant to sea-power is not artificial, but real and rooted in the nature of things. The population of the Fatherland will be fifty per cent. larger than that of the United Kingdom before another half decade is out. The deficiency of wealth per head, though in itself a lessening advantage, is already compensated for by the larger number of heads. The absence of a National Debt of anything like the magnitude of our own, which involves a charge well-nigh equal to that of our Navy, is an immense advantage to Germany in the financial competition. The idea that she is likely to break down in that sphere, though urged by Mr. George Meredith, in a well-known letter, is an absolute delusion.

With the growth of Teutonic population, wealth, trade, and merchant shipping, the naval danger in the North Sea, apart from any question of motive, is bound to be the permanent and cumulative peril threatening the existence of the British Empire at the heart. Germany can build ships as well as we. She can man them and fight them as well in her own conviction, perhaps in fact. She is steadily becoming as well able to pay for them. She believes that under the present Kaiser she is laying down the foundations of an ultimate sea-supremacy. The extraordinary success of the Flottenverein is known. The average Englishman is less acquainted with the fact that as we have an Imperial Institute in London, there is, in connection with the Berlin University, a Sea Institute, which carries on both a scientific and a popular propaganda in the interests of German shipping and the German Navy. All this is as inevitable and legitimate as the Liberal school in foreign policy is inclined to think. All this, for that very reason, is as dangerous to the interests of this country as the attempt of two battleships to manœuvre simultaneously within the same turning-circle. The Kaiser's subjects are still persuaded that *unsere Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser*. Anyone who thinks that the German mind proposes to be content with a secondary position upon that element must be the most vaguely naïve of insular simpletons.

The whole argument as to the legitimate character of German naval development is based upon a profound misapprehension of the main question. It is inevitable that modern Germany, its imagination wakened, its energy stimulated by the Kaiser's personal enthusiasm, should aspire to sea-power; and it is a matter of life and death that we should retain sea-power. Let us look back for a moment upon history, and we shall see how irrelevant and futile are the pleas upon which we are asked to lull

ourselves into foolishness. Holland possessed the mastery of the seas. England's desire to seize that mastery was legitimate. But the consequences to Holland were the same as if our naval ambition had been wholly immoral. Holding a similar position towards this island to that we now occupy towards Germany, the Dutch Republic was broken almost before it knew. But follow the sequel. From the time of Colbert to that of the First Empire, France used every effort to create a sea-power. What could have been more "legitimate"? Throughout the larger part of that period France was a more important manufacturing country than we; she had a larger population and greater wealth; she had settlements and possessions in both hemispheres; her genius and resources entitled her to aspire to the Colonial and commercial Empire of the world. We and our neighbours were none the less compelled to fight out that supreme issue in the wars of a century. French efforts were all the more formidable because French ambitions were justified. But what would be thought of English politicians and publicists in the eighteenth century if they had spent their time dwelling upon that fact? They recognised the peril. They perhaps exaggerated it. Hence our safety. Upon the principles to which the apologists for Germany would now have us listen, the French fleets had every right to exist. But their existence was none the less the same deadly peril to this country during the eighteenth century that the North Sea war-squadrons of our chief commercial rival are destined to become. The Second Empire would have been saved if Napoleon the Third had always regarded the diplomacy of Berlin as presumptively deceptive, and had kept his eye exclusively upon the growth of the German Army.

It is often urged by the recognised mouthpieces of the Wilhelmstrasse in this country that the German Navy is meant to be a defensive institution. This is the most amusing of the apologies. No navy can be a defensive institution. From the first introduction of the German Navy Bill its authors pointed out that no fleet, not large enough to risk the offensive with a reasonable chance of success, could be of the smallest use for defensive purposes. Throughout the German Press, in the committee-rooms and coulisses of the Reichstag, England was perfectly well understood to be the particular Power against which the Fatherland was called upon to prepare. To assert the contrary is what Dr. Johnson would call "sheer ignorance," or else sheer duplicity. Count von Bulow's great speech, in introducing the *Flottengesetz* of 1899, was understood by every one of his hearers to be pointed against this country. The Chancellor dwelt with effusiveness upon the strength of the

ties binding Germany to Russia. The Kaiser then and since exploited the Continental idea in conversation with suitable auditors, and he declared, as we know, that there was no object dearer to his heart than to form an invincible brotherhood with the French Navy. All Germany, its sovereign, its diplomatists, its professors, its journals, and its people have since learned to speak a much more restrained language, but they build all the faster, train harder, and think deeper.

But there is yet another and still more insidious method of bemusing British opinion. It consists in the full-dress parade of a whole regiment of venerable platitudes, all true in the abstract, all irrelevant to the concrete issue. Peace, we are told, is the greatest of British interests, and England wishes to be friends with the world. Germany is an exceedingly great and educated nation. If we may have rapprochements with Washington and Tokio, with Rome and Paris, perhaps ultimately with St. Petersburg, why not one with Berlin also? This appeals to all the incorrigible idealism of the man, and satisfies the sense of symmetry. It is precisely at this point, however, that practical policy touches the crux of its problem.

We must choose between France and the Fatherland. Our present relations to the Republic are incompatible with closer relations to Berlin. This fact must determine the whole orientation of our foreign policy.

The idea of universal friendship is as impossible in the sphere of external affairs as in that of private life. Germany pursues a realistic policy by the method of avoiding war upon her own frontiers, and involving her neighbours with each other. That also is legitimate. The main purpose of her policy for twenty years has been to direct the hostility of France and Russia against England in order to divert the pressure of these Powers from herself. To be held in a vice by the alliance of the Republic and the Tsardom was an intolerable disadvantage for Germany. There can be no doubt in the mind of any careful student of European policy during the last decade that Berlin has long aimed, by preference, and still aims, at a Continental c mbination, for the purpose of breaking down British sea-power. In the first place, however, a conflict was to be brought about between the British Empire and the Dual Alliance. While the belligerents wrecked their fleets Germany was to save her material. At the end of such a war she would hold the balance of naval power. France and Russia, if defeated at sea, would be driven into the arms of Germany, who would then see her way clear to act at overwhelming advantage, and to obtain the final

mastery of the sea. To these plans the Anglo-French agreement seemed the death-blow.

The Wilhelmstrasse, however, fears future developments even more than accomplished facts. The one contingency which Berlin hates more than any other in the world is the contingency of an Anglo-Russian rapprochement. Her whole policy has been dominated by the assumption that the differences between the British Empire and the Tsardom were fundamentally and for ever irreconcilable. Berlin, wiser than we are, knows that the idea of detaching France under any circumstances of the measurable future from the Russian alliance is the idlest dream. Either our rapprochement with the Republic must in the long run be extended by an understanding with the ally of the Republic, or the *entente cordiale* will not be permanent. Either France and Russia must both be reconciled to England, or Berlin will pursue with more tenacity and astucity than ever, the old plan of manipulating both France and Russia against England. From the bitter moment when the signature of the Anglo-French agreement became certain, Berlin has set itself to the task of picking up the pieces. The aim of German diplomacy at the present moment is to use the war as a means of ruining the effect of the Anglo-French agreement. Above all, the dread possibility of an ultimate rapprochement between this country and Russia is to be averted. And our relations with Japan are to be prejudiced by inducing us to act upon humanitarian pleas in a manner calculated to excite the distrust of the Asiatic Power. Apart from the latter contingency, however, the idea in Berlin is that the temporary combination of 1895, the Triple Alliance of the Far East, between Russia, France, and Germany, may be revived, as the permanent basis of the foreign policy of all three Powers.

Intervention in the nominal interests of Russia would be really meant to serve the most vital purposes of Berlin : (1) By keeping Russia entangled in the Far East, so that the pendulum might be prevented from swinging back with full force across the line of German ambition in the Near East; (2) by forcing the Quai d'Orsay to act in co-operation with the Wilhelmstrasse on behalf of the ally of France; and (3) by confronting England with the choice between sacrificing either the *entente cordiale* or the Japanese alliance. To understand the scope and danger of such a scheme it is necessary to review very briefly the course and motives of German policy in the Far East under the present Kaiser's reign. Upon the whole development of events in Manchuria the Wilhelmstrasse's general scheme of *weltpolitik* has had a far more fatal influence than is generally realised.

Russia has to a large extent to thank the delusive encouragement of Berlin for the catastrophe in which she has been plunged. Bismarck urged France into Colonial enterprises in order that she might forget Alsace-Lorraine and embroil herself with England instead of Germany. A parallel method has been employed upon the side of Russia. Friendship with the Eastern neighbour had been the diplomatic base of Bismarckian operations. Without that condition success would have been impossible, and united Germany, in its existing shape, would not have been created. After the Treaty of Berlin, however, it became more and more difficult to keep the wire to St. Petersburg unbroken. In the early 'eighties came the tremendous massing of Muscovite troops upon the Polish frontier. The Bulgarian crisis increased the strain. Finally, the Dual Alliance was formed. For a time the present Kaiser hoped to find a counterpoise in a definite alliance with this country. That solution was an impossible one from the point of view of British interests. Another was attempted.

The Emperor William has pursued with extraordinary dexterity the double object of entrenching himself in the Near East against the possibility of a Russian attack, while at the same time endeavouring to prevent that possibility by pushing the policy of St. Petersburg more and more deeply into Asiatic entanglements. The formula of keeping the area of pressure the furthest distance away from German frontiers was applied in Tunis, and still more successfully in Manchuria. Thus, upon the one hand, the friendship of the Sultan was won. The Turkish Army was reorganised. British influence was displaced by German, Teutonic trade promoted at the expense of our own. The Bagdad Railway scheme was undertaken. Germany is providing the machinery which will enable the whole Ottoman clan to mobilise as it never mobilised before, and to put a million men into the field. If Turkey remains intact, it will be an increasingly formidable ally as the work of economic regeneration proceeds. Nor if the Ottoman Empire should fall asunder does the Kaiser intend for one moment that Germany shall lose the splendid military asset afforded by the alliance with Islam. The Bagdad Railway is a decisive scheme, and will become, sooner or later, one of the realised factors of *weltpolitik*, because the German Emperor hopes that under Teutonic leadership the Turks will become a nation of Pretorians, like the Sikhs. All this again is, of course, "legitimate." The result has been to justify Skobeleff's instinct that the road to Constantinople lies through Berlin; but for the Russia of the present generation all hope of forcing a passage to the Bosphorus by that particular route has been rendered hopeless. Until the relations of the Tsardom with Austria and with this country

have been radically altered, Russian policy will prove as impotent in the Balkans as it is proving in the Far East.

The German aim, therefore, actuated under all circumstances by the Bismarckian principle of "creating a diversion," has been to drive Russia into seeking her outlets through Manchuria at the expense of Japan, and through Persia at the expense of England. Berlin will strain every effort to keep Muscovite effort engaged upon these lines, and for this purpose the intervention project will be used. It has been foreseen and intended from the first that the Bagdad Railway scheme would excite Russia to competitive activity, and force her hand in the direction of the Persian Gulf. In this way the tension between Simla and St. Petersburg might be safely trusted to reach snapping point. Of this aspect of the question more must be heard before the present generation is much older. We are more immediately concerned with the influence of German policy upon events in Manchuria. Russian expansion was most vigorously supported at that point, because it was the most distant from the vital region of German interests. Russia was urged to keep her face towards the Pacific in order that she might be compelled to turn her back upon the Balkans. Misinformed by German experts, like Herr von Brandt, the Kaiser completely underestimated the power and character of the Japanese people. The Imperial imagination conceived that if China were to fall a prey to conquest, a yellow India might be carved out by Germany in the centre of the Middle Kingdom. The millions in the German sphere would be better drilled and handled than those in the Russian sphere, and the Tsardom would either be bridled by a regenerated China or saddled by a German partnership in a partitioned China. Kiao-chau was seized as a watch-tower.

St. Petersburg, for its part hoped German support might be used up to a point and dispensed with afterwards. But the policy of Berlin has had a fatal effect during the last ten years upon the attitude of Russia towards Japan. With the rear of the position secured in Europe, the Tsar's advisers believed that they could act in the Far East with the most absolute impunity. A consciousness of the growing danger from the "Far Eastern friend" in the latter's character as a "Near Eastern neighbour," only impelled Russia to more feverish activity in the desire of completing the conquest of Manchuria and Korea as speedily as possible. Had Muscovite policy, which is the dullest in the world, been guided by a better appreciation of the situation all round, St. Petersburg would have accommodated matters with Japan in the Far East for the sake of Russian interests in the Balkans. The Tsardom preferred to regard the tacit support of

Germany as removing all necessity for serious compromise with her Asiatic enemy. Thus the encouragement which pushed France to the brink of war upon the Upper Nile pushed Russia into the abyss of war upon the shores of the Pacific.

There is now an obvious danger that the Gordian knot keeping Russia entangled in the Far East may be severed with unexpected completeness by the sword of the enemy. At a certain period before the outbreak of the war the crisis between St. Petersburg and Tokio was confidently expected at the Wilhelmstrasse to realise by one brilliant stroke of good fortune all the purposes of German policy. France and England, it was thought, must be drawn into the vortex. Whatever the result, the only three European nations with which Germany has seriously to reckon would inflict enormous injury upon each other. Russian military power was expected to decide the struggle in the long run upon land, while the British Fleet would decide it upon sea. German merchants and shippers would engross all the advantages of neutral trade upon the water, while making the best of both worlds at the same time by supplying both France and Russia over the land frontiers with contraband to a vast extent. The Kaiser's Fleet would remain intact, whilst the English Navy battered down its own relative strength in the very process of winning victories. In any case, the conditions of a subsequent Continental combination against British sea-power, and perhaps against British trade, would be secured.

This dazzling diplomatic vision has been dissipated. The Anglo-French Convention, the influence of King Edward, the admirable good sense of the French people, have limited the quarrel up to the present to the original belligerents. This has knocked the bottom clean out of all the German calculations a year ago as to the probable consequences of the war. Not only so. The naval and military successes of Japan have been beyond comparison more sweeping than had been contemplated for a single moment in the expectations of Berlin. The squadrons under the flag of the "Admiral of the Pacific," have been annihilated as fighting organisations. Port Arthur is tottering to its fall. In battle after battle General Kuropatkin has been defeated and flung back to the north. From the frontier of Korea, through the centre of Manchuria, the Japanese armies hold what is practically one long mountain frontier, covering the whole of their conquests up to the present. If they choose to stand upon the defensive along this line Russia, with the largest armies she can accumulate, would probably bleed to death in the endeavour to force once more the natural obstructions beyond which she has been driven. Japan not only holds the sea, she commands the Liao River, opening a new line of supplies into the heart of

the theatre of war, and, as she advances, she secures control of the Siberian Railway. She has a population of forty millions, inspired to double strength by triumph. She continues quietly to feed her armies with streams of fresh reserves. Her fighting forces will be kept up to the present numerical strength without difficulty for as long as need be. But throughout the Island Empire the drilling and training of men proceeds with silent and intense efficiency. All preparations for any emergency of the future are being made. The Japanese themselves look with a touch of somewhat pensive amusement upon the enthusiastic optimism of their Anglo-Saxon friends. They have never for a moment either over-estimated or under-estimated their colossal opponent. They do not under-estimate her now. Reckoning upon decisive successes in the first phase, they counted upon having to face the stern and searching ordeal in a second campaign, and while they were confident of being able to win by straining all their strength they did not think final triumph likely to be purchased at a cheaper rate. But much water has run under the bridges since the beginning of the war. The extent of Japanese progress and the relatively low degree of damage they have suffered have been beyond all their hopes. Up to the present they have achieved a maximum of success with a minimum of loss. It is quite conceivable that they may overthrow General Kuropatkin, capture Vladivostok, take even Harbin, and complete the stupendous débacle of Russian power in the Far East. However much their achievement may fall short of these possibilities, their conquest of Korea, the Liao-tung Peninsula, and southern Manchuria is altogether unlikely to be reversed. When Port Arthur falls their ability to menace Vladivostok in force will at once relieve the pressure upon their present front, and enormously increase their strategical advantage. The channels of trade in the Far East will be re-opened, and with the elate energy now pulsating throughout the nation the wealth and commerce of Japan, after our own example during the Napoleonic struggle, are likely to increase faster in peace than ever before in war.

Germany does not desire the defeat of Russia to an extent that would discourage her for at least a generation from further attempts to expand towards the Pacific, and would turn her thoughts back to the Balkans and Asia Minor. It has been infinitely convenient for the "Admiral of the Atlantic," who is likewise the protector of Turkey, that the Tsar's main fleet should be kept in the Far East instead of in the Baltic or the Black Sea. The Black Sea, in consequence, has not become a Russian lake, but the Baltic has become a German lake. That the re-constructed naval power of the Tsardom should be based, for instance, upon Sebastopol, ready to concentrate against

Constantinople, would be extremely prejudicial to all the purposes of the Wilhelmstrasse. Still more distasteful would be the gradual reappearance of a large Russian Navy in the Baltic, unless under conditions, indeed, affording a sufficient guarantee that the "Admiral of the Atlantic" would be able to lead against this country in emergency the squadrons of the Tsar in combination with his own. The present object of Berlin, therefore, must be, and is, this—to secure for Russia sufficient success in the Far East to keep her permanently entangled upon that side of the world.

But the Wilhelmstrasse not only desires that the Eastern neighbour should be kept facing Japan and India. It desires almost as much that France, by hook or by crook, in spite of all that has happened since the King's famous visit to Paris, should be kept facing England.

Here, then, we have the true psychology of any intervention project that may emanate on pretexts of general benevolence from the school of *realpolitik*. There is far more danger in this eventuality than public opinion in this country has suspected. It will be said that neither of the belligerents desire intervention or would brook it. That may be true as regards Japan, but the assumption cannot be made with the same safety for her antagonist. Let us remember that intervention is contemplated, not so much for its successful bearing upon the war, as for the rebound of its probable failure upon the general diplomatic situation. That the co-operation of the Tsar's Government will not be secured for such a scheme is not so certain. It is sufficiently obvious that during the attacks of Russian cruisers upon British shipping there has been a tacit understanding between Berlin and St. Petersburg. These attacks have practically amounted to a war of commerce-destroying carried on against a neutral, under the thin cover of an untenable interpretation of international law. A feigned blow has been aimed from time to time at the German bystander in order that the vigorous punishment of British interests may the more plausibly appear to be inflicted upon impartial principles. For all practical purposes, and in the later phases at least, of the contraband controversy, there has been moral collusion between Russian and German policy. The Asiatic subsidy enjoyed by the Norddeutscher-Lloyd had already stimulated Teutonic trade and shipping in the Far East by a competition as unfair as the sugar bounties. We now see British steamship services suspended and British business paralysed, while German manufacturers book the orders we are prevented from filling, and German shippers at Hamburg and Antwerp load cargo, defined by Russia as contraband, upon the evident knowledge that the ensign of the

black, white, and red will protect what the British flag will not. It seems happily probable that the acute crisis of the contraband controversy has been overcome, so far as the future operations of our mercantile marine are concerned. But there is another issue. Russia has a land frontier which marches with that of Germany. Between these Powers, the Baltic Sea, for all purposes of searching for contraband, is as much a *mare clausum* as the Caspian. There is no doubt that Russia is receiving with complete freedom from German manufacturers and traders all the war supplies she desires, including ships bought from the Hamburg and Bremen Companies upon private account. It is to the Berlin money-market that the Government of the Tsar looks for the financial accommodation it will require at no distant date. Russia has been forced to submit to the demands of the German agrarians, and to yield without protest to the increased duties which will further depress the price of Russian corn, by restricting the demand. Instead of the tariff war long threatened between the two countries, M. Witte has arranged a fresh commercial treaty upon the basis dictated by the Reichstag. Nothing could show more clearly the extent to which the Tsar's Government feels itself dependent upon the Kaiser's pleasure. Germany poses as the only effective friend, and though with Berlin the friendship is a business, it is as useful to the belligerent in a hundred ways as it is politically and commercially profitable to the neutral. The great massing of Russian troops which began upon the German frontier twenty years ago provoked even Bismarck to menace, profoundly anxious as he was throughout his career to cajole the Eastern neighbour. We have seen this region in the last few months denuded of troops, and the Wilhelmstrasse looks on with ironic complacency and quietly rubs its hands. *Si cela seulement dure.*

After the fall of Port Arthur and the full retreat or capitulation of General Kuropatkin there will be a suspension of arms. This interval will afford the opportunity for the intervention scheme. Made upon the pretexts of humanity and peace, Germany can at least lose nothing by it. If Russia countenances her move she may gain much. France, placed in a crucial predicament, could scarcely refuse to join. That in itself, in the hopes of the Wilhelmstrasse, would insert the thin end of the wedge into the *entente cordiale.* England would next be approached, and would be placed in a serious dilemma. If she refused to act with the Continental Powers she would separate herself in the calculations of the Wilhelmstrasse from the Republic. The Anglo-French Convention has not yet been ratified by the French Chambers, and one last opening for mischief still offers. Ratification might be deferred if important negotiations with reference to the Far

East were known to be pending between London, Paris, and Berlin, and subsequent developments might wreck the *entente cordiale* altogether. If the whole scheme were rendered, at the moment, fruitless, owing to the British refusal to co-operate, Russia would be encouraged by the Wilhelmstrasse with all its might to persist in the struggle, and for that end all the financial and commercial help benevolent neutrality can afford would be furnished. A second and greater campaign would be opened; the war would be prolonged at an appalling cost in life and treasure; French investments would be in danger. More than ever Germany would be recognised at St. Petersburg as the only effective friend. Whatever the result of the war, it would be followed by a Russo-German alliance, since the Eastern neighbour would be so utterly exhausted as to remain more dependent upon Berlin than at any previous period of European history. The nominal *status quo* in the Near East would be preserved. Germany asks nothing better, for St. Petersburg would have to look on with sombre acquiescence while the Bagdad Railway was pushed towards the Persian Gulf, while the whole military strength of the Ottoman race was made for the first time fully mobile, and while the German commercial conquest of the Sultan's dominions raised an insuperable barrier against the Muscovite advance towards Constantinople. Japan, in the meantime, would become relatively more, rather than less, formidable with the strategic, diplomatic, and economic advantages she will have gained as a result of the war.

What follows? Russia would be forced to concentrate her whole efforts for the first time in the direction of India. The route to the Persian Gulf would become her line of least resistance. The antagonism between the British Empire and the Tsardom—in view of the declared nature of the Persian policy to which Lord Lansdowne and Lord Curzon have committed the country—would become permanent and deadly, the one life and death issue for the policy of both Powers. What Berlin hates and dreads above all things in the world—the contingency of an Anglo-Russian understanding—would be for ever prevented. France would have to abandon either the *entente cordiale* or the Dual Alliance. The choice between these two sacrifices is the dilemma which Berlin intends, if possible, to force upon the Republic. Now let us not mistake the consequences following from the fact that England, for all European purposes, is not a serious military power. The *entente cordiale*, from the military point of view, can never be a substitute for the Dual Alliance. A rupture with Russia would destroy the very basis of the commanding diplomatic position France now occupies. Single-handed against Germany, her military power would be utterly overwhelmed in a crisis.

Without the Dual Alliance she would be reduced to a negative *rôle* in Europe. Rather than that Paris would accept the alternative, and would be compelled to convert the Dual Alliance into a Triple Alliance, with Germany admitted as a new partner. The military force of that combination would be so utterly unassailable that an agreement to limit their land armaments would be an almost certain consequence. The financial resources of all three Powers would be thrown more and more into fleets. The plan which has existed in the mind of the German Emperor for the last ten years would be consummated. These are the results which might very conceivably follow from our refusal to join in an intervention project, unless British foreign policy shows considerably more imagination and resource than has distinguished it even during the somewhat improved *régime* of the last three or four years.

But suppose, however—and this alternative is not, perhaps, so utterly impossible—that the subtle net were successfully spread in the sight of the bird. Suppose this country consented to tender mediation, no matter how cautiously, in association with Paris and Berlin. Japan would refuse it, and ought to refuse it. Her only safe course is to negotiate with her enemy direct. While the Anglo-Japanese alliance exists the Far Eastern Power is secure by sea. She will concede nothing to the interference of a diplomatic coalition. Her distrust would be excited by the co-operation in any shape or form of Britain, her ally, with Germany, whom she regards as her latent enemy. Platonic representations proving futile otherwise would have some effect in prejudicing the diplomatic position of this country. But the next question would be that of interference by coercion upon the precedent of 1895. England, Japan's ally, would have to declare such a proposition impossible, and would have to resist its execution in the last resort by force of arms. To pursue the subject into such a remote region of contingency may seem at the present phase fantastic.

Consider, however, the probabilities only. If intervention is proposed Germany will have the credit of initiating it, and France will be compelled to support it. If intervention fails England's refusal to assist it or enforce it will be conspicuously responsible for the failure. The war will be prolonged, and a struggle will ensue which will get upon the nerves of civilisation. The strain upon Russian finances will threaten bankruptcy. Above all, the Republic will be confronted more and more definitely by the alternative of dissolving the Dual Alliance, or sacrificing the *entente cordiale*. The cry for intervention will become far more acute at a further phase of the war, if the struggle continues, than it is now, and England alone would still

stand in the way of any effort to save Russia. The true interest of France lies in the complete extrication of the Empire of the Tsars from the Far Eastern entanglement. It lies in a consequent revival of the policy of Russia upon its historic lines in the opposite direction. Unless the German Empire is to achieve a colossal preponderance in Central Europe, reducing France to the relative status of a second-class Power, the Republic must endeavour to consolidate Pan-Slav resistance throughout the Near East against Pan-German aggression. But the practical emergencies of the coming situation will not be decided by such long views as these. Rather than see the present Dual Alliance replaced by a Russo-German alliance France will probably be compelled, unless British policy can show her another way out, to see the Dual Alliance converted into the new and far greater Triple Alliance between Paris, St. Petersburg, and Berlin.

This at least will remain, under all circumstances, the vital aim of German policy—a purpose which, unless our own action should finally frustrate it, will be pursued with covert but desperate persistency. In politics, let us remember, we have not to decide upon the absolute merit of things in themselves. We have to choose between things and their alternatives. This is where the crux of the problem meets the reasonings not only of the pro-German remnant in English public life and in financial circles, but also of the sincerely conciliatory school of politics, which is once more inclined to the old fatal delusion that feelings of universal benevolence are a substitute for definite connections. Nothing will make the interests of nations identical, and diplomacy will be competitive while ambassadors exist. The Power which extends a platonic benediction to all supports none, and will be supported by none. We have already had our lesson; for a full generation previous to the South African war we adhered scrupulously to a policy of non-committal. The result of the first serious difficulty we were involved in was to prove us the most unpopular Power in the world. We won our war. We were no longer so much disliked. We made a treaty with Japan. We were almost respected. The King's tour restored better relations with all the Latin peoples. Our virtues began to appear pre-eminent in the observation of all men. The Anglo-French agreement was made and the *entente cordiale*. We became more popular and influential in Europe than we had been at any time in the era when we thought it possible to be the friend of every nation and the allies of none. Either we must find means of combining definitely with one or two of the principal Powers, or we shall find, soon or later, that they have combined against us. "Splendid isolation" always ends in getting itself attacked

by a League of Cambray. We have not, we repeat, to consider things in themselves, but things and their alternatives. Unless we learn to work definitely for an understanding between London, Paris, and St. Petersburg we shall be confronted one day with the accomplished fact of a coalition between Paris, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. The far-sighted conviction that this must prove the ultimate, perhaps the not very remote, alternative should deeply influence our whole policy towards Russia.

Now, what it remains for the Liberal school of foreign policy to realise, and for the friends of the Wilhelmstrasse in this country to face, is that the *entente cordiale* is fundamentally incompatible with an Anglo-German rapprochement in any shape or form. Nothing but the clean breach between British opinion and German Anglophobia could have made possible our present happy relations with France. Like this fact or not, none can be more certain—however destructive to the theory of universal benevolence in politics it may appear. Responsible Liberals will have to realise that everybody's friend is nobody's friend. We must choose between France and Germany. If we choose the first we have a sincere and priceless ally. If the second we lose the substance and grasp at the shadow. Were the Republic estranged from this country by any new surrender on our part to the blandishments of Berlin, Germany would at once renew her efforts to form a Continental coalition against us. In spite of the formulas of universal benevolence, so much in favour just now with the conciliatory school in foreign policy, we should be insane if we allowed our attitude towards our permanent competitors for naval power to be governed by any other maxim than that of *toujours en vedette*. It is not enough to increase the strength of our squadrons. They must be trained to reckon with the real enemy, and to calculate with Japanese foresight the conditions of success upon the real scene of action. Our danger is that we are still too largely governed by the Mediterranean tradition, although the main business of the Navy in the future will lie nearer home. We have to prepare against Germany consciously, thoroughly, and with increasing vigilance. We ought at least to restrict the facilities which enable the fleets of an exceedingly able and ambitious rival to make a war survey of our coasts and fortresses from the Shetland Islands to Bantry Bay, and from Portsmouth to Gibraltar. Nothing, in all human probability, can restore the prospects that seemed to stretch before Russia in the Far East a few years ago. The combined support of this country and France can alone prevent the ruin of all her hopes in the Near East also. In this direction British policy, if well advised, will seek, in concert with Paris, its safeguard against the diplomatic backwash of the war.

CALCHAS.

FRANCE AND ROME.

In an article entitled "A Few More French Facts," published in this Review two years ago, I said that "The French made history and history made us." Since then our friends of the *entente cordiale* have been manufacturing history with a vengeance, and, as M. de Vogüe remarked the other day, have concentrated into the space of five years a greater amount of social and religious change than has taken place in England in the whole of the nineteenth century. Meanwhile, the conflict between the Church and the Republic, which has been slowly progressing since 1880, the year in which, if I mistake not, Gambetta invented his famous war-cry, "*le cléricalisme voilà l'ennemi*," has reached a culminating point. To understand how this acute stage in the dispute has been arrived at it is necessary to revert to its origin.

After the disastrous war that won for A.D. 1870 the well-deserved epithet of *l'année terrible*, Catholic France threw herself into the arms of a reactionary party, which, in less than ten years, threatened the existence of the Republic. In those days there really was a clerical peril—to-day there really is none. If in the capital and large towns anti-Republicanism still exists among the higher ranks of the priesthood, the rural clergy, even in conservative Brittany, would soon be included amongst the warmest supporters of the Republic, if the Government would occupy itself only with the material interests of its subjects, and leave their spiritual concerns alone.

The present anti-clerical campaign is not the result of a popular uprising against religion and its ministers, such as marked the opening years of the great Revolution, but an artificial movement created by a party which, for the time being, pulls the wires of the vast civil and military organisation of the country, to use them for its own ends. It should be remembered that the third Republic was obliged to take over not a few of the least desirable legacies of the Empire, among them being the superfluity of functionaries which the defunct *régime* considered necessary to consolidate its influence. The Republic has rather increased than otherwise this army of employés, until it is estimated that at present between 500,000 and 600,000 persons have some direct interest or other in supporting the Government. By means of this exceedingly expensive intelligence department, the Republic has the satisfaction of knowing that in a crisis it

can rely upon the assistance of a vast number of people who must either obey its mandates or lose their posts. Then, again, the spy system is marvellously well-organised, thanks to so widespread an agency. The Socialists being just now in office, and anti-clericalism *in excelsis*, woe betide the postman or other petty official clerk found guilty of the dread crime of entering a church or hobnobbing with the *curé*—sure signs of clericalism! Some one is certain to report him to the Mayor, who, in his turn, will inform the Substitute of the Prefect, who will hand on the alarming news to the Prefect of the Department, who, the better to emphasise his zeal for *la libre pensée*, will straightway send a detailed account of the affair to headquarters. In a few days the poor employé will receive a mysterious intimation that if he repeats the offence his salary will be forthwith stopped. In commenting on this inquisitorial interference with the freedom of conscience and the private concerns of citizens, the *Temps*, a journal that cannot be accused of clericalism, remarks, in a recent leader :—"It is only too true that under the present *régime* hundreds of humble functionaries are harassed by over-zealous officials for going to Mass, and it is equally true that hundreds of officers and soldiers have been subjected to annoyance for fulfilling what they consider to be their religious duties. Surely it is as abominable for a Republican Government to encourage such a scandalous state of affairs as it was for the late Imperial Government to have persecuted its free-thinking employés for not attending Mass!"

A Frenchman's first pre-occupation in times of peace is the welfare of the party to which he happens to belong—*la patrie* comes next. In war time it is otherwise: religious and political divisions are effaced, even forgotten, and the people unite as one man in defence of a dearly-loved fatherland; but as soon as peace is proclaimed they forthwith split up into as many parties as before. The reason is not far to find. Although the French are collectively the richest people in the world, individually they are poor. Thus it comes to pass that thousands of people who would otherwise oppose M. Combes and his works hold themselves aloof from all public or even private demonstrations of a hostile character. They prefer their salaries to their convictions, prudence to valour, and content themselves with praying for better times to come after the next general election! Much the same spirit animates the majority of the Deputies, who, so long as they are in the House of Representatives, draw a salary of 20fr. a day besides travelling expenses and other "pickings." Voted into office by the party of the hour, the average Deputy or Senator soon discovers that if he wishes to keep his seat, and not get into

trouble, he has only to obey orders, keep a still tongue, vote as he is told, and sit tight. By adopting this passive mode that famous *Bloc* has been formed which has proved the most formidable political organisation known in France since the days of Louis XIV. It is really nothing more or less than a sort of chorus, approving or disapproving with admirable unanimity the sentiments expressed by its leaders. But once the *bloc* is dislocated, the consequences may be fatal to the 20fr. per diem and the "pickings." With the dissolution of the Cabinet they, too, may dissolve into air—the thin air—like the "baseless fabric" of the all-famous vision.

It is a fashion with writers on French affairs to find Dreyfus at the bottom of every well, and we have again and again been assured that the present campaign against Rome is a sort of punishment inflicted on the Catholics for their unfriendly attitude with respect to the all-permeating *affaire*. This is obviously not true. The Dreyfus business may have accentuated matters, but most certainly the agitation in question was started a good ten years before the unfortunate captain was thought of. It was really provoked by the stormy clerical reaction that followed the fall of the Empire. Marshal MacMahon, one of the bravest soldiers of the nineteenth century, was a militant Catholic of the most pronounced type; but, as Talleyrand would have said of him, he had too much zeal. The Clericals, encouraged by his enthusiasm, became alarmingly arrogant and energetic. The nation was slowly recovering from a horrible nightmare, and was still in a very hysterical frame of mind. Had the Clericals been better inspired at this time, had they devoted their energies to a spiritual revival instead of a Royalist insurrection, they might have held their own to this day. Encouraged by a seeming success, they became too aggressively militant and political, and at last roused into preternatural activity the formidable enemy that still holds them in its clutches, remorselessly bent on destroying them, together with the religion they represent, and which they had so ruthlessly dragged into the *mêlée*. Hence the present long reign of anti-clericalism, which in its turn is rapidly becoming insupportably tyrannical and corrupt.

From 1885 to the present day the religious Orders have never ceased to be harassed by their enemies. But although their resources were crippled by exceptional taxation, they nevertheless continued to flourish, until the late M. Waldeck Rousseau, determined to limit their sphere of operations, proposed, and carried, the now celebrated law for the registration of religious Associations, little thinking that his successor in the Premiership would avail himself of the opportunity it

afforded him to extinguish them altogether. It is rather pathetic that the swan song of this remarkable orator should have been in defence of his policy and a denunciation of that of his successor. M. Waldeck Rousseau was already suffering from the dreadful scourge which was so soon to carry him off in the prime of life when he made his last appearance in the Senate, his last in political life. Then it was that he solemnly declared he had no intention to uproot the religious congregations, but merely to register and regulate them in accordance with the laws drawn up by him, and passed by the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, which M. Combes and his following have ignored and even violated. In an inspired article that appeared in the *Figaro* shortly before his death, he expressed himself as feeling very strongly on the subject, and threw the whole blame of what he foresaw would happen on the shoulders of the present sturdy Premier, whose violence saddened and embittered his last days.

M. Rousseau's illness and death is, in a sense, a calamity. He was a statesman of a much finer fibre than M. Combes, and strong enough to keep in check the rising flood of intemperate Socialism. At the same time, I think, history, which will remember him principally through his connection with the Religious Associations Bill, will eventually register that it would have been much wiser if he had never proposed it. The evolutions of time, education, and public opinion would have removed any objectionable features these communities may have fostered, and thus Liberty would not have been violated by repressive and arbitrary measures so entirely contrary to her mission. I for one hold that it were better for England to lose her richest colony than that a single Jesuit or Jew should be molested and persecuted for his religious opinions.

The question of the religious Orders and of their right to teach in schools and colleges, and to lead the sort of existence which apparently suits them best, has been so much discussed of late that all I need say about it is that, precisely as I predicted would be the case, the people have so far seen little or nothing of the countless millions of francs which, at the beginning of the campaign, they were assured were to be abstracted from the Congregations, and applied for their own benefit, in the shape of old age pensions and the reduction of taxes. The lengthy discussion on their impending doom gave most of the wealthier Orders sufficient time to arrange their affairs to advantage, and, except in a very few instances, the Government has not been able to touch any considerable amount of their capital or property, which is generally found to be in the hands of a third

person. The departure of the Carthusians from the Grande Chartreuse has caused an immense amount of suffering among the working classes in the Isère, besides a total loss of about £60,000 sterling, which this opulent Order annually disbursed in works of benevolence and public utility. Other Orders have carried immense sums of money out of the country, and have purchased estates in England, Belgium, Italy, and Spain, and even in the United States, Canada, and Brazil. On the other hand, many members of the teaching and nursing Orders being deprived of the right to exercise their only means of earning a livelihood have fared very badly indeed, and there has been much unmerited suffering among them.

Unfortunately, the temper of both parties is at present quite incompatible with an equitable arrangement. The Socialists and their friends, who hold M. Combes in their grip, will only be content with the complete ruin of the detested religion. A series of successes has, as the Yankees would say, given them "the swollen head!" According to themselves, they and they only represent France and their opinions and demands are alone worthy of consideration. There certainly is no need to misunderstand M. Combes, or his great speech delivered this spring at Tréguier, at the foot of the statue of Renan, whose *Vie de Jésus* is by far the most subtle attempt ever made to deprive Christ of His Divine attribute, and reduce Him to the level of a mere philosopher or dreamer.

The Tréguier demonstration forms a distinct link in a chain of events that has included the suppression of the religious Orders, the closing of some thirty thousand Catholic schools, the desecration of over five hundred churches and chapels, the expulsion of the crucifixes from the schools, and even from the law courts, and the reiterated threat of the approaching desecration of the great shrines of Montmartre and Lourdes—in a word, the disruption of what has been the national Church of the country for over sixteen hundred years.

A Parisian paper relates that, a few days before his death, M. Waldeck Rousseau, after reading an account of the rupture with the Vatican, laid down the journal with a sigh, saying, "I thought they were idiots, but not quite such fools as all that." Perhaps he never said anything of the sort, but several other eminent Frenchmen have done so for him. The fact is, the "rupture" is becoming exceedingly unpopular. We must not, however, jump too quickly to conclusions. The withdrawal of an ambassador from the Court of a Sovereign, who is backed by an armed force, may be equivalent to a declaration of war; but the recall of a minister from the Vatican, which has no army,

need lead to no such dangerous consequences. A little good will on both sides, *et tout est dit.* The Vatican is proverbially slow but sûre; Bismarck found that out to his cost, and after a tussle lasting several years made his metaphorical pilgrimage to Canossa. The Belgian Premier, M. Frère Orban, submitted to the same course, and even the redoubtable M. Combes may be compelled to meet Pius X. half way on the road—to Canossa. Nevertheless, the present crisis is a very momentous event, charged with peril for France, and even, indeed, for the rest of Europe. It will fire with exceeding activity the anti-clerical and anti-religious Socialists of Italy and Spain, and we may expect to hear that, encouraged by their French fellows, they have started priest-baiting and church-burning on their own account. In Italy they will be repressed by the army; in Spain they may become very dangerous.

To obtain a fairly clear idea of the latest phase of the tangled tale of the quarrel between the French Government and the Papacy, it is necessary to briefly review the history of the Concordat, which is the pretext for the actual trouble, and concerning which so much nonsense has been recently published. This celebrated pact between France and the Holy See did not lead up to and precede the revival of religion in France at the opening of the nineteenth century, as generally stated, since it was not drawn up or signed until the first year of the nineteenth century; whereas between 1796 and 1800 no less than forty-two bishops had returned to their sees, and 39,462 churches had been restored for public worship. Napoleon wished to set a seal on this satisfactory state of affairs; he had recently said that a nation without a religion was like a ship without a rudder; and being an Italian, and, therefore, no friend of Gallicanism, he determined to induce the Pope to confirm the restoration of religion by a solemn treaty. There is good reason to believe that Napoleon himself drew up, unassisted, the first draft of the original Concordat, which was probably put into shape by some friendly prelate. It consisted of seventeen short articles, and was a perfectly fair and workable treaty, which, whilst safeguarding the interests of the French Government, did not encroach upon the liberties of the Papacy. So delighted was the First Consul with the work that he desired to have its promulgation celebrated by a *Te Deum* at Notre-Dame, and by a universal ringing of all the bells in the country. When the document was brought to Pius VII. for his signature he was enraptured with it, and signed it with a free, bold hand on August 15th, 1801. It was not, however, presented to the Council of State until the following April 1st. Meanwhile, the Opposition had read and judged it severely, deeming that Rome got too much

by it, and France too little. Unluckily, it fell into the hands of Talleyrand, who, under the pretext of "illustrating" the text of a treaty which had already been accepted and signed by the Pope, added, with the aid of Councillor of State Portalis, seventy-seven so-called Organic Articles, the majority of which were distinctly unfavourable to the Papacy. Without so much as showing a draft of this augmented document to His Holiness, the original treaty and the modified version of it were presented to the Council of State on April 1st, and passed simultaneously into law on April 8th. There is reason to believe that the First Consul did not approve of this trick, against which the Pope protested in an Allocution pronounced five days later, when both documents were published. Throughout the whole of the nineteenth century successive Popes have ignored Talleyrand's addenda to the Concordat, and not one of them has ever accepted it. It therefore remains a unilateral treaty, unrecognised by the Popes, who have a distinct right to assert that the only Concordat which they do recognise is the one containing the seventeen articles only, which Pius VII. did sign and approve. The principal clause that has always stood in the way of a complete understanding between the two Powers is precisely the first article of the amended Concordat, which is also the first of the Organic Articles introduced by Talleyrand. It concerns the movements of archbishops and bishops, and I have quoted it at length a little further on in this article. In 1804, Napoleon, wishing to be on particularly good terms with the Pope, in a half-hearted way offered to revise the two documents, and actually asked Pius VII. to meet him and discuss the matter. The interview never took place. Again and again has the matter been under discussion with Rome, notably in 1817 and in 1848, when the Constituent Assembly considered the suppression of the Organic Articles, as especially infringing on the rights of the Church; and, moreover, as non-binding, since one of the two principal signatories had not affixed his name to the document. As late as 1853, when Napoleon III. was seized with the ambition to be crowned in Notre-Dame, he offered to rescind the whole seventy-seven Organic Articles as an inducement to Pius IX. to come to Paris and perform the ceremony, which that excellent Pontiff refused to do, thinking, probably, that if once he got to Paris he would never see Rome again. The reader, aware of these little-known facts, will clearly see that Pius X. would be legally in the right, even if he did summon his bishops to Rome without first informing the French Government, for the simple reason that the document which his predecessor approved and signed does not contain any article that obliges him to do so; the article which deals with the matter in dispute being contained in the

Organic Articles, which, as we have already seen, the Papacy has never approved.

A perilous period in this momentous duel between an absolutely secular Government and the chief of an equally absolute theocracy was reached in the last days of July of the current year. Never in the history of journalism has any matter of political importance been so distorted by the Press as have been the opening scenes of this grave event. The official agencies and the various foreign correspondents no sooner heard what had happened than they straight away made up their minds that the Pope must, perforce, be in the wrong, owing to his inexperience and the narrow-minded advice given him by his Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val. Pius X., so it was said, had courted a rupture with France by summoning eight archbishops and bishops, known for their liberalism, to Rome, and had even invited them to vacate their Sees on account of their political bias, and for having refused to sign the protest against the Associations Law drawn up by the octogenarian Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. All this His Holiness had effected by direct communication with the offending prelates, and without informing the French Government, as he should have done, in accordance with the first article, not of the Concordat, but of the Organic Articles of that treaty, which decrees that :—

> No Bull, Brief, Rescript, Mandate, Provision, Signature, serving as a Provision, nor any other dispatch from the Court of Rome even concerning individuals only may be received, published, printed, or otherwise put into execution, without the authorisation of the Government. —No individual, Nuncio, Legate, Vicar, or Apostolic Commissary, or other such person may, without the same authorisation, exercise on the soil of France, or elsewhere, any function connected with the affairs of the French Church.—No national or metropolitan council, no diocesan synod, no deliberating assembly may be held without the express permission of the Government.—Bishops shall be bound to reside in their dioceses; they shall only be able to leave them by the permission of the First Consul.

A few days later six of the prelates mentioned in the official, and officious, papers of Paris, and named by the Paris correspondents of the English papers, published letters in which they protested they had never had any trouble with the Pope, had never been summoned to Rome by His Holiness to answer any charges whatever, and had never been asked to resign their Sees. As a matter of fact, the Pope had recently had a pleasant interview with the Archbishop of Albi, had presented the Bishop of Mande, one of the alleged culprits, with a handsome present for his cathedral, and he had, moreover, within the week, written a letter to Mgr. Fuzet, the Republican Archbishop of Rouen, congratulating him on some broad-minded changes which he had recently introduced

into his Grand Seminary. Six of the bishops were, therefore, soon outside the picture, and there remained only two, Mgr. le Nordez, Bishop of Dijon, and Mgr. Geay, Bishop of Laval, within the limits of its frame. Their misdemeanours were not of a political character, but of a purely personal nature, both being charged by authoritative witnesses with certain habits that had greatly shocked the members of their respective Sees.

On June 26th, 1900, Cardinal Parocchi wrote a letter to the Bishop of Laval informing him that reports had reached the Holy See which convinced His Holiness that "Mgr. Geay was no longer worthy of the authority and prestige belonging to a bishop, and he was therefore invited to resign his See." Mgr. Geay replied, three months later, that he was quite willing to resign; but as, in three years, his expected resignation was never sent, and the scandals concerning him increased rather than diminished, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, then Secretary of the Holy Office, addressed him yet another letter, dated May 17th, 1904, repeating the command that he should show some signs of obedience, adding that if he still defied the Pope's orders strong measures would be adopted. The Bishop, forgetful of his previous promise to resign of his own free will, took the Cardinal's letter to Paris and laid it before M. Delcassé, who, in his turn, sent it to M. de Courcel, the Chargé d'Affaires in Rome, declaring it to be a distinct violation of the Concordat, and at the same time threatening that if it were not instantly withdrawn his Government would take steps to defend its dignity. The Holy Father, wishing to throw oil on the troubled waters, now charged his Secretary of State to communicate at once with the Nuncio, Mgr. Lorenzelli, and request him to explain the whole matter to M. Delcassé, who, even at the last moment, was desirous of effecting a compromise and settling the matter, as it were, out of court; but M. Combes determined otherwise. No doubt had the Bishop of Laval resigned in 1900, when M. Waldeck Rousseau was in power, that able statesman would have managed the affair very differently, for he contrived to keep on fairly good terms with Leo XIII. to the end of that regretted Pontiff's prodigiously long life.

The trouble with the Bishop of Dijon is of a less unpleasant nature, and forms the subject of a letter addressed by Cardinal Merry del Val, on the 26th of July last, to M. de Courcel. His Eminence recalls to the memory of the French Government the numerous acts of disobedience which had taken place at Dijon against the authority of the Bishop, owing to his unpopularity, including a wholesale refusal on the part of the students of the ecclesiastical seminary to receive ordination at his hands, and other like matters, resulting from his damaged reputation, to defend

which he had been asked to come to Rome. In all this it is evident that the Pope was acting in his apostolic capacity as Head of his Church, whose episcopate he is resolved shall be kept as pure as possible.

M. Combes has not the temperament to see things in any other light than the tone he chooses, and he chooses very obstinately to behold in the Pope the chief enemy of a Republic which, it seems, "cannot live in harmony with any sort of religion."

It has been said that he wishes to create a schismatic or national Church, and that he had hoped Mgr. le Nordez would have joined Mgr. Geay in defying the Pope. The Bishop of Dijon disappointed him, and surreptitiously quitted his diocese and hastened to Rome to throw himself upon the mercy of the Pope. That M. Combes desired the rupture, and at the same time wished to throw the blame of it on the Pope, is proved by his omission of Cardinal Merry del Val's explanatory note, dated July 16th, from the budget of letters and documents published in the *Journal Officiel* a few days after the Pope's refusal to submit to his peremptory order and immediately recall the letters he had addressed to the two Bishops.

M. Combes' whimsical excuse, that he imagined the Pope might not like the publication of this particular letter, and merely suppressed it out of deference to the feelings of a Pontiff he generally treats with scant ceremony, has greatly amused the Parisians, and has got for him, in this instance, a distinctly bad press. It was the *Osservatore Romano*, the Papal organ, that brought to light the suppressed document, from a perusal of which it becomes evident that the Pope wished, from the beginning, to keep the scandals concerning the refractory bishops as private as possible. His object was to invite them to come to Rome and explain matters themselves, although in the case of Mgr. Geay he undoubtedly expected him to resign his See. The whole matter, therefore, resolves itself into one of ecclesiastical discipline, and not of political intrigue. M. Combes, if he wished to dissolve the Concordat, should have chosen the purely political incident which rose out of M. Loubet's visit to Rome.

In times of popular excitement it is necessary to avoid exaggeration or the anticipation of events which may never happen. M. Combes has shown himself to be a past-master in the very necessary art in politics—of creating diversions. Perhaps after all the wily Minister has in this instance only sent up a *ballon d'essai* to test popular opinion. Still, for the present the outlook is unpleasant, and most sensible French men and women are beginning to feel extremely anxious as to the future. A rupture with Rome may mean the immediate suppression of the

Budget of Public Worship, and the precipitate passing of an ill-digested and one-sided law for the separation of the Church from the State, to take the place of the present arrangement, which has jogged along fairly well for over a century. Granting that the actual Chamber is strong enough to carry out such an unfortunate programme, we may expect to witness some very exciting events during the next few months. The temper of the *bloc* is not conciliatory, and as it imagines its real reason for existence is to stamp out every vestige of Catholicism from the country, we may be certain that, in this case, at least, the terms separation and spoliation will be synonymous. The Socialists will insist upon immediately rescinding the salaries of the archbishops, bishops, and clergy in general, whereby some 120,000 ecclesiastics will be reduced to the verge of beggary, and nearly every cathedral and parish church in France closed, which means rioting and even bloodshed in every town, village, and hamlet. No doubt if it were possible to cut the Church adrift from her present bondage by granting her autonomy by means of a series of liberal laws, such as those proposed by M. Goblet, in a recent article published in a leading French review, both Church and State would be the better for so admirable a solution of a difficult problem. M. Goblet's scheme is identical with the one we and our cousins across the Atlantic have long since adopted. It gives absolute freedom of public worship, with complete right of association, freedom of education, and the power of acquiring and bequeathing property, under certain reasonable restrictions. In a word, a free Church in a free State, than which nothing can be better for both Church and State.

In conclusion, I will point out to my readers one of the principal but least known reasons why the Catholic party, numerically in a majority, although smarting under much provocation from its enemies, remains apparently so indifferent, and even apathetic. It may seem paradoxical when I say that there is not much real sympathy felt for the teaching Orders, even among the Catholic aristocracy, whose children are exclusively taught by them. One of the results of the present commotion has been to convince thousands of the more thoughtful Catholics that it is the religious, and not the secular education given by the Orders, which is at fault. The secular education in the ecclesiastical colleges and schools had perforce to run on parallel lines with the programme ordered by the State, and there was very little reason for complaint in this direction; the percentage of scholars who passed their examinations being if anything slightly in excess of the returns of those belonging to the Government Schools. The defect in the religious instruction which so

many complain of is exactly the one which was pointed out to the clerical world some forty-five years ago by no less a person than Mgr. Dupanloup, when the famous Bishop of Orleans published a pamphlet on "Christian Education," which produced a great sensation at that time. He drew the attention of the clergy to what he considered their unfortunate method of teaching religion to their non-ecclesiastical pupils. He warned them that if they continued in the antiquated and methodical system of religious instruction which held good in a less enlightened age, they would do Catholicism more harm than good. The priests—and by priests I mean the whole army of teaching monks, friars, and nuns—have failed to show their pupils the nobler side of Christianity, and, as Mgr. Dupanloup expressed it, have belittled true religion by encouraging a multiplicity of puerile devotions and picturesque, but archaic, observances. The dogmas and doctrines of the Church are not thoroughly explained to the scholars, with the result that the youth of both sexes on leaving most Continental schools, and especially the French, find themselves very poorly equipped to resist the temptations of an over-secularised society. They have not been trained in habits of self-reliance, having passed their childhood and youth under the baneful influence of a perpetual supervision. They even experience a revulsion, if not an absolute detestation, for the superfluity of religious "practices" and "devotions" with which they have been over-dosed in their schooldays. Hence the majority merely entertain for Catholicism in after life a memory of its picturesque traditions, or even a sort of patronising affection which prevents them from openly severing all contact with a Church that still controls the chief acts of French social life.

I cannot, however, close this article without paying a tribute of admiration to the splendid college, which, until recently, belonged to the Dominicans at Arceuil, and which is now directed on its old lines by regular priests and seculars. I have visited an immense number of colleges and schools in France and elsewhere on the Continent, and I have not seen one in any way to compare with this institution, which combines some of the best features of an English public school with a good deal of excellent discipline. Arceuil is the only Continental school where I have seen the boys take a keen interest in manly sports, which include football, polo, and even cricket. The young gentlemen who have left this school have a certain *allure* and manly bearing which does their teachers infinite credit.

RICHARD DAVEY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.[1]

CAMPBELL shares with Longfellow the position of the favourite poet in elementary schools, where verse is learnt by heart as an exercise. There his good poems and his bad poems are equally appreciated: *Lord Ullin's Daughter* neither more nor less than *Hohenlinden*, and *The Harper* than the *Battle of the Baltic*. In his own lifetime Byron could say, meaning what he said: "We are all wrong except Rogers, Crabbe, and Campbell." It could be said, without apparent extravagance, by Campbell's not too considerate biographer, Cyrus Redding, that one of his long poems, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, "combines in itself the best characteristics of the classic and romantic styles, in that just medium which forms the truest principle for modern poetry"; and of the other equally famous long poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*, that it belonged to "that species of poetical composition which can alone be expected to attain in the eyes of true taste a classical and healthy longevity." He was blamed for his too conscious and too deliberate art, for "the smell of the lamp" which clung about his verse. To-day his audience is found on the lower benches of day-schools; that audience has been faithful to him for at least two generations; but it has never heard of *Gertrude of Wyoming* or of *The Pleasures of Hope*, in which Campbell's contemporaries saw "intimations" for him "of immortality."

The problem is curious, and there are complications in it; for, while all the bookish and ambitious verse has been forgotten, some of the simple verse which has remained popular is not less worthless, while some of it, a very little, has qualities more or less unique in English poetry. How are we to explain these compromises and caprices of posterity?

Campbell lived his whole life at a great distance from reality, always believing what he wanted to believe and denying what he did not want to believe. He was not a dreamer who could transpose the worlds and be content in either; he was fitful,

(1) The *Golden Treasury* has just admitted Campbell into an enclosure which, though Southey has crept into it, and Thomas Moore, and Arthur Hugh Clough, has for the most part been reserved for genuine poets. He comes introduced by a member of his own family, Professor Lewis Campbell, who has his right there as a scholar in poetry. Professor Campbell, in an introduction which is a model of discretion, demands no more than a respectful hearing, and a re-consideration of claims that have been overlooked rather than disputed.

essentially unreal, a faint-hearted evader of reality. In a conversation which might have come direct out of *The Egoist*, he is seen defending Mrs. Siddons against a criticism whose justice he does not actually dispute, by saying pettishly: "I won't admit her want of excellence in anything. She is an old friend of mine." Himself a persistent critic of his own work, he forgave no other critic, and refused to correct an error which had been discovered by any one but himself. He despised his own *Hohenlinden*, which he called a "damned drum and trumpet thing," and only printed to please Scott. The famous false rhyme in the last stanza—"sepulchre" for what should be sounded "sepulchry"—he neither admitted nor denied, neither blamed nor defended. We see him wondering whether such a word as "sepulchry" ever existed, half wishing that it did, yet refusing to adopt it, and concluding weakly that the word as it is "reads well alone, if we forget that there should be a concinnity with the preceding lines." He was fastidious without taste, full of alarmed susceptibility; so that when he was editing Colbourn's *New Monthly* he disliked his best contributor, the one who brought him most that was new, Hazlitt, and was with difficulty persuaded to accept the epical essay on the prize-fight.

The truth is that Campbell was a sentimental egoist, the Sir Willoughby Patterne of poets. His incapability of realising things as they are, until the realisation was forced upon him by some crisis, explains that unreality, that vague rosy tinge, which we find in almost all of his poetry which professes to deal with actual life. In life, as in poetry, the real force of things was not to be wholly evaded. There is a story told of how a stranger repeated to him the words of an old Welsh bard: "My wife is dead, my son is mad, my harp is unstrung," and how Campbell burst into tears, for the burden of the triad might have been his own. These profound distresses, it is true, he never met fairly. He tried to forget them, in what his biographers call "convivial company," in change of abode, even in unnecessary hack-work. He regarded, we are told, "poetical composition as a labour," and the inclination for it "came upon him only at rare intervals." It may be that "his slowness of composition was," as he says of Carew, "evidently that sort of care in the poet which saves trouble to his reader." But not only did he write with labour; poetry was never to him a means of self-expression.

It was the age when poets set themselves tasks in verse, and to Campbell as a young man Rogers' *Pleasures of Memory*, itself descended from Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*, presented itself as a model of what should be attempted. He found

it easy, in *The Pleasures of Hope*, to surpass his models, but, though one of its lines is continually on our lips to-day,

> 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,

the smooth meandering of verse, with its Micawber-like cheerfulness, becomes drearier and more dismal as we read; and when we have reached

> Come, bright Improvement, on the car of Time,
> And rule the spacious world from clime to clime,

we begin to wonder by what cottage-side poetry has gone to live in the land. With Wordsworth, perhaps, whose *Lyrical Ballads* have just been published, to the derision of a polite public which applauds *The Pleasures of Hope*.

Tastes change, they say, and tastes do change, though taste does not. But there is one touchstone which may be applied, apart from all technical qualities, all rules of metre or fashions of speech, whenever verse has a plain thing to say. The verse which takes what has already been finely and adequately said in prose, and makes of it something inferior in mere directness and expressiveness of statement, cannot be good verse. This is what Campbell found in the Bible: "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he wept, thus he said: O my son Absolom, my son, my son Absolom! would God I had died for thee, O Absolom, my son, my son!" And this is what Campbell made of it in *The Pleasures of Hope*:

> "My Absolom!" the voice of Nature cried,
> "O that for thee thy father could have died!
> For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
> That slew my Absolom!—my son!—my son!"

In this poem one seems to catch the last gasp of the eighteenth century; in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, published ten years later, we are in the century of *Childe Harold* and the romantic tales. *Gertrude* is a tepid romance, such as school-girls may dream after reading books of improving travel; a thing all feminine and foppish, written by the man, "dressed sprucely," whom Byron calls up for us: "A blue coat becomes him—so does his new wig." The blue coat and the new wig are never far away from these Pennsylvanian forests, with their panthers, palm-trees, and flamingoes of the tropics. Unreality is in every languid line.

> So finished he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
> That true to nature's fervid feelings ran
> (And song is but the eloquence of truth),

says Campbell, vaguely; and I suppose he believed himself to have been "true to nature's fervid feelings" in his record of the respectable loves of Gertrude and Waldegrave. "Never insensible to female beauty," says the commentator, Cyrus Redding, "and fond of the society of women, it was singular that Campbell, the poet of sentiment and imagery, should have written little or nothing breathing of ardent affection." Campbell's was, in his own affected phrase,

> The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone;

and here as elsewhere one can imagine him to have been genuinely touched by what, in his way of telling it, fails to touch us. When people read *Gertrude of Wyoming* they had acquired a taste for poetical narratives; since Rousseau, the virtues of forest folk were esteemed; and the poem, no doubt, responded to some occasion in the public mind. I have tried to find a single line of genuine poetry in its thin trickle of verse, but I have found none. There is in it a little more of what used to be called "fancy" than in the much later, wholly unsuccessful *Theodric*; but it is not appreciably nearer to poetry. "The pearly dew of sensibility," which Hazlitt discovered in its recesses, has not, as he thought it would, "distilled and collected, like the diamond in the mine"; nor does "the structure of his fame," according to the singular metaphor, "rest on the crystal columns of a polished imagination."

Yet other props and embellishments must be knocked away from the structure of Campbell's fame before we can distinguish what is really permanent in it. There is, first of all, the series of romantic ballads. In *Lord Ullin's Daughter* and the rest Campbell writes with a methodical building up of circumstantial emotion which in the end becomes ludicrous, from its "more than usual order." Few escape absurdity, but I doubt whether any parodist has ever equalled the quite serious conclusion of *The Ritter Bann:*

> Such was the throb and mutual sob
> Of the Knight embracing Jane.

Here and there, in a homelier story, Campbell seems to be trying to imitate Wordsworth, as in the foolish *Child and Hind* and the less foolish *Napoleon and the British Sailor;* and once, in *The Parrot of Mull: a Domestic Anecdote*, he seems to have almost caught the knack, and the piece might take its place, not unworthily, among Wordsworth's second-rate work in that kind.

Another sort of work which Campbell attempted with much immediate success, and for which he is still remembered in the school-room, is a kind of pathetic ballad which appeals almost indecently to the emotions: I mean such pieces as *The Exile of Erin, The Harper, The Wounded Hussar.* There is emotion in them, but the emotion, when it is not childish, is genteel. I scarcely know whether the misfortunes of "poor dog Tray" or of the "wounded hussar" are to be taken the less seriously; the latter, perhaps, by just the degree in which it aims at a more serious effect. "And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming": it is of the soldier he speaks, not of the dog. But it is in a better poem, *The Exile of Erin*, that we see most clearly the difference and the cause of the difference between Campbell's failures and successes in precisely what he could do best in the expression of patriotic feeling. *The Exile of Erin* is one of those many poems, written, often, by men who would have died for the convictions expressed in them, but written with so hackneyed and commonplace a putting of that passion into words that the thing comes to us lifeless, and stirs in us no more of a thrill than the casual street-singer's "Home, sweet Home," drawled out for pence and a supper.

Conviction, it should always be remembered, personal sincerity, though it is an important ingredient in the making of a patriotic or national poem, is but one ingredient among many; and there is one of these which is even more important: poetical impulse, which is a very different thing from personal impulse. I have no doubt that the personal impulse of *The Exile of Erin* was at least as sincere as that of *Hohenlinden;* I should say it was probably much more deeply felt; but here the poetical energy lags behind the energy of conviction; the effort to be patriotic and to draw an affecting moral is undisguised; the result is a piece of artistic insincerity. In *Hohenlinden* some wandering spark has alighted; the wind has carried it, and one knows not from whence; only, a whole beacon is ablaze.

Hohenlinden is a poem made wholly out of very obvious materials, and made within very narrow limits, to which it owes its intensity. Campbell had precisely that mastery of the obvious which makes rememberable lines, such as "Distance lends enchantment to the view," or "Coming events cast their shadows before," which we remember as we remember truisms, almost ashamed at doing so. They contain no poetic suggestion, they are no vital form of poetic speech; but they make statements to which verse lends a certain emphasis by its limiting form or enclosure. Very often Campbell uses this steady

emphasis when no emphasis is needed, as in this kind of verse, for instance:

> I mark his proud but ravaged form,
> As stern he wraps his mantle round,
> And bids, on winter's bleakest ground,
> Defiance to the storm.

This is merely meant for the picture of the friendless man, not a Byronic Corsair; and here the emphasis is above all a defect of the visual sense: he cannot see simply with the mind's eye. In such poems as the powerful and unpoetical *Last Man* the emphasis is like a conscious rigidity of bearing on parade, a military earnestness of rhetoric. The lines march with feet keeping time with the drill-master; and the wonder and terror which should shake in the heart of the poem are frozen at the source. In the genuine success of *Hohenlinden* every line is a separate emphasis, but all the emphasis is required by the subject, is in its place. The thud and brief repeated monotony of the metre gives the very sound of cannonading; each line is like a crackle of musketry. What is obvious in it, even, comes well into a poem which depends on elements so simple for its success, indeed its existence.

The one fixed passion in Campbell's shifting soul seems to have been the passion for liberty. The dust from Kosciusko's grave, cast by a Polish patriot into the grave of Campbell in Westminster Abbey, was a last appropriate homage to one who had always been "the sanguine friend of freedom." He was the patriot of all oppressed countries, and his love for his own country was only part of that wider human enthusiasm. His love of England was quickened, or brought to poetic heat, by a love of the sea, and by a curiously vivid appreciation of the life and beauty of warships. In his controversy with Bowles, as to the place of nature and of art in poetry, his most effective argument was drawn from a warship. "Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. . . . It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity." Something of this "mental transport," as he elsewhere describes it, this sense of the beauty and grandeur of the actual circumstances of sea-fighting, came, along with the patriotic fervour, into his two naval odes, *Ye Mariners of England* and *The Battle of the Baltic*, his two really great poems.

Ye Mariners of England has a finer poetic substance than *Hohenlinden* and a more original metrical scheme, here, as there, curiously well adapted to its subject. The heavy pauses and loud rushes: "And sweep through the deep," with its checked flow and onset; "When the stormy winds do blow," twice repeated, with a vehement motion, and an exultation as of wind and water: conscious art has here, for once, caught hands with a fiercer impulse, and wrought better than it knew. Even here, however, the impulse is on the wane before the last stanza is over; and that last stanza has been made for logic's sake rather than for any more intimate need.

And even in *The Battle of the Baltic*, where Campbell reaches his highest height, there are flaws, weaknesses, trifling perhaps, but evident here and there; touches of false poetising, like the line in the last stanza: "And the mermaid's song condoles." But the manliness, haughty solemnity, the blithe courage and confidence of the poem, and also the invention of the metre (an afterthought, as we know, introduced when the poem was cut down from twenty-seven stanzas of six lines each into eight stanzas of nine) are things unique in English. The structure, with its long line moving slowly to the pause, at which the three heavily-weighted, yet, as it were, proudly prancing syllables fall over and are matched by the three syllables which make the last line, the whole rhythmical scheme, unlike anything that had been done before, has left its mark upon whatever in that line has been done finely since: upon Browning in *Hervé Riel*, upon Tennyson in *The Revenge*. And if any one thinks that this kind of masterpiece is hardly more than the natural outcome of a fervid patriotic impulse, let him turn to others of Campbell's poems full of an even lustier spirit of patriotism, to poems as bad as the *Stanzas on the Threatened Invasion*, 1803, or as comparatively good as *Men of England*, and he will see just how far the personal impulse will carry a poet of uncertain technique in the absence of adequate poetic impulse and adequate poetic technique.

In much of Campbell's work there is a kind of shallow elegance, a turn of phrase which is neat, but hardly worth doing at all if it is done no better. Read the little complimentary verses to ladies, and think of Lovelace; read *The Beech-Tree's Petition*, with its nice feeling and words without atmosphere, and think of Marvell's garden-verses, in which every line has perfume and radiance. The work is so neat, so rounded and polished; like waxen flowers under glass shades; no nearer to nature or art.

In the *Valedictory Stanzas to Kemble* there is a definition

of "taste," which shows us something of Campbell's theory and aim in art:—

Taste, like the silent dial's power,
  That, when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
  And tell its height in heaven.

And he defines the mind of the actor as "at once ennobled and correct." Always labouring to be "at once ennobled and correct," Campbell is never visited by any poetic inspiration, except in those few poems in which he has not been more sincere, or chosen better, than usual, but has been more lucky, and able to carry an uncertain technique further. That, and not emotion, or sincerity, or anything else, is what distinguishes what is good from what is bad in his work, even in those poems which have given our literature its greatest war-songs.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

IN RED MARRAKESH.

THERE are certain cities that cannot be approached for the first time by any sympathetic traveller without a sense of solemnity and reverence that is not far removed from awe. Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Damascus, and Jerusalem may be cited as examples; each in its turn has filled me with great wonder and deep joy. But all of these are to be reached nowadays by the railway, that great modern purge of sensibility. Even Jerusalem is not exempt. A single line stretches from Jaffa by the sea, to the very gates of the Holy City, playing hide-and-seek among the mountains of Judæa by the way, because the Turk was too poor to tunnel a direct path.

In Morocco, on the other hand, the railway is still unknown. He who seeks any of the country's inland cities must take horse or mule, camel or donkey, or, as a last resource, be content with a staff to aid him, and walk. Whether he fare to Fez, the city of Mulai Idrees, in which an old writer assures us "all the beauties of the earth are united"; or to Mequinez, where great Mulai Ismail kept a stream of human blood flowing constantly from his palace that all might know he ruled; or to Red Marrakesh, which Yusuf ibn Tachfin built nine hundred years ago—his own exertion must convoy him. There must be days and nights of scant fare and small comfort, with all those hundred and one happenings of the road that make for pleasant memories. As far as I have been able to gather in the nine years that have passed since I first saw Morocco, one road is like another, unless you have the Maghrebbin Arabic at your command and can go off the beaten track in Moorish dress. Walter Harris, the gifted resourceful traveller and *Times* correspondent, did this when he sought the oases of Tafilalt; so also, in his fashion, did R. B. Cunninghame Graham, when he tried in vain to reach Tarudant, and set out the record of his failure in one of the most fascinating travel books[1] published since "Eothen."

For the rank and file of us, the Government roads and the harmless necessary soldier must suffice, until the Gordian knot of Morocco's future has been untied or cut. Then flying railway trains loaded with tourists, guide-book in hand and camera at the ready, will pierce the secret places of the land, and men will speak of "doing" Morocco, as they do other countries in their rush across the world, seeing all the stereotyped sights and appreciating

(1) "Moghreb al Acksa."

none. For the present, by Allah's grace, matters are quite otherwise.

Marrakesh unfolded its beauties slowly, and one by one, as we pushed horses and mules into a canter over the level plain of Hilreeli. Forests of date palms took definite shape, certain mosques (those of Sidi ben Yusuf and Bab Dukala), stood out clearly before us, without the aid of glasses, but the Library Mosque dominated the landscape by reason of the Kutubia tower by its side. The Atlas Mountains came out of the clouds and revealed the snows that would soon melt and set every southern river aflood. The town began to show limits to the east and west where, at first, there was nothing but haze. One or two caravans passed us northward bound, their leaders hoping against hope that the Pretender, the "dog-descended," as a Susi trader called him, would not stand between them and the Sultan's camp, where the profits of their journey lay. By this time I could see the old grey wall of Marrakesh more plainly, with towers here and there, ruinous as the wall itself, and storks' nests on the battlements, their red-legged inhabitants fulfilling the duties of sentries. To the right, beyond the town, the great rock of Djebel Geeliz suggested infinite possibilities in days to come, when some conqueror armed with modern weapons and a pacific mission shall decide to bombard the walls, in the sacred name of civilisation. Then the view was lost in the date palm forest through which tiny tributaries of the Tensift run babbling over the red earth, while the kingfisher, or dragonfly—"a ray of living light"—flashes over the shallow water, and young storks take their first lessons in the art of looking after themselves.

When a Moor has amassed wealth he praises God, builds a palace, and plants a garden, or is suspected, accused—despotic authority is not particular—and cast into prison! In and round Marrakesh many Moors have gained riches, and some have held them. The gardens stretch for miles. There are the far-spreading Angdal plantations of the Sultans of Morocco, in part public, and elsewhere so private that to intrude would be to court death. Their name signifies "The Maze," and they are said to justify it. In the outer, or public grounds, of this vast pleasaunce, the fruit is sold by auction to the merchants of the city in the late spring, when blossoming time is over, and the buyers must watch and guard it until harvest comes.

We rode past the low-walled gardens, where the pomegranate and apricot trees were flowering, and strange birds I did not know were singing in the deep shade. Doves flitted from branch to branch, bee-eaters darted about among mulberry and almond trees. There was an overpowering fragrance from the orange groves,

where blossom and unplucked fruit showed side by side. The jessamine bushes were scarcely less fragrant. Fig trees called every passer-by to enjoy their spreading shade, and the little rivulets, born of the Tensift's winter floods to sparkle through the spring and die with midsummer, were fringed with willows. It was delightful to draw rein and listen to the plashing of water and the cooing of doves, while trying in vain to recognise the most exquisite among many sweet scents.

Under one of the fig trees, in a garden, three Moors sat at tea. A carpet was spread, and I caught a glimpse of the copper kettle, the squat charcoal brazier tended by a slave, the quaint little coffer, filled no doubt with fine green tea, and the curious porcelain dish of cakes. It was a quite pleasing picture, at which, had courtesy permitted, I would have indulged in more than a brief glance.

The claim of the Moors upon our sympathy and admiration becomes greater by reason of their love for gardens. Some authorities declare that their devotion is due largely to the profit yielded by the fruit, but one could afford to forget that suggestion for the time being when Nature seemed to be giving praise to the Master of all seasons for the goodly gifts of the spring.

We crossed the Tensift by the bridge, one of the very few to be found in South Morocco. It has nearly thirty arches, all dilapidated as the city walls themselves, yet possessing their curious gift of endurance. Even the natives realise that their bridge is crumbling into uselessness, after nearly eight centuries of work; but they do no more than shrug their shoulders, as though to cast off the burden of responsibility and give it to destiny. On the outskirts of the town, where gardens end and open market squares lead to the gates, a small group of children gathered to watch the strangers, with an interest in which fear played its part. I waited now to see the baggage animals come to the front, and then M'barak led the way past the mosque at the side of the Spanish Gate, so called because part of its decorations were brought by the Moors from Spain. Once within the gate, narrow streets, with windowless walls frowning on either side, shut us in from all view save that which lay immediately before us.

No untrained eye can follow the winding maze of streets in Marrakesh, and it is from the Moors we learn that the town, like the Gaul of Cæsar's Commentaries, has three well-defined divisions. The Kasbah is the official quarter, where the soldiers and governing officials have their home, and the prison called Hib mis bah receives all evil-doers, and men whose luck is ill. The Madinah is the general Moorish quarter, and embraces the Kaisariyah, or bazaar district, where the streets are parallel, well cleaned,

thatched with palm and palmetto against the light, and barred at either end to keep animals from entering. The Mellah, or "salted place," is the third great division of Marrakesh, and is the Jewish quarter. In this district, or just beyond it, are a few streets that seem reserved to the descendants of Mulai Ismail's black guards, from whom our word "blackguard" might well have come to us, though it did not. Within these divisions streets, irregular and without a name, turn and twist in a manner most bewildering, until none save old residents may hope to know their way about. Pavements are unknown, drainage is in its most dangerous infancy, the rainy season piles mud in every direction, and, as though to test the principle embodied in the homœopathic theory, the Marrakshis heap rubbish and refuse in every street, where it decomposes until the enlightened authorities who dwell in the Kasbah happen to give orders for its removal. Then certain men set out with donkeys and carry the sweepings of the gutters beyond the gates. This work is taken seriously in the Madinah, but in the Mellah it is shamefully neglected, and I have ridden through whole streets in the last-named quarter searching vainly for a place approximately clean enough to permit of dismounting. Happily, or unfortunately, as you will, the inhabitants are inured from birth to a state of things that must cause the weaklings to pay heavy toll to Death, the lord who rules even Sultans.

I had little thought to spare for such matters whilst riding into Marrakesh for the first time. The spell of the city was overmastering. It is perhaps the most African city in Morocco to-day; almost the last survivor of the changes that began in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and have brought the Dark Continent, from end to end, within the sphere of European influence. Fez and Mequinez are cities of fair men, while here on every side one recognised the influence of the Soudan and the country beyond the great desert. Not only have the wives and concubines brought from beyond the great sand sea, darkened the skin of the present generation of the Marrakshis, but they have given to most, if not to all, a suggestion of relationship to the negro races that is not to be seen in any other Moorish city I have visited. Strangely enough, perhaps, it is not a suggestion of fanaticism or intolerance. By their action as well as their appearance I knew most of the passers for friends rather than enemies, convinced that I was one of the harmless, uncivilised people from a far land, who smoke tobacco, drink wine, and live without the True Faith.

Marrakesh, like all other inland cities of Morocco, has neither hotel nor guest-house. It boasts some large fandaks, notably that of Hadj Larbi, where the caravans from the desert send their merchandise and chief merchants; but no sane European will

choose to seek shelter in a fandak in Morocco, unless he is prepared to face much filth and discomfort. There are clean fandaks in Sunset Land, but they are few, and you must travel far to find them. I had letters to the chief civilian resident of Marrakesh, Sidi Boubikir, British political agent, millionaire, farmer, financier, builder of palaces, politician, statesman, and friend of all Englishmen who are well recommended to his care. I had heard much of the clever old man who was born in very poor surroundings, started life as a camel driver, and is now the wealthiest and most powerful unofficial resident in Southern Morocco, if not in all the Maghreb, so I bade Kaid M'barak find him without delay. The first person questioned directed us to one of Boubikir's fandaks, and, by its gate, in a narrow lane, where camels jostled the camp mules until they nearly foundered in the underlying filth, we found the celebrated man sitting within the porch on an old packing-case.

He looked up for a brief moment when the Kaid dismounted and handed him my letter, and I saw a long, closely shaven face, lighted by a pair of grey eyes that seemed much younger than the head in which they were set, and perfectly inscrutable. He read the letter, which was in Arabic, from end to end, and then gave me stately greeting, Salam interpreting.

"You are very welcome," he said. "My home and all it holds are yours."

I replied that I wanted nothing more than modest shelter for the days of my sojourn in the city. He nodded.

"Had you advised me of your visit in time," he said, "my best house should have been prepared. Now, I will send with you my steward, who has the keys of all my houses. Choose which you will have." I thanked him. The steward appeared, a stout, well-favoured man, whose djellaba was finer than his master's. Sidi Boubikir pointed to certain keys, and at a word several servants gathered about us. The old man said that he rejoiced to serve the friend of his friends, and would look forward to seeing me during our stay. Then the steward led the way into an ill-seeming lane, now growing dark with the fall of evening.

We turned down an alley more muddy than the one we had left, passed under an arch by a fruit stall, with a covering of tattered palmetto, caught a brief glimpse of a mosque minaret, and heard the sonorous voice of the Mueddin calling the Faithful to evening prayer. In the shadow of the mosque, at the corner of this high-walled lane, there was a heavy metal-studded door. The steward thrust a key into its lock, turned it, and we passed down a passage into an open patio. It was a very silent place, beyond the reach of street echoes, and there were four rooms built

round the patio on the ground floor, as well as three or four above. One side of the minaret's tower was visible from the patio, but apart from that the place was not overlooked. To be sure, it was very dirty, but I had an idea that the steward had brought his men out for business, not for an evening stroll, and so I bade Salam assure him that this place, known to the Marrakshis as Dar al Kasdir (the Tin House), would serve all our purposes. A thundering knock at the gate announced a visitor, one of Sidi Boubikir's elder sons, a civil, kindly-looking Moor, whose face inspired confidence. Advised of my choice, he suggested we should take a stroll while his men cleaned and prepared the patio and the rooms opening upon it. Then the mules, resting for the time in his father's fandak, would bring their burdens home, and we could enjoy our well-earned rest.

I took this good advice, and returning an hour later found that a very complete transformation had been effected. Palmetto brooms and water brought from an adjacent well had made the floor look clean and clear. The warmth of the air had dried everything, and the pack mules had been relieved of their loads and sent back to the stable. Two little earthen braziers full of charcoal were glowing merrily under the influence of the bellows that Kaid M'barak wielded skilfully. Two earthen jars of drinking water, with palm leaves for corks, had been brought in by my host's servants. In another hour the camp beds were unpacked and made up, a rug was set on the bedroom floor, and the little table and chairs were put in the middle of the patio. From the corner where Salam squatted behind the twin fires, came the pleasant scent of supper; Kaid M'barak, his well-beloved gun at his side, sat silent and thoughtful in another corner, and the tiny clay bowl of the Maalem's long wooden kief-pipe was comfortably aglow.

There was a timid knock at the door. The soldier opened it and admitted—"the Shareef." I do not know his name, nor whence he came, but he walked up to Salam, greeted him affectionately, and offered his services while we were in the city. Twenty years old perhaps, at an outside estimate, very tall and thin, and poorly clad, the Shareef was not the least interesting figure I met upon my journey. A shareef is a saint in Morocco, as in every other country of Islam, and his title is due to descent from Mohammed. He may be very poor indeed, but he is more or less holy, devout men kiss the hem of his djellaba, no matter how dirty or ragged it may be, and none may curse a shareef's ancestors, for the Prophet was one of them. This youthful saint had known Salam in Fez, and had caught sight of him by Boubikir's fandak in the early afternoon. Salam, himself a chief in his own land, though

fallen on evil days then, and on worse ones since, welcomed the newcomer, and brought his offer to me, adding the significant information that the young Shareef, who was too proud to beg, had not tasted food in the past forty-eight hours. He had then owed a meal to some Moor who, in accordance with a well-known custom, had set a bowl of food outside his house to conciliate night-prowling devils. I accepted the proffered service, and had no occasion to regret my action. The young Moor was never in the way and never out of the way; he went cheerfully on errands to all parts of the city, fetched and carried without complaint, and yet never lost the splendid dignity that seemed to justify his claim to saintship.

So we took our ease in the open patio, and the Shareef's long fast was broken, and the stars came to the aid of our lanterns; and when supper was over I was well content to sit and smoke while Salam, Kaid M'barak, the Maalem, and the Shareef sat silent round the glowing charcoal, perhaps too tired to talk. It was very pleasant to feel at home, after two or three weeks under canvas, along the southern road.

The Maalem rose at last, somewhat unsteadily after his debauch of kief. He moved to where our provisions were stacked, and took oil and bread from the store. Then he sought the corner of the wall by the doorway, and poured out a little oil and scattered crumbs, repeating the performance at the far end of the patio. This duty done, he bade Salam tell me it was a peace-offering to the souls of the departed who had inhabited this house before we came to it. I apprehend they might have resented the presence of the infidel, had they not been soothed by the Maalem's little attention. He was ever a firm believer in djann, and exorcised them with unfailing regularity. The abuse he heaped on Satan must have added largely to the burden of sorrows under which we are assured the fallen angel carries out his appointed work. He had been profuse in his prayers and curses when we entered the barren pathway of the Little Hills, behind the plains of Hilreeli, and there were times at which I had felt quite sorry for Satan. Oblation to the house spirits made, the Maalem asked for his money, the half due at the journey's end. Kief or no kief, he was easily sober enough to count the dollars carefully and make his farewells with courteous eloquence. I parted with him with no little regret, and look forward with keen pleasure to the day when I shall summon him once again from the bakehouse of Djedida to bring his mules and guide me over the open road, haply to some destination more remote. I think he will come willingly, and that the journey will be a pleasant one. The Shareef drew the heavy bolt behind the Maalem, and we sought our beds

It was a brief night's rest. The voice of the Mueddin, chanting the call to prayer and the Shehad, roused me again, refreshed. The night was passing; even as the sonorous voice of the Unseen chanted his inspiring "Allah Akbar," it was yielding place to the moments when "the Wolf-tail[1] sweeps the Paling East."

I looked out of my little room that opened on to the patio. The arch of heaven was swept and garnished, and from "depths blown clear of cloud" great stars were shining whitely. The breeze of early morning stirred, penetrating our barred outer gates, and bringing a subtle fragrance from the beflowered groves that lie beyond the city. It had a freshness that demanded from one, in tones too seductive for denial, prompt action. Moreover, we had been rising before daylight for some days past, in order that we might cover a respectable distance before the Enemy should begin to blaze intolerably above our heads, commanding us to seek the shade of some chance fig tree or saint's tomb.

So I roused Salam, and together we drew the creaking bolts, bringing the Kaid to his feet with a jump. There was plenty of time for explanation, because he always carried his gun in an old flannel case, secured by half-a-dozen pieces of string, the knots in which defied haste. He warned us not to go out, since the djann were always abroad in the streets before daylight; but, seeing our minds were set, he bolted the door upon us, and probably returned to his slumbers.

Beyond the house, in a faint glow that was already paling the stars, the African city, well-nigh a thousand years old, assumed its most mysterious aspect. The high walls on either side of the roads, innocent of casements as of glass, seemed, in the uncertain light, to be tinted with violet amid their dull grey. The silence was complete and most weird. Never a cry from man or beast removed the momentary impression that this was a city of the dead. The entrances of the bazaars in the Kaisariyah, to which we turned, were barred and bolted; their guardians sat motionless, covered in white djellabas, that looked like shrouds. The city's seven gates were fast closed, though doubtless there were long files of camels and market men waiting patiently without. The great mansions of the wazeers, and the green-tiled palace of Mulai Abd el Aziz—"Our Victorious Master the Sultan"—seemed as unsubstantial as one of those cities that the mirage had set before us midmost the R'hamna plains. Even Salam, the untutored man from the far Riff country, felt the spell of the silent morning hour, and moved quietly by my side without a word.

"Oh, my masters, give charity! Allah helps helpers!" A blind beggar, sitting by the gate, like Bartimæus of old, thrust

(1) The False Dawn

his withered hand before me. Lightly though we had walked, his keen ear had known the difference in sound between the native slipper and the European boot. It had roused him from his slumbers, and he had calculated the distance so nicely, that the hand, suddenly shot out, was well within reach of mine. Salam, my almoner, gave him a handful of the copper coins, called *floos*, of which a score may be worth a penny, and he sank back in his uneasy seat with many thanks, not to us, but to Allah, the One who had been pleased to move us to work his will. As for me, I was no more than Allah's unworthy medium, condemned by the decree of the Perspicuous Book to burn in fires seven times heated, for unbelief.

From their home on the flat house-tops two storks rose suddenly, as though to herald the dawn; the sun became visible above the walls, and turned their colouring from violet to gold. We heard the guards drawing the bars of the gate that is called Bab al Khamees, and we knew that the daily life of Marrakesh had begun. The great birds might have given the signal that woke the town to activity.

Straightway a throng of men and beasts made their way through the narrow, cobbled lanes. Sneering camels, so bulked out by their burdens that a foot passenger must shrink against the wall to avoid a bad bruising; well-fed mules, carrying some early-rising Moor of rank on the top of seven saddle-cloths; half-starved donkeys, all sores and bruises; one encountered every variety of Moorish traffic here, and the thoroughfare that had been deserted a moment before was soon thronged. In addition to the Moors, and Berbers, and Susi traders, there were many slaves, black as coal, brought in times past from the Soudan. From garden and orchard beyond the city, fruit, and flowers, and vegetables were being carried into their respective markets, and as they passed the air grew suddenly fragrant with a scent that was almost intoxicating. The garbage that lay strewn over the cobbles had no more power to offend, and the fresh scents added, in some queer fashion of their own, to the unreality of the whole scene.

To avoid the crush, we turned away from this quarter of the city, to where the Kutubia Tower rose, flanking the Mosque of the Library, with its three glittering balls that are solid gold, if you care to believe the Moors (and who should know better?), though the European authorities declare they are gilded copper. No visitors will forget the Mosque or the voices of the three blind Mueddins who call Believers to prayer from the adjacent minarets. By the side of the tower that is a landmark almost from R'hamna's far corner to the Atlas Mountains, Yusuf ibn Tachfin, who built Marrakesh nine hundred years ago, enjoys his long sleep in a

grave unnoticed and unhonoured by the crowds of men from far-off lands, who pass it every day. Yet, if the conqueror of Fez and troubler of Spain could rise from nine centuries of rest, he would find but little change in the city he set on the red plain in the shadow of the mountains. The walls of his creation remain, even the broken bridge over the river dates, men say, from his time, and certainly the faith and works of the people have not altered greatly. Caravans still fetch and carry from Fez in the north, to Timbuctoo and the banks of the Niger, or reach the Bab er Rubb, with gold and ivory and slaves from the eastern oases that France has almost sealed up. The saints' houses are still there, though the old have yielded to the new. Storks are privileged, as of old time, to build on the flat roof-tops of the city houses; and therefore still besought by amorous natives to carry love's greetings to the women permitted to take their airing on the house-tops in the afternoon. Berber from the highlands, blackman from the Draa, wiry, lean, enduring trader from Tarudant, and other cities of the Sus, patient, frugal Saharowi from the sea of sand; no one of them has altered greatly since the days of the renowned Yusuf. And who but he among the men who built great cities in days before Saxon and Norman had met at Senlac, could look to find his work so little scarred by time, or disguised by change? Twelve miles of rampart surround the city still, if we include the walls that guard the Sultan's maze garden, and seven of the many gates Ibn Tachfin knew are swung open to the dawn of each day now.

From the Library Mosque, with its commanding tower and modest, yet memorable, tomb, we strolled past the Sultan's palace, white-walled, green-tiled, vast, imposing; passing thence to the lesser mosque of Sidi bel Abbas, to whom the beggars pray, for it is said of him that he knew God. The city's hospital stands beside this good man's grave. And here one naturally pays tribute also to great Mulai abd el Kadr Ijjlalli, whose name is very piously invoked among the poor. The mosque by the Dukala gate is worthy of note, and earns the salutation of all who come by way of R'hamna to Marrakesh. We rested awhile from the growing heat by a fine fountain with the legend "Drink and admire," in Arabic, where the hard-working water-carriers from the Sus fill their goatskins, and all leisured folk congregate during the hours of fire.

From a fandak in the Madinah we hired horses, and rode out to the Mellah, literally "salted place," in which the town Jews live, reaching our destination by way of the Olive Garden. It is the dirtiest part of Marrakesh, and, all things considered, the least interesting. The lanes that run between its high walls are full of

indescribable filth; comparison with them makes the streets of the Madinah and the Kasbah almost clean. One result of the dirt is seen in the prevalence of ophthalmia, from which three out of four of the Mellah's inhabitants seem to suffer, slightly or seriously. Few adults appear to take exercise, unless they are called abroad to trade, and when business is in a bad way the misery is very real indeed. A skilled workman is pleased to earn the native equivalent of fourteen pence for a day's work, beginning at sunrise, and on this miserable pittance he can support a wife and family. Low wages and poor living, added to centuries of oppression, have made the Morocco Jew of the town a pitiable creature; but on the hills, particularly among the Atlas villages, the Jew is healthy, athletic, and resourceful, able to use his hands as well as his head, and the trusted intermediary between Berber hillman and town Moor.

Being of the ancient race myself, I was received in several of the show-houses of the Mellah, places whose splendid interiors were not at all suggested by the squalid surroundings in which the house was set. This is typical to some extent of all houses in Morocco, even in the coast towns, and greatly misleads the globe-trotter. I noticed fine carving and colouring in many rooms, but the European furniture was for the most part wrongly used, and at best grotesquely out of place. Hygiene has not passed within the Mellah's walls; but a certain amount of Western tawdriness has. Patriarchal Jews, of good stature and commanding presence, had their dignity hopelessly spoilt by the big blue spotted handkerchief, worn over the head and tied under the chin. Jewesses in rich apparel seemed quite content with the fineness within their houses, and indifferent quite to the mire of the streets.

In the latter days of my sojourn I visited three synagogues—one in a private house. The approaches were in every case disgusting, but the synagogues themselves were well-kept, very old, and decorated with rare and curious memorial lamps, kept alight for the dead through the year of mourning. The benches were of wood with straw mats for cover; there was no place for women, and the seats themselves seemed to be set down without attempt at arrangement. The brass-work was old and fine, the scrolls of the law were very ancient, but there was no sign of wealth and little decoration. In the courtyard of the chief synagogue school was in progress. Half-a-hundred intelligent youngsters were repeating the master's words, just as Mohammedan boys were doing in the Madinah; but even among these little ones ophthalmia was playing havoc, and doubtless the disease would pass from the unsound to the sound. Cleanliness would stamp out this trouble in a very little time, and would preserve healthy children from

infection. Unfortunately, the administration of the Mellah is exceedingly bad, and there is no reason to believe that it will improve.

When the "Elevated Court" is at Marrakesh, the demand for works helps the Jewish quarter to thrive, but since the Sultan went to Fez the heads of the Mellah seem to be reluctant to lay out even a few shillings daily to have the place kept clean. There are no statistics to tell the price that is paid in human life for the shocking neglect of the elementary decencies, but it must be a heavy one.

Business premises seemed clean enough, though the approach to them could hardly have been less inviting. You enter a big courtyard, and, if wise, remain on your horse until well clear of the street. The courtyard is clean and wide, an enlarged edition of a patio, with big store-rooms on either side, and stabling or a granary. Here, also, is a bureau, in which the master sits in receipt of custom, and deals in green tea that has come from India via England, and white sugar in big loaves, and coffee, and other merchandise. He is buyer and seller at once, now dealing with a native who wants tea, and now with an Atlas Jew, who has an ouadad skin or rug to sell; now talking Shilha, the language of the Berbers, now the Maghrebbin Arabic of the Moors, and again debased Spanish or Hebrew, with his own brethren. He has a watchful eye for all the developments that the day may bring, and while attending to buyer and seller can take note of all his servants are doing at the stores, and what is going out or coming in. Your merchant of the better class has commercial relations with Manchester or Liverpool; he has visited England and France; perhaps some olive-skinned, black-eyed boy of his has been sent to an English school to get the wider views of life and faith, and return to the Mellah to shock his father with both, and to be shocked in his turn by much in the home life that passed uncriticised before. These things lead to domestic tragedies at times, and yet neither son nor father is quite to blame.

The best class of Jew in the Mellah has ideas and ideals, but outside the conduct of his business he lacks initiative. He believes most firmly in the future of the Jewish race, the ultimate return to Palestine, the advent of the Messiah. Immersed in these beliefs, he does not see dirt collecting in the streets, and killing little children with the diseases it engenders. Gradually the grime settles on his faith too, and he loses sight of everything save commercial ends and the observances that orthodoxy demands. His, one fears, is a quite hopeless case. The attention of philanthropy might well turn to the little ones, however. For their sake some of the material benefits of modern knowledge

should be brought to the Mellah. Schools are excellent; but children cannot live by school learning alone.

Going from the Mellah I saw a strange sight. By the entrance to the "salted place," there is a piece of bare ground stretching to the wall against which sundry young Jews in black djellabas sat at their ease, their hair curled over their ears and black caps on their heads in place of the handkerchiefs favoured by the elders of the community. One or two women were coming from the Jewish market, their bright dresses and uncovered faces a pleasing contrast to the white robes and featureless aspect of the Moorish women. A little Moorish boy, seeing me regard them with interest, remarked solemnly, "There go those who will never look upon the face of God's prophet," and then a shareef, whose portion in Paradise was, of course, reserved to him by reason of his high descent, rode into the open ground from the Madinah. I regret to record the fact that the holy man was drunk (whether upon hashish or the strong waters of the infidel, I know not), and to all outward seeming his holiness alone sufficed to keep him on the back of the spirited horse he bestrode. He went very near to upsetting a store of fresh vegetables belonging to a True Believer, and then nearly crushed an old man against the wall. He raised his voice, but not to pray, and the people round him were in sore perplexity. He was too holy to remove by force, and too drunk to persuade; so the crowd, realising that he was divinely directed, raised a sudden shout. This served. Straightway the hot-blooded Barb made a rush for the arcade leading to the Madinah, and carried the drunken saint with him, cursing at the top of his voice, but sticking to his unwieldy saddle in manner that was admirable and truly Moorish. If he had not been holy he would have been torn from his horse, and, in native parlance, would have "eaten the stick," for drunkenness is a grave offence in orthodox Morocco.

We rode back into the Madinah to see it in another aspect. The rapid rise of the sun had called the poorer workers to their daily tasks; buyers were congregating round the market stalls of the dealers in meat, bread, vegetables, and fruit. With perpetual grace to Allah for his gift of custom, the merchants and their assistants were parting with their wares at prices far below anything that rules in the coast towns of the Sultan's country. The absence of My Lord Abd el Aziz and his Court had tended to lower rates considerably. It was hard to realise that while food cost so little, there were hundreds of men, women, and children within the city to whom one good meal a day was something almost unknown; yet this was certainly the case.

Towering above the other buyers were the trusted slaves of

the wazeers in residence—tall negroes from the far south for the most part, hideous men, whose black faces were made the more black by contrast with their white robes. They moved with a certain sense of dignity and pride through the ranks of the hungry free men round them; clearly, they were well-contented with their lot—a curious commentary upon the European notions of slavery, based, to be sure, upon European methods with regard to it.

The whole formed a marvellous picture, and how the pink roses, the fresh green mint and thyme, the orange flowers, and other blossoms, sweetened the narrow bazaars, garbage strewn under foot, and roofed overhead with dried leaves of the palm.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS.

An Appreciation.

The newspaper Press for July recorded the passing away of the foremost British artist, and one of the greatest Englishmen of the Victorian age. Since Ruskin died, no personality so rare as that of George Frederick Watts has left us.

In the following paragraphs a few reminiscences of his conversation are inwoven with a brief estimate of the artist and of the man.

He often enlarged on the teaching functions of Art, and on all the great artists—from Phidias to Michael Angelo, from Giotto to Raphael—as teachers of their time. He said he thought that Art had greater things to do in years to come than it had yet accomplished. He believed in the splendid possibilities yet before the race in this domain, as in all others open to it; but the pathways men must take to realise them were slow and patient labour day by day, integrity, hard work, self-sacrifice, fixity of aim, and joy in work. "He was not sure that we in England" (he referred, he said, to the average middle-class, and those just below them) "had the same love of beauty as the Italians of the same class had, or were amenable to it in the same way. He did not think that we English were a decadent race; but this great and wondrous nation of ours had lived through much, accomplishing much, and possibly it was near its meridian, if it had not already passed it. All nations had their rise, decline, and fall : and how many nations have vanished—Egypt, Greece, Carthage, &c." The 'increasing purpose' of the ages was referred to, but he replied, "Yes, I believe in it; but that purpose is quite consistent with the loss of particular, and especially of insular, civilisations. The decay of nations was a sad but perhaps a necessary fact, connected with the rise of new elements, and types of greatness. In our time there was a want of the heroic (and yet we had many heroes, especially in humble life), the refined, the self-abnegating, and also of the 'high seriousness,' which Arnold longed for. There was too much scramble, and opinionativeness; and far too great a love of money, and of ease." He denounced the worship of athletics, the craze for sports, accompanied by betting. "Many young children are precocious in evil. It is sad to see them smoking cigarettes; and the want of decorous living is lamentable. Vulgarity is rampant, and there is a change, not always for the better, passing over the Press

of the country. It is a degradation to useful newspapers to admit vulgar advertisements into their columns. Old industries are vanishing, especially in the rural districts of England, and in the Highlands. And yet the world is advancing. Evolution is a continuous process, and better things are in store for man than he has ever known. The passing away of old usages is inevitable; but I am glad to see that in Scotland your university students keep up their torchlight processions, when a new Lord Rector is installed. I wish they could wear coats of mail on these occasions!"

He spoke of the vast influence of school teaching in forming the character of a nation. The teaching of Languages and of History was most beneficial; but he wished there was more Art teaching in schools, from the humblest elementary one up to Eton and the rest. He referred to the good work that was unconsciously done in other directions, in the course of Art teaching at school, and by encouraging the children of peasant labourers to draw, paint, carve, mould, and design. Perhaps the best teaching of all was obtained by the daily sight in school, or on the walls of cottage homes, of authentic pictures of monumental men and women.

Referring to contemporary affairs he spoke with enthusiasm of Queen Victoria, but added that she should have gone to Ireland every year; for by so doing she would have won the hearts of the Irish people, as much as she had captivated the Scots. Also, she left the Prince of Wales too long out of touch with his coming sphere of influence. She might have delegated some work to him to do in connection with the State. He enlarged on what we owe to the Irish race in early times, and to our Irish inheritance. It had done much for the nation in literature and in war. While he liked the Scottish translations from the Gaelic, he liked the Irish ones better. This led him to speak of England's frequent injustices to Ireland, which had no doubt fostered democracy. If the democratic tide was flowing strongly, he did not wonder at it, for if we went back to the origin of property, we would find that many of the ancestors of our nobility came by their estates through conquest or seizure. The true condition of ownership was service.

Watts's appreciation of his contemporary artists was great, often enthusiastic, especially of Burne-Jones, Dante Rossetti, Millais, and Leighton, but also of others; and I may mention those whom I have heard him praise—Holman Hunt, Fred. Walker, Legros, Lady Waterford, Mason, Pinwell, Whistler. Of a still living Scottish artist he said, "His portraits are as good as those of Vandyke or Velasquez. His directness and suggestion are

quite as great as theirs." Most of his friends can recall words of eulogy spoken of his contemporaries, but amongst them all his appreciation of Burne-Jones was probably the keenest. I remember meeting him at an exhibition of his friend's pictures in the New Gallery, shortly after his death, one January day on my return from a Christmas visit to Rome. He asked me "Where have you come from, and what have you seen?" When told, he said, with a majestic wave of his hand round the room in which we stood, "Well; in all Rome you saw nothing finer than this, nothing finer than *this*."

As a many-sided talker he had scarce a rival in our time. As a conversationalist his power was greater than Ruskin's, while his artistic insight was equal to that of his friend, and his criticism surer-footed. It had no fads, and was buttressed round about by a wider culture in other directions. The happy way in which he brought in his parallels and contrasts in conversation, was very striking; *e.g.*, speaking of Lord Kitchener's achievements as a commander, he said, "Could Wellington have done better than he did, or even so well?" Referring to the wife of one of our peers, herself of noble birth, and describing the way in which she entered a room, he exclaimed, "Pallas Athene wasn't in it."

Much could be said as to the authors, and the books, he loved best; Homer, the *Decameron*, Dante, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, &c.; above all the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. He spoke to me with the greatest enthusiasm of Mr. Claude Montefiore's *Bible for Home Reading*.

As an artist Watts had a large and many-sided inheritance, and many types of excellence lived again in him. To a certain extent the spirit of Phidias, as well as that of Michael Angelo, was in him. So was that of Giotto, of Carpaccio and John Bellini, of Da Vinci and Raphael, of Titian and Tintoretto. He was the successor of them all, continuator of their work, their heir in the legacy of genius. Hence his amazing versatility. He so imbibed their spirit as to reproduce it in oil painting, in fresco, in sculpture, and as designer in metal. And yet he had no Master in the ordinary sense of the term. "I followed no influence," he said, "even in youth." And if he called no man master, he did not found a school. As Wordsworth said of Milton,

> His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.

But the most distinctive feature of his genius was its idealism. To begin with, he dispensed with realistic models. He elaborated subjects, which he first saw with the "inward eye," before he

wrought them out externally on canvas, doing this with an originality and directness that were all his own. He said, "I paint ideas, not objects;" but by that he did not mean that he ignored the real. His pathway to reality was constructed, and carried out, along ideal lines. In an ever-memorable sentence he wrote, "My intention has not been so much to paint pictures that will charm the eye, as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart, and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity." And so, great as was his mastery of technique, and his power in draughtsmanship, it was far greater in symbolic representation, with what may be called a character-purpose underneath. The poet just quoted from, wrote to Sir George Beaumont, "The poet is a teacher. I want to be considered as a teacher, or as nothing." Watts acted on this maxim as an artist; and his acting on it is one key to his greatness.

And so he did more than any other nineteenth-century teacher to refute the maxim that Art has nothing to do with Morality, or that the Beautiful and the Good are disparate; because he proved the opposite by his own practice. "Art for Art's sake alone" was to him an artistic heresy of the first magnitude. But the mere presence of a truth behind the form and colour of a picture was not enough. No one realised more fully, or proved better than he did, that the media through which artistic truth is presented, or conveyed, must be as perfect as technical processes can make them; but then he also saw, and taught, that they must express what they cannot delineate, that they must suggest what they are unable to disclose.

And here comes in his surpassing use of allegory, of clear and noble symbolism in pictures, where ideas are "half concealed, yet half revealed." Allegory was to Watts what his "dramatic-lyric" work in verse was to Browning—one of the media by which truth could best of all be discerned, although disclosed through veils. And in all of it, as wrought out by him, there was nothing strained or unreal; although much was elusive at first sight. We cannot imagine Watts attempting such a mosaic as Raphael's in the Chigi chapel, where the subject is "God creating the Stars"—a picture full of artifice, and in which the grotesquerie of the theme wholly overpowers the grace of the angel-boys. On the other hand, one can imagine the uninitiated realist looking at his *Fugue*, and being as perplexed to find its meaning, as readers of Browning's *One Way of Love* and *Another Way of Love* occasionally are to understand the latter. The obscurity of some of his pictures to the common eye, however, is due to the fact that the artist saw so much to which the common eye is blind. But most of his symbols

are clear as crystal. His *Hope* is like Browning's *Abt Vogler*, or his *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, or his *Guardian Angel*. In *Love and Death*, where Love tries to stay the appeal of the last enemy; in *Love and Life*, in which the former guides and protects the latter; in *Time, Death, and Judgment*, and in *Love Triumphant*, we have a single great thought presented to us, unobscured by complex side-suggestions—as was the case in that great contemporary picture *The Light of the World*. It is the combination of this clear, direct allegory, this unambiguous ideal teaching, with exceeding fineness of contour and warmth of colour, that has made his pictures appeal with such a charm alike to the educated and half-educated classes.

It is also worthy of note that the subjects chosen for his allegory were not sought in the distant past, or even in the present, but rather in the perennial and ever-present symbolism of the world; and realising, as he did, the impotence of language to disclose what lies deepest in man—although his power over the resources of the English tongue was great—he dealt with the "open secret" of the world through the medium of Art. In all his work he was artist first, teacher afterwards; artist pure and simple, while in insight he was seer and prophet. No one could be long in his presence without realising that his knowledge of ultimate problems was as wide, and his acquaintance with them as deep, as that of any of his contemporaries. His familiarity with classical themes, with History and Antiquities, is seen in several of his works; but his appreciation of the great questions of the ages—their partial solutions and abiding mysteries—is disclosed in many others. It is for this reason, even more than for his versatility and many-sidedness, that some have presumed to think of him as the Shakespeare of British Art. He was certainly far wider in his range than Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, or Haydon; while there was an elevation, a majesty, and magnificence about his work, which was absent from theirs.

His allegoric teaching culminated in those paintings which refer to Death and the Future. In those already mentioned, and in *Sic Transit Gloria Mundi*, *The Messenger*, *Death Crowning Innocence*, *Love Triumphant*, but above all in *The Court of Death*, the ever fascinating yet mysterious subject was dealt with from many different points of view. He wished to help men to realise that Death was not only inevitable and natural, but that it was a friend not an enemy. "I want," he said, "to destroy the notion that it is 'the king of terrors.'" Again, "my favourite thought recognises Death as the kind nurse who says, 'Now then, children, you must go to bed, and wake up in the morning.'" In the *Sic Transit*—with its magni-

ficent motto, "What I spent, I had; What I saved, I lost; What I gave, I have"—the truth is indirectly taught which culminates in *The Court of Death.* Of the former picture he said, "It conveys some of the lessons I would teach; at the end of life, a man has simply to leave behind the things he most prizes." But in the latter a much loftier note is struck. The central idea of that great painting is far nobler than what is conveyed in *Love and Death,* in which we see and feel the pathos of resisting love before resistless doom. He said to me, when expounding this later picture in Little Holland House, and at Limnerslease, "I want to take away the terribleness of Death, and the irrational shrinking of men and women before it. It is the same as that which underlies the whole of *In Memoriam.* I ventured to refer to the well-known lines :—

> Thou takest not away, O death!
> Thou strikest; absence perisheth.

He said, "Yes; but my aim is to represent Death as a gracious Mother, calling her children home. You see, I could not make the central figure in that picture a man. It is a Woman, a Queen, a Goddess, a Mother. She summons her children, and they come to her gladly. The peer lays down his coronet, the warrior his sword; the maiden lies down to sleep. The child, too, is there, for youth as well as age must die. Above them are two figures, one on either side. On the left hand there is Mystery, the impenetrable mystery of death; while on the right there is Hope, hope for the future. But the central idea, and the central fact, is the joyous benignant Mother; a goddess, and more than a goddess, calling her children home."

It is questionable if any theological, argumentative, or poetical treatment of the subject of Death and the Future has taught the world more than this picture has done. Certainly no Platonic dialogue, or Stoical treatise, has excelled it. And it shows, more than his other works do, that Watts was, in a really profound sense, a religious artist; although not in the way in which the chief Italians of the Middle Age, from Cimabue to Raphael, were. He did not give us "Holy Families," "Annunciations," pictures of the "Nativity," the "Crucifixion," or the "Flight into Egypt," &c. He dealt rather with the fundamental verities, and even tried to penetrate the arcana of belief. And so, as already said, his message was to all the Churches. He was too wise a man to proclaim himself a teacher, too complete an artist to obtrude an ethical aim in his pictures. But throughout his whole career, dealing with the deep things of our humanity and the mysteries that underlie our common life, his aim was to

hearten his contemporaries by unfolding those fair ideals and hopes with which his own mind was full. Even when historical or legendary subjects were selected by him, it was those which had a perennial lesson that were chosen; not those which reflected a passing *zeitgeist*, but subjects which were relevant to any and to every age.

We must not forget that he almost brought about the re-introduction of fresco work into England. As all who have followed his career are aware, its turning point was his obtaining one of the first premiums of £300 offered for decorative designs in connection with the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. With a wise prescience, Benjamin Haydon had said, "If the Commission heroically adopts fresco, the effect on British Art will be tremendous. That province I know to be a silent volcano." It is unnecessary here to tell the story of Watts's *Caractacus*, or his *Alfred inciting the Saxons to resist the Landing of the Danes*, or his later (and greater) fresco of *Justice* for the Hall of Lincoln's Inn; but his appreciation of mural painting on a large scale dealing with historic subjects was such that he made the most generous offers towards its realisation. Everyone knows of his offer to the directors of the London and North-Western Railway to decorate the hall of Euston Station with groups illustrative of the progress of the race. Had the offer been accepted, and the work executed, it would probably have perished by this time, as fresco cannot live long uninjured by the fogs and darkness of our climate, and least of all in London. But the offer to adorn a railway station with pictures of *Cosmos* can never be forgotten; and had it been realised, the result would probably have eclipsed the Lincoln's Inn achievement of 1859.

His dream of a great hall to be filled with frescoes, illustrating not only English life, character, and history, but memorialising the noble deeds of all time—pictures which would be a school of teaching as well as a source of delight to thousands—was utopian. Nevertheless it was a magnificent idea; and if its realisation ever comes, it must wait for the advent of another artist like himself.

Ruskin spoke of him as "the only real painter of History or Thought we have in England." That was doubtless an exaggeration, but there can be no doubt that he was one of the very greatest. And yet it is somewhat difficult for us to realise the extent of his greatness, since his pictures are dispersed in places so far apart. It would certainly be a great thing for the nation if as many of them as are removable—and there are between 700 and 800—could be brought together for a time in a great loan

exhibition, similar to that of the works of Burne-Jones in the New Gallery some years ago, or the smaller collection of his own pictures in the same gallery in 1896-7.

Watts was a distinguished portrait painter for more than fifty years; and most of his contemporaries of eminence sat to him on his own invitation. It is doubtful if any portrait-painter the wide world over ever did this in the same way, and certainly no one has done it for a similar reason, viz., that he might gift their likenesses to the nation. His divining instinct told him who were the representative men whom it was desirable to include in his National Portrait Gallery, his *valhalla* of the illustrious. He did not succeed in obtaining sittings from all whom he wished to paint, but his list is a very remarkable one; and no portrait-painter was ever less photographic. Mere outward resemblance was not his aim, but the portrayal of character behind the features, a likeness hinted or suggested rather than wrought out. As expression is for ever changing, many varying moods have to be combined in a unity made permanent through form and colour. More than that; the central dominant expression, the individuality of the individual, the speciality of his character, has to be discovered and represented. Tennyson's lines in the *Idylls of the King* were written in reference to the practice of Watts as portrait-artist :—

> As when a painter, poring on a face
> Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
> Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
> The shape and colour of a mind and life
> Live for his children ever at its best.

And how true this is of almost all his portraits. He is said to have liked best his rendering of the features of his brother artist, Burne-Jones; but others in his great gallery are quite as fine—Lords Stratford de Redcliffe, Lawrence, Lytton, and Tennyson, Mr. Russell-Gurney, Mrs. Percy Wyndham, George Meredith, Joachim, &c. In a collected gallery of his works the variety of the types presented to us would be very noticeable. We would find the innocence of girlhood, the purity of womanhood, the strength of manhood, the patience of age, the contentedness of labour, the power of intellect, the expectancy of youth, the wisdom of maturity, the serenity of departing life. There is no doubt that had his early wish been realised, he would have been our fresco-painter on a national scale, *par excellence;* but then the world would have never seen his magnificent series of idylls, odes, and sonnets on canvas; great epics pushing all these aside.

As a colourist he had perhaps his equals amongst nineteenth

century men, but scarcely a rival. Millais and Burne-Jones surpassed him in some directions; but, take him for all in all, we must go back to the Venetians—and perhaps to Tintoretto, rather than to Titian—to find canvases at once more gorgeous and more delicate; while for colour subservient to an ethereal ideal aim he had no rival in his time. He was very modest in his estimate of himself as a colourist; and would, perhaps, have admitted that he was conventional now and then, in the way in which he rendered the billowy fringes of his drapery, his flesh tints, or his clouds. A learner to the very end, he once said to me in the studio at Little Holland House without the faintest *soupçon* of pretence—for affectation was impossible to him—"I think if I live, I shall be a colourist yet"! He had been lamenting his own failures, and praising the success of others when he said it. His landscape colour was occasionally as fine as that of Turner; while to equal its rich symbolism we must go back to François Millet. As in portraiture so in landscape-art, he was never a mere copyist; or, while reproducing Nature he drew out its ideality, and combined details so as to present us with an allegory. Like our English Millais in his *Autumn Leaves*, his *Harbour of Refuge* and his *Vagrants*, or Frederick Walker in his *Plough*, or Mason in his *Harvest Moon*, he was a symbolist in his landscape-art. Such pictures as *The Dove that returned in the Evening*, *The Dove that returned not again*, *Neptune's Horses*, *Good luck to your fishing*, or *The Mid-day Rest*, are landscape-allegories. And when he dealt with Nature pure and simple, as in his sunset pictures of Western Scotland, his *Naples, the Bay and Vesuvius*, his *Carrara Mountains from Pisa*, or his *Mount Ararat*, the combination of strength and refinement, of meaning and delicacy, carries the spectator beyond the actual. Quite as much as our idealist poets do, he showed us,

The light that never was on sea or land.

His achievements in sculpture were such as to warrant the belief that had he given himself to it exclusively, after his early initiation through the Elgin marbles, he might have become perhaps the greatest in Europe since Michael Angelo. As a youth he learned much in the studio of William Behnes, but it was his study of the Elgin marbles that enabled him to produce his *Clytie;* and the Greek spirit of the Periclean age breathes through all his statuary, as it does through much of his mural painting and through such single figures as *Psyche*. *Hugh Lupus* is a magnificent statue, but his greatest work in sculpture is undoubtedly that which finds a temporary resting-place in the quadrangle of Burlington House, viz., *Physical Energy*, originally

intended for the Thames Embankment, but to be shortly placed near the grave of Cecil Rhodes on the Matoppo Hills in South Africa. When seen on a height, and from a distance, its power will be apparent. The court-yard where it is at present is the worst possible place for such a colossal subject. Its designer and executor worked at it off and on for twenty years, as he worked at *The Court of Death.*

Of no sculptor or painter—not even of Michael Angelo and Raphael—can it be said that they never failed in their work; but there are, perhaps, fewer failures to be recorded in the long list of Watts's productions than in those of any other

in the artist-list enrolled.

He was a master in form, design, invention, colour, atmosphere, character, suggestion, ideality. We find in him the classic and the renaissance spirit, the ancient and the modern; and yet he was pre-eminently our great nineteenth century English artist.

When his life is written with authority—its story is already told in his pictures—we shall obtain reliable information as to many of the influences which shaped and determined his career. We shall know what Florence did for him, and Rome and Holland House, what Halicarnasus and Egypt did. Admired and honoured wherever he went, he lived an unobtrusive life; apart from others, though not a recluse. He never thought of "pleasing the public," or "painting to order." He followed the guidance of his own ideals, at first along a somewhat lonely road. More versatile and eclectic than any of his contemporaries, he allied himself to no school, owed allegiance to no masters, save the great Greek sculptors. This, however, did not prevent him from sympathising with men, and appreciating movements with which he could not identify himself, *viz.*, the Pre-Raphaelites. He could not be one of the leaders of that cult. His fresco-work in the *Hemicycle of Lawgivers* had been too Raphaelesque to permit of his being swept forward on a new current of romance, great as it was. But he appreciated (none more so) the aims and honoured the successes of Rossetti, Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, Millais, and the rest of the brotherhood.

It is specially noteworthy that from the first he did not set himself to copy even the greatest of his predecessors. He studied them all, in London Florence and Rome, took mental notes of them all, assimilated what was best in them all, schooled himself by their excellence, followed their example, *but did not copy them.* He worked with rarest modesty and self-abnegation; and his greatness came out in his silence before the masterpieces which he reverenced, quite as much as in his ceaseless labour for

posterity. The strenuousness of that labour, and his pursuit of the ideal, found expression in the motto carved on his sundial in the garden at Limnerslease,

The utmost for the highest.

The titles chosen by artists for their pictures are often significant, and some of those selected by Watts were poems in embryo. As many of Browning's poems were both theses and pictures in verse, so many of Watts's pictures were theses in form and colour, illustrations of ideal truth on canvas. But the titles he gave them were often studies in symbolism, and they suggested more than they disclosed. I once asked him if he would give us a picture that might be called *The Strength of the Hills is His*. He replied, "I cannot use that title. It is too great for me. I have sometimes thought of *The Spirit of God moved upon the Face of the Waters*. That I might use, but not the other." He added, "The first chapter of Genesis is full of titles for the painter of allegory. So are Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and some of the Psalms." "But, of the greatest of all time, how true it is, 'never man spake like this man.' You read through all the literature of the East, of Greece, and of Rome, and where do you come across a sentence like this, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me?'"

What he has written, or spoken, of his own convictions as to Art, and his own practice of it, has a special interest and value to posterity. In the year 1890, when he resolved not to claim his right as an R.A. to send pictures to Burlington House, but to let his work be judged each year by the committee on its merits, he wrote, "In my seventy-fourth year, I cannot be certain of being up to my old level, and I have asked for severe judgment from the Committee of Selection, and the Hanging Committee, in order to be sure of not disgracing the Academy and myself; so I may have nothing there. Of course, it is probable that the council may find my contributions sufficiently satisfactory to hang, but I am very sincere in my desire to have my work judged even severely. We have seen deplorable examples of the failure of eye and hand, and I much desire not to be added to the number."

So late as in 1897 he wrote, "I am always gratified when I find the *drift* of my efforts recognised. That may be accepted as a certain measure of success. Contemporary opinion as to the merit of technical accomplishment, I do not find much satisfaction in; knowing how much such opinion varies, as time goes on."

Very characteristic, too, was his habit of intermitting work on a particular picture to take up another, and again to lay the latter down. Doing his work by instalments, with intervals for

fresh survey and reconsideration; this was to him the rest that fitted for toil. His relaxation was not idleness, but change of work.

His great kindness to animals, and his sympathy with the associations for preventing cruelty to them, should not be forgotten. I remember his denunciation of what he called the "barbarious custom" of cutting, or docking, horses' tails. He said "It destroyed their beauty, and robbed them of one of Nature's gifts. On artistic, as well as on humanitarian grounds, it was to be condemned."

It was one of the aims of his life to preserve through his Art the memory of brave deeds, done by brave men and women in humble life. He planned, and in fact carried out, the idea of erecting tablet-inscriptions to their memory in gardens and other public places; setting forth the heroism of acts that resulted in serious injury, or loss of life, in the effort to save the lives of others; and it is one of the most gratifying of tributes to him that this will, in all likelihood, be carried out more fully still. The inscriptions on the memorial wall at St. Botolph's, Aldersgate-street, are likely to be followed by the erection of a hall or park at Guildford for a similar purpose. Amongst the schemes which he cherished was the "Home Arts and Industries Association," which ranks with the "Kyrle Society," the "Society for the Preservation of Public Parks and Gardens," and the "National Trust for Places of Historic Interest, and Natural Beauty," as one of the best means for bringing the influence of Art to bear on the daily life and surroundings of the poor. He firmly believed that many of the working-classes could learn the meaning of what was good and true, for themselves and others, if they entered into these realms by the gate called Beautiful.

He saw, as few have done, that high Art was an inheritance for the many, not the property of the esoteric few, but a privilege for all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children Similarly, that its mission was to all sects and parties. He dedicated one of his pictures, *The Spirit of Christianity*, "to all the churches"; and certainly the truth it teaches is one which may appeal to Christian, Jew, Mahomedan, Buddhist, and Parsee alike.

Another of his suggestions was that frescoes or oil-pictures, representing great men or great events, or illustrations of great truths, should be painted on the walls of class-rooms in our chief public schools during the long summer holidays, when there was time for the execution of the task. He believed that the sight, and the study, of such paintings would be an education to the boys and girls when they returned; and certainly if mural

tablets in halls or corridors or class-rooms—recording the names of prize-winners, or of old pupils, who afterwards distinguished themselves, or fell in battle for their country—are useful for their successors at school, such pictures as Watts desired to have painted and hung up might embody lessons quite as useful.

He retained a young man's heart in old age, while almost all his comrades had predeceased him. Ruskin's death grieved him much. He regretted that he had not managed to include him in his National Gallery of Portraits, and sent a laurel spray to Coniston churchyard—as he had sent a similar tribute to Westminster, at the funerals of Browning and Tennyson—remarking, "This is the last."

At his own funeral service in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Archdeacon read as scripture lesson the ever-memorable prayer from Ecclesiasticus, beginning, "Let us now praise famous men, and the fathers that begat us. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore"; and, although the immortality of all the "works of art and man's device" is merely relative and only for a time, it is certain that the achievements of our great nineteenth-century painter will live, and profoundly influence thousands in the era on which we have entered, and in the others that are to follow it.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

THE SCOTTISH FREE CHURCH CASE.

SELDOM in modern times has any decision of the House of Lords in affairs ecclesiastical created a crisis so momentous and far-reaching as that which has followed the judgment delivered by the Supreme Appellate Judiciary, on August 1st, in the Scottish Free Church Appeal Case. This startling decision has called attention to the old recurrent conflict between new phases of opinion and old trusts concerning property held by Noncomformist churches, or other societies and associations.

Although the history of the case is familiar now to the reading public, it may be expedient here that the story in outline should, at the outset, be re-told. In 1900, the United Free Church was formed by the union of the majority of the Free Church with the entire body of the United Presbyterians, the long labour of Principal Rainy consummated, and a new organisation placed in the field of Church politics in Scotland almost equal in respect of numbers and resources to the Established Church. The small minority opposed to this union inside the Free Church seceded, held some of the churches and manses by force, defying authority to the extent, in one instance, of a month's imprisonment, and retained the denomination of "The Free Church of Scotland." As their fathers left a "vitiated" Establishment on purpose to preserve the freedom and purity of the National Church, so they refused to enter the new union, in order, by standing out, to save the principles, doctrines, and purposes identified with the Disruption of 1843. This minority of not more than twenty-seven ministers and as many congregations, mostly located in fastnesses beyond the Grampians, is now the Free Church of Scotland, with Presbytery, Assembly, Moderator—in short, with the offices and institutions, on a condensed scale, which are essential in Presbyterian polity. These few determined people claim to be the faithful remnant of the Disruptionists. Like Milton's Abdiel, "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," nor moved to "swerve from truth" or "change their constant mind," they claim to have kept their loyalty, their love, their zeal in the cause of the Disruption through all the temptations of an age in thought Pyrrhonist, in morality lax, and in religion Latitudinarian. On the assumption that they alone were the Free Church, they invoked the aid of the Civil Courts in their defence. The Court of Session—both the Ordinary and the Inner Courts—decided in favour of the United Free Church. Home-made law

could not satisfy the minority, and, on appeal, the House of Lords reversed the judgment of the Court of Session, declaring the remnant to be the Free Church of Scotland, and finding that the United Free Church was a modern composite body which, on the evidence of its ambidextrous and Latitudinarian constitution, had abandoned the fundamental doctrines and principles held by the Disruptionists. In consequence of this decision, the property of the Free Church, as it existed prior to the union of 1900, now belongs to the remnant of the Disruptionists.

From the side of the losing United Free Church a bitter cry has arisen against this finality in law. The decision is formally accepted, yet denounced as unjust and incompetent, as denying toleration and the right to change its creed to an autonomous body; and there are murmurs about of the necessity of an appeal to Parliament. Now, it must be admitted that the consequences of the judgment present an aspect of scandalous and intolerable injustice. Accustomed in a period of triumphant democracy to regulate all things by the count of heads, a decree which subordinates the will of a majority of ninety-seven people in every hundred to the resisting will of the minority of three strikes us as finding its place in one of Mr. Gilbert's comedies. Churches particularly, inasmuch as they believe that they are under Divine guidance, and associate bodies of all kinds, by thinking, by transacting, in the medium of majorities habitually, grow blind to the state of the law, and dream of a deposit of unlimited power in the sacred principle of a majority vote. Besides, it seems the rankest injustice to transfer more than one million in invested funds, nearly a thousand church buildings, three superior colleges devoted to the training of Divinity students (one in Edinburgh, another in Glasgow, and a third in Aberdeen), the magnificent Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, with the offices attached, probably also much property in foreign missions, from the United Free Church to this remnant of Disruptionists, the custodians of the dying embers of Obscurantism in Scotland. With intelligence and a passionate heart have the Scottish people loved freedom, and freedom's battle, through all the six centuries that divide the present time from the War of Independence. Conservative in his modes of churchism, the Scot at home is, at the same time, too intellectual an organism to remain impervious for very long to new revealings of truth. The United Free Church embodies to-day much of the best scholarship, the sweetest toleration, the foremost culture of Scotland. For the purest ends of Christianity it has, now for four brilliant years, employed the amalgamated funds and properties. The spirit of progress characteristic of this age is not an alien in its councils. And so,

to deprive the United Church of this stupendous temporal instrument, leaving it like Samson shorn of his locks, to the average untrained observation looks an injustice that must call to earth and Heaven alike for redress, and almost justify rebellion.

Curiously enough, however, many onlooking students of the case, whose sympathies are with progress, who perceive the grotesque absurdity of endowing the twenty-seven surviving literal Disruptionists with the whole of the temporalities at stake, are, nevertheless, compelled to accept the decision of the Lords for sound law, based upon logic not to be refuted. Bad theology, or defective Church history, is not incompatible with good law. "In the controversy which has arisen," remarked the Lord Chancellor, "it is to be remembered that a Court of Law has nothing to do with the soundness or unsoundness of a particular doctrine." It is unnecessary that the judge should be the theologian as well, before he shall be qualified to interpret the relevancy of the law of property in trust in the case of a schism. The function of the Court is to find an answer to Shylock's interrogation—"Is it so nominated in the bond?" For the law of property is one, whether the object for which it has been accumulated be the development of Rhodesia, or the restoration of Protection, or the prevention of cruelty to animals, or the diffusion of the Christian evangel.

In this Free Church case, the decision of the Lords—by five to two—was based upon the law as laid down by Lord Eldon in the precedent of Craigdallie *v.* Aikman. The law was made, a finished article; the Lords were called upon to determine the relevancy, or application, of this law to the case in point. "I do not differ," said Lord Macnaghten, who was with Lord Lindley in the minority, "from any of your Lordships as to the law." These two Lords of the minority did not reject the Lord Chancellor's law as unsound, but held that, being the law, it had not been contravened in the union of 1900. Lord Eldon's decision was all the more apposite, inasmuch as it had been given in connection with a case of schism in a congregation of early Scottish Dissenters. The important sentences in the passage quoted by the Lord Chancellor are as follows :—

With respect to the doctrine of the English law on this subject, if property was given in trust for A. B. C., forming a congregation for religious worship, if the instrument provided for the case of a schism, then the Court would act upon it. But if there was no such provision in the instrument, and the congregation happened to divide, he did not find that the law of England would execute the trust for a religious society at the expense of a forfeiture of their property by those adhering to the opinions and principles in which the congregation had originally united. He found no case which authorised him to say that the Court would enforce

such a trust, not for those who adhered to the original principles of the society, but merely with a reference to the majority, and much less if those who changed their opinions, instead of being a majority, did not form one in ten of those who had originally contributed, which was the principle here.

Now, the hypothetical clause in the above decision is crucial :—"If the instrument provided for the case of a schism, then the Court would act upon it." Nothing whatever was put in evidence to prove that the founders of the Free Church, or their successors by whom the constitution and formularies were modified at intervals between 1843 and 1900, had "provided for the case of a schism." In various ways was such provision possible. It might have been stated in the formularies that, in the event of a split happening in the body at some future date, the property should be divided proportionally; or that, in case of a schism, the temporalities should go with the majority, or belong to the section, whether the majority or the minority, that adhered to the foundation principles and purposes. Nothing of this sort was ever done, or ever dreamt of; and, therefore, in law, the property must be handed over to the party representing, in Lord Eldon's words, "the opinions and principles in which the congregation (in the Free Church case the denomination) originally united." Consequently, the duty devolving upon the Lords was to decide whether or not the new composite body, called the United Free Church, was giving true historical continuity to the opinions, principles, and purposes of the original Free Church. Hence the discussion of doctrine in the separate decisions, which might otherwise appear to conflict with the Lord Chancellor's dictum, already quoted, that "a Court of Law has nothing to do with the soundness or unsoundness of a particular doctrine." Counsel for the appellants narrowed down the alleged breach of trust to two points, affirming that, in the revised formularies of the United Free Church, the Confession of Faith was eviscerated, the essential dogma of Predestination being practically deleted: that the fundamental doctrines of the Disruption were open questions in the United Church; also, that the new body was committed to Voluntaryism, whereas the Disruptionists left the Church of Scotland for the sake of the Establishment principle. Thereupon the Court was asked to decide whether Predestination and the Establishment principle were fundamental tenets in the Disruption; also, whether these tenets had been abandoned by the United Free Church. The five Lords of the majority agreed that the Establishment principle—renounced in the union—was fundamental, and upon this, in the main, the decision turned; but some of the five observed a significant silence touching

Predestination, while Lord Alverstone confessed that he did not feel himself competent to express any final opinion on this doctrinal point.

The aggrieved United Free Churchmen have failed to prove that Predestination and the Establishment principle were *not* fundamentals of the Disruption, and in the Free Church subsequently for the first generation at least in its history; while they do not deny that they have changed their creed, and left these things open questions in the new composite denomination. Nor have they succeeded with the argument from the right of the majority to effect changes, subject to the protective procedure prescribed by the ancient Barrier Act, viewed as an inherent condition of the liberated and autonomous Church of the Disruption, and implicit in its formularies.

Who, then, were the Disruptionists, what their fundamental beliefs and aims? No fairer episode can be found in the history of the Church in Scotland than the Disruption of 1843, when 474 ministers and Professors of Divinity walked out of the General Assembly of the Established Church, for the sake of what was to them Divine law and command, abandoned their comfortable stipends, manses, glebes, and passed out into the wilderness not knowing whither they went, embracing poverty with cheerful resignation and pertinacious valour. They were led by Dr. Chalmers, perhaps the greatest constructive ecclesiastic Scotland has known since John Knox; a great man, endowed with the organising brain wherewith empires are founded. His personality was greater than the breadth of his culture. A favourite with Carlyle, *ultimus Romanorum* for him among Christian preachers, Carlyle the while perceived that Chalmers was "a man essentially of narrow sphere," albeit he admired "the impetuous activity and blazing audacity of which he was capable," and held his sweet, affecting saintliness in tenderest reverence. Alike in history, biography, and romance, the Disruptionists survive. Even in the Church of Scotland which they cleft asunder for its good, they are remembered with honour. In the perspective of history, they pass before us as a body of stalwarts of whom, their extravagant Puritanism, their venial hypocrisies, notwithstanding, Wordsworth's sonnet on "Clerical Integrity" as displayed in the England of 1662 might not unworthily be sung :—

> . . . . a voluntary prey
> To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,
> And some to want—as if by tempest wrecked
> On a wild coast.

Among them appeared heroes and heroines whose graves are

still kept green in many a sequestered Highland strath, in many a Border, or Westland, glen : veterans like the Rev. Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell, founder of savings-banks, who helped Carlyle in his teens to discover his *métier;* heroines like "Jenny Fraser," of Ecclefechan, "half-haveral, half-genius," who had enough pluck to defy "the Duke," reject all local bribes, and offer her bit of land as a site for the new Free Kirk, declaring, in the stormful piety of the time, that she had got her property "from the Lord" and would give it "to the Lord." While virtue and heroism continue to be admired and prized, the Disruptionists will be remembered with reverence.

Among the complicated causes of the Disruption, the deeper source of all the trouble was hidden within the forms of Presbyterian administration. It was ostensibly the *dénouement* of a dramatic conflict, extending over ten years, between the Ecclesiastical and the Civil Courts, which found its efficient cause in patronage. The General Assembly, acting through its Presbyteries, claimed the right to reject unsuitable presentees, or to depose the peccant pastor. From 1834 until the Disruption, the Government of the day was petitioned for recognition by Parliament of what was called "the Headship of Christ," the supremacy of the Church in affairs spiritual, and for an Act enforcing Non-Intrusion upon patrons and the Courts of Law. Parliament refused, and the Disruption followed. This was the trouble in form, in appearance; but, in reality, the agitation was a tributary stream of the great river of evangelical revival which flowed through Scotland in all the first half of the last century. Deep behind the legal aspect of the Disruption lay the yearning after an earnest, personal religion. No heresies beset the path of Dr. Chalmers, and probably if he had seen more he would have accomplished less. His was the party of unimpeachable orthodoxy. Certain of his followers were prominent among the heresy-hunters who secured the deposition, in 1831, of Dr. Macleod Campbell, a saint whose version of the Atonement was an anticipation of the views of Maurice and Robertson of Brighton. So attached were the Disruptionists to the idea of an Established religion, that they renounced the temporalities in order to preserve the spiritual freedom of the Church, and through it transform the nation into a Kingdom of God. They changed nothing in the formularies of the Establishment; they took everything with them, especially "the Confession of Faith and standards of the Church of Scotland as heretofore understood"; they let go the loaves and fishes only, and became at once "the Church of Scotland *Free*," the true successor of the ancient National Church, not, of course, in the matter of Establishment, but in

respect of the spiritual freedom, which was the guerdon of their sacrifices. Thus were the Disruptionists, types of the evangelical enthusiasm that feeds upon emotion, opposed to every phase of Latitudinarian Moderatism, to the singing of hymns, to read prayers, to the theatre, to instrumental music in church. They were severe Sabbatarians, rigid Puritans, of the type Hawthorne knew in New England. As evangelical Puritans, in the words of Dr. Chalmers, they quitted "a vitiated Establishment," but would have rejoiced "in returning to a purer one," and they were "not Voluntaries." They meant in time to re-establish the Establishment on a basis of autonomy in affairs spiritual, and to do this by first Christianising Scotland through the preaching of Calvinism, as embodied in the Confession of Faith and the Shorter Catechism, which were hardly then "subordinate standards."

In the pursuit of this shining idealism the Disruptionists were extraordinarily successful. For many years the breeze of battle blew among the glens and hills. Families were divided. It was not uncommon for husband and wife, in the calm of the Sabbath, to separate in the village street, the one proceeding to the Established service, the other to the fold provided by the Disruption. Exclusive dealing, what we know as "boycotting," all manner of mean and petty persecutions were rife in the parishes. By a truculent enmity were the ministers of the Disruption separated from the Establishment ministers; and the higher culture and wider toleration of the latter were denounced from the pulpits of the Disruptionists. Nor was the challenge to an earnest religion undeserved by the Establishment. In the thick of the struggle an anxious beadle, according to local tradition, while ringing the bell of the parish church, observed that most of the parishioners were "gaun doon the brae" to the Disruption Kirk. As the minister approached, the beadle called his attention to this grave state of affairs. "Ring awa', John," answered the minister, "ye didna see ony o' the stipend gaun doon the brae!" The schism eventually roused Moderatism from a dangerous slumber. "Both teachers and learners," says John Stuart Mill,[1] "go to sleep at their post as soon as there is no enemy in the field." The Disruption placed a powerful, resourceful, determined enemy in the field, and the Establishment awoke to meet the challenge. The religious war—holy, unholy, and mixed—cleansed the social air. Indifference and graceless apathy were shamed out of the Establishment, and Churchism in Scotland acquired a closer resemblance to vital Christianity.

(1) *Essay on Liberty*, p. 25.

While adhering continuously to the Establishment principle for thirty years at least, the Disruptionists failed to return to the Establishment. Not long had the deed of sacrifice been done when such leaders as Dr. Candlish began to glorify the advantages of separation from the State. Church and school buildings were erected in every parish. The marvellous Sustentation Fund of the Free Church was organised, and weekly contributions, in fixed sums, collected from rich and poor alike, according to their substance or their liberality; and within twenty years the problem of voluntary endowment was solved. The Free Ministers were soon on equal terms in point of emoluments with their neighbours of the establishment, and envy died. Favoured by the prosperity of the country between 1843 and 1875, the Free Church grew rich enough to despise State endowments, excepting in the matter of educational grants-in-aid. But they were "not Voluntaries," nor were they in close fellowship in the fifties and sixties with the Voluntaries around their doors, whose Calvinistic creed was identical with the creed of the Disruption. In the Free Church Assembly of 1863 the earliest whisper of union with the United Presbyterians was heard, when a committee was appointed to confer with other dissenting Presbyterians touching the possibilities of ultimate union. In the sequel it was discovered that the United Presbyterians were Voluntaries, whereas the Free Church adhered to the Establishment principle. Thus a great gulf divided the two bodies then, and the movement immediately collapsed. Significantly enough just then—in 1865—Dr. Begg, the champion of Establishment, of Calvinism, of Puritan manners, was elected Moderator of the Free Church. Patronage—that ancient mother of war—was abolished by Parliament in 1874, and the power to choose their ministers conferred upon the parishioners in the Church of Scotland, subject to Presbytery and Assembly. At that stage it might naturally have been expected that the Disruptionists would have returned to the Establishment, with the bays of victory on their brows. Individuals and families did return, but for the Free Church as a body the way back was blocked. By that date they were getting divided on the question of Disestablishment, and the enormous wealth they had accumulated rendered negotiation with the State Church, with a view to re-union, vaguely undesirable. Then appeared the now venerable Principal Rainy. The feeling for Disestablishment, fostered by the faction fight of politics, grew apace, until the majority in the Free Church, led by Dr. Rainy, came to join hands with the United Presbyterians, and to reverse the declaration of Dr.

Chalmers, saying, "We are Voluntaries." Mutual Eligibility was introduced among the ministers, and the two bodies drew year by year the nearer, until they united in 1900. When it is remembered, therefore, that a substantial proportion of the property and funds of the Free Church, given to the remnant of Disruptionists by this decision, was contributed between 1875 and 1900, by friends and followers of the disestablishing Dr. Rainy, common justice at once suggests some sort of a compromise, by way of practical sequel to the judgment. Lord James manifestly felt the justice of this argument from proportion when, at the close of his decision, he expressed "the sincere hope that some way would be found to avoid the capture by either litigant of any spoils of war."

By an instructive juxtaposition of events, in the year of the Disruption—1843—the Secession body, which, in 1847, united with the Relievers to form the United Presbyterian denomination, and was the larger of the two bodies, was disturbed by a schism. Dr. James Morison was then cast out of this kirk for teaching the heresies of Free Will and the Universality of the Atonement, and founded a new small sect. Morison violently attacked Predestination as defined by the Confession of Faith in the old, familiar, horrific terms[1]: —

By the Decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto Everlasting Life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men thus predestinated and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.

Over all Scotland spread like a prairie fire the controversy between Foreordination and Free Will, and continued for twenty years or more. If it were argued that the Confession of Faith reconciled Free Will with Foreordination, by affirming that the latter doctrine did not make "God the author of sin; nor do violence to the will of the creature, nor take away the liberty or contingency of second causes, but rather establish the same," Morison refused to be silenced by such limp logic, and maintained that the Confession did make God the author of sin, and cancelled all just or merciful grounds of human accountability. Now, in this theological warfare the Free Church was in the vanguard of the ultra-Calvinists, and opposed James Morison with all the force inherent in its growing numbers, and with the peculiar fervour of truculence derived from the Disruption. Yet Morison, who was a great scholar in his time, lived to see the United Presbyterians, by whom he had been deposed, pass their

(1) *Confession of Faith*, chap. iii.

Declaratory Act of 1879, in which his heresy of the forties appeared as part of the accepted creed of the denomination. Moreover, in 1892, a like swing of the theological pendulum was evinced in the Declaratory Act of the Free Church. Living memory conspires with the printed records to demonstrate beyond all cavil that both the Free Church and the United Presbyterians advanced—if advancement it were—from ultra-Calvinism to a modified Arminianism, between the years 1843 and 1879 in the latter case, and, in the history of the former, between 1843 and 1892. In the United Free Church Foreordination and Free Will are open questions. Heresy, inside these limitations, is no longer possible. The United Church, by the decision, is made a *post-factum* martyr to Latitudinarianism, to a degree of toleration, of liberty of prophesying that was alien to the earlier genius of Scottish ecclesiasticism. This new liberty, which suggested to the Lord Chancellor a Church without a religion, is a sign of the times. One of the features of the intellectual development of the last quarter of the nineteenth century was the return to a philosophy akin to Calvinism. Not yet has this movement in thought exhausted its multiform forces. Many adherents of the United Free Church may now believe that Foreordination is a truer guess at the riddle of the universe and man's place in it than Free Will; that Predestination which cannot be reconciled with Free Will without reducing responsibility to a phantom and personal freedom to an illusion, was a crude adumbration of the sovereignty of law, the conservation and persistence of force, the absoluteness of causation in all the knowable universe—doctrines which are installed now in the body of truth, guaranteed to us by science. Such has been thought's inevitable trend; yet, surely, no competent authority on Church life in Scotland will argue that Fate and Free Will, as reconciled by the Neo-Hegelians, or Foreordination, as construed in terms of the Necessarianism of Herbert Spencer, will enable the disciple of contemporary science to subscribe with a good conscience the ancient Scottish Calvinistic creed. Grotesque, indeed, would Hegel's *Logic* and Spencer's *First Principles* look were they to be substituted for the Confession of Faith in the constitution and formularies of Scottish Presbyterianism. The change, were this to happen, would be greater in the sphere of Church history, than would be a transition by revolution in the State from a constitutional Monarchy to a Republic.

United Free Churchmen complain that, by this decision, they, as a body, are denied the right to change their creed, refused toleration in the exercise of free opinion, and penalised for dis-

charging the plain duty of creed revision. The Lord Chancellor could not prevent change if he would, and, presumably, would not, if he could. From about 1875 all the Churches have been changing their creeds. The people have been doing little else in this quarter, and, although slow to move, the Churches in time follow the popular intelligence. In Scotland the "boom" in trade in the seventies turned the thought of the populace from the world to come to the present life. What George Eliot called "other-worldliness" declined. Philosophers, poets, Broad Church preachers penetrated the north with ideas that tended to undermine the foundations of the creeds. Mill had disciples in every village; Carlyle was universally read. The Cairds at Glasgow, Tulloch at St. Andrews, Bain at Aberdeen, with others, formed a new propagating bed for the popular thought, and Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer finished the work which Mill and Carlyle had begun. In the seventies theological unrest was an unmistakable feature of the kirks. In 1879 the United Presbyterians deposed the Rev. David Macrae for his irrepressible polemic against the dogma of Eternal Torment; and, almost contemporaneously, the Free Church began to be troubled by Dr. Robertson Smith, who was removed from his professorial chair by the Assembly in 1881, because he cast a scholar's doubts upon the authenticity and authority of the Pentateuch. Probably, at the union in 1900, the majority of cultured or thoughtful Presbyterians north of the Tweed had long outgrown the belief in everlasting punishment, and had shifted their ground in theology generally far beyond the innocent and incipient Rationalism of Dr. Robertson Smith. Such change is honourable, symptomatic of the continuous virility of the Scottish people. The Courts have neither the wish nor the power to stay its course, unless they are invited to determine and apply the law in a dispute between rival claimants to trust property, in the event of a split in any of the Dissenting denominations. "We have changed according to the will of the majority, and we are penalised for it to the extent of the loss of all things," murmurs the United Free Church. But majorities as such do not count in law, unless provision to that effect was made by the founders of the body. The United Free Church is not penalised by the Courts; it is penalised by a past which made no provision in its constitution or trusts for the destination of the temporalities in the event of a schism. In order to compel the Courts to enact that property shall follow the majority through all possible changes of creed, it were necessary that a clause be inserted in the formularies of the denomination to the effect that, in the case of a schism, all property and invested funds shall revert to the majority.

Here, then, emerges a simple rule which, were it applied, would forestall interference by the Civil Courts in the affairs of any autonomous Church that might be afflicted with a schism, or any other self-governing associate body whatever that might come by disruption. But the measure of toleration, of prescience, which would insert such a clause in the constitution of a Church is a child born of modern thought, if as yet born at all. By John Knox, by the Scottish Covenanters, by the Disruptionists of 1843, any proposal of this kind would have been condemned for rank heresy. To the earnest thinker of the earlier ages, to the fervent dogmatist, to the saint with a conviction burning in his soul, the creed of the hour was an ultimate of thought. The mere suggestion of any probable departure from it among his children filled him with pious horror. He endowed his creed because he held it to be Divine Truth, infallible revelation, not a little system that should "have its day and cease to be." Amid the progress of opinion, the decay of dogmatism, the spread of toleration, characteristic of this young twentieth century, it is still doubtful whether any associate body of believers, differentiated from the rest of mankind by their tenets and purposes, can be discovered that would be ready to put its accumulated property and funds in trust for the benefit of the majority in the contingency of a disruption, irrespective of the nature of the revolutions in opinion which this unborn and supposititious majority might undergo. Will Mr. Frederic Harrison and the Positivists so act in relation to the halls and invested funds which they may leave to their successors? Will General Booth make any such provision for change and a schism in the instrument of the constitution and trust-deeds of the Salvation Army—that coming multi-millionaire of the associate order? Not otherwise can rival claims to property, arising out of a split in the original society, escape the intervention of the Courts of Law.

J. M. Sloan.

A NOTE ON MYSTICISM.

Mysticism, in the religious sense, is the historic title for a special discipline or frame of the soul, through which it seeks to be literally at one with the highest reality of which it knows. The aim is not merely to understand, but to enter into, or become, this First Reality. A man may draw close, in sympathy and intelligence, to the mind of another; or he may see, almost with religious enthusiasm, some crowning mathematical or speculative truth. But the mystic demands more than this: he wishes to go, by virtue of a faculty beyond reason, higher up the path of knowledge than reason can take him; and the last step of his journey is marked by some act of absorption, communion, or "vision." There is a whole dialect for this breakdown of the personality, which in European mysticism is usually thought of as happening during this life, and not as leading at once to another state of being. Plotinus speaks of "contact"; his Cambridge recruit, Smith, of Emmanuel College, of "knitting a man's centre unto the centre of divine being"; others of *animi extensio in Deum*; Sir Thomas Browne, in his musical enumeration, of "Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow"; these, he says, are a "handsome anticipation of heaven" to any that have been "so happy as truly to understand" them. We ask without delay, whether this aspiration is to be thought of as sane, and its hope as valid? Or is it one of the void, self-defeating impulses of man, resting on some illusion that recurs perhaps for ever? Even so, what light does it throw upon the history and pageant of the human spirit? Will any transformed religion simply dismiss, or must it reckon with and welcome, mysticism? Such questions have been recently prompted by Professor William James's work on "The Varieties of Religious Experience," where new facts are marshalled and the issues cleared, and to which these lay notes are at several points indebted.

The true type, and parent-nerve, of mysticism, seems to be found in the Hindoo and Buddhist systems, where the First Reality is regarded as a bare abstract unity, without differences. The pilgrim puts off, husk by husk, the illusion of this motley world and the evil of phenomenal existence, in order at last, after many phases, to be drawn into the One. The hindrance is desire, which is left behind after a long training. The Buddhist system, as is known, is non-theistic; its nearest equivalent in the West is that

of Schopenhauer, who also measures spiritual progress by the extinction of desire or of the "will to live." He, however, places the goal, not in any act which is discontinuous with the process of thought, but in the dismissal of egoism through ascetic practices and sympathy, and in the perception of the pure Ideas or types that are embodied in works of art and beauty. With the Neoplatonists, the last great masters of Greek thought, the One figures at the apex of their system, lying beyond not only Soul and Mind but existence itself; and their chief, Plotinus, had rare and short ecstasies in which he attained to union with it. This "passion for nonentity," as it has well been called, lies at the heart of much Western and Christian mysticism, in disguise. The churches have bred and sheltered many varieties, which have all had for their aim and pretension a privileged approach to the divinity. But each creed, by precise contracts and particulars, is for ever defining its own divinity. The old, foreign, pagan First Reality, which often was not named God at all, and which seems all negatives—neither anything, nor everything, nor yet avowedly nothing—is now usually specified and humanised. Contact with that rarefied entity had been the ideal limit of contemplation. But in such a blank summit-whiteness the Western mystic, whilst ever pressing thither, can hardly breathe, and he halts on many a ridge and platform, which is tinted by our atmosphere and reached by human sounds from the valleys. Notions of love and goodness, drawn from man, are placed to the credit of God, and "imputed for righteousness." And the mystic, when he nears his goal, finds these messengers awaiting him. He forgets that he sent them there, and he greets them as though for the first time, having had few consolations by the way. George Fox became aware, in such a moment, of "an infinite ocean of love and goodness." Sometimes the vision vouches for the truth of pre-existing doctrines: St. Teresa was allowed to see how it is that God can exist in three Persons. Or sanction is given to the special theosophy which the mystic, on his intellectual side, has already elaborated. The ecstasy of the Neoplatonist—to revert to paganism—gave him, in a state of exalted feeling, a piece of ontology which he had thought out as a philosopher of this world. But typically, the content of the vision is ineffable and unrememberable, save for a strong sense of the loss of the boundaries of self. To the question, how far the mystic's experience is valid for others, or even for himself after he has quitted it, I return later.

Great flourishing-times of Christian mysticism were the fourteenth, and again the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; from the latter are drawn most of the stray illustrations

given here. The Roman faith, being so vast, so old, and so adaptive, has perhaps had more time to breed great mystics than the seceding Churches. But mysticism is plainly closer to the Protestant principle of the direct relationship of the soul to God, and has been more fully trusted by Protestantism, and has there clashed less with dogma and authority. Heppe,[1] a learned historian of the Quietism that grew up within the Roman fold, writes from the evangelical point of view, and treats the Roman mystics as working blindly towards a truth which is alien to their own creed. This Quietism I take to be the most thorough example of mysticism in the West, since it lays fullest stress on the need of passivity in the quest for truth, and often specifies very little the precise truth given in vision. In its well-marked forms, it sprang from the heart of the Roman Church amongst the great Spanish mystics of Shakspere's time, St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. These were only the chiefs of a multitude. In the seventeenth century, Quietism grew into a suspected and persecuted heresy. Mme. Guyon, in France, and Molinos, the author of the "Spiritual Guide," where the system can be seen laid out and formulated, were the best-known victims. Fénélon was hurt in the same contest, which ended in the suppression of the Quietists by the Church. Many documents, which are at least curiosities of the spirit, can be seen in Heppe, and in M. Crouslé's "Fénélon et Bossuet" (Paris, 1895). Cut off from these Catholic mystics, but resembling them at many points, are Protestants like Bunyan and Fox; and a little earlier come others of a more intellectual cast, the Platonists of Cambridge, who go back to the sources. The general lines of later mysticism within the Churches may be fairly studied from these records, though the boldest expressions of mystical desire are found in the German verse of Angelus Silesius.

But so subtle an essence has often escaped the keeping of the Churches, and is not confined to the endless companies of pilgrim-souls, each bent on the same journey. Mysticism does not merely appear in these historic organisations. Secular art and letters are full of it; the rudiment of its temper is in all our lives. Whenever we wait for that which is farthest within us; when we are left alone with it, and lie still, and let it play upon us; when we trust it, and say it is the best, or the truth; and when, at last, in flashes or vision, we believe that it comes from without, or above us; then, our state of mind is mystical. The essence lies in this state of mind; the subject-matter, the special truth or opinion resulting, is a historic accident. A daily experience may

(1) *Geschichte der quietistischen Mystik in der Katholischen Kirche.* Berlin, 1875.

be cited for the double purpose of exhibiting this, and of noting what are the only terms on which discussion may be considered safe, or indeed possible.

Men's intuitions of one another—"first impressions," as we call them—so often false, but also often confirmed by last impressions, or the sum of experience, while second thoughts may be warped by theory or foolish tolerance or intolerance, or beguiled by actual intercourse—these judgments seem to tell us, after all, less of what our neighbour is in himself, than of what he is to *us*. Shall we have anything to say to the newcomer, or will he tend to defeat and obstruct us? The shudder of the virtuous heroine or the honest shrewd funny man, in popular melodrama, when the villain comes upon the stage, is only a parody of a fact. Do we not know that women share most in those perceptions of friend and foe which the animal species have survived by possessing, and that the breed of our race is partly staked on their sagacity? That children have a quicker sense of these things than we have, just as they often have of odours, and that old men of business act wisely on prejudice? Such messages from the animal and other sensibilities are no oracle, but the fruit of inherited and swiftly registered thought. They are matter for science, though her methods can hardly catch up to these sensitive dial-pointers and alarm-calls of the nerves. And the waiting, the flash that seems neither the work of reason nor of ourselves—though it is actually both—the confidence, the readiness to submit, are all marks of the mystical attitude.

But *error!* it will be said; error and superstition wait on such a temper. The intuitions may be whim or counterfeit, and the trust in them fatal; the need to correct them is perpetual. Of course—because they are the work of *reason*. Only reason can go wrong. A mere feeling (if the phrase means anything) can tell us nothing but its own existence. Our intuitions, or swifter processes rooted in the latent reason, and our explicit thinking, are congeners, as the hare and tortoise are both animals. The man of intuitions, therefore, is the first who ought to take the oath to reason. He must not be content with half her gifts. He must regulate his faith by the check of normal experience and evidence. His truth did not come to him from some authority that broke with reason by superior right, but from a manifestation, fallible like any other, of reason. He therefore must accept the jurisdiction of the court of reason. But the ordinary mystic will not take that oath. His voices are inspired; other truth must give way to them; they are not open to be checked by the body of known truth that has accumulated. Such a point of view held good as against the old rationalism, which denied any kind of value to the voices

themselves, merely saw those aberrations of "enthusiasm" which they were taken to authorise, allowed in its psychology for nothing but explicit thought, and did not know that mystical intuitions may be the secret and fruitful labour of Thought itself, afterwards to be verified by evidence and reason. The new mystic, if he is to keep any credit at all, must come to terms with the new science. He may learn his path in the darkness, and crave a vision of some ineffable grail or rosy crown of knowledge. But he must see to the cleansing of his own sanctuary, and have his revelations tested, if they are to stand, by the same scrutiny as other forms of truth; otherwise a formidable chapter of history weighs him down. Many examples for the student of madness, crime, and pathology can be gathered from the chronicle of the mystics; the well-known old collection of Görres[1] has often been supplemented. False ecstasy, cruel superstitions and crazes, and sexual perversion masking as religion, abound. In the latter case the discipline has often been fanatical, and insulted nature can hardly be grudged her revenges. In other fields we come upon corruptions of the intellect, which are marked by mystical symptoms—the passiveness, the abandonment of mind, the refusal to bear the touch of truth. Many Western theosophists, of course, are educated and high-minded. But others are not; to spend time with them, or their books, is to be present at a scene of vulgarity and mental weakness. Vulgarity—that is the danger of the cheap mystic, who lacks instruction, and sees no need of it, and presumes on a supposed short cut he has found to truth. Of truth, of *his* truth, he speaks with the familiarity that some people use in speaking of "the Lord." The work of rescuing any promising soul from these quagmires ought to be part of a reasonable educational programme. I do not digress to such matters as spiritualism; much of it is to the true folklore whence it springs as the sophisticated sister pacing the city with her lures is to the simple peasant, who is left at home and recites a verse to bring her lover.

Among the educated, indeed, it may now be more necessary to plead for honest mysticism than for science. And my wish is, illustrating mainly from a few Christian mystics, to notice some of the traits or needs in human nature which they, more sharply than anyone else, have revealed. Leaving theosophy, or the metaphysic of mysticism, on one hand, and wonder-working on the other, we may see the value of these records to the beginner in the natural history of man. For that is the true attitude; we need be neither initiates nor scorners. On four things at least in human nature the mystics have thrown a powerful searchlight:—

(1) *Die christliche Mystik*, 4 vols., 1836—42.

1.—The protest of the soul against the sufficiency of outer forms, of external good behaviour, of *works*.

2.—The tragical experience, termed the *night of the soul* by some writers.

3.—The need of trusting the *unconscious*; the need of *passivity* in the soul's progress.

4.—The desire, already noted, for *vision* or revelation.

All these things, we may well hold, must be regarded in any revised account of religion, for they seem, according to all the evidence, chronic phenomena of mind. Any new creed or code, on naturalistic lines will find those who have experience of the needs above specified facing it as patients face a new physician. (I speak of a religion for those that are sick, who are a large proportion. For those that are whole a word will be added at the conclusion.) Surely the failure among the people of a creed like positivism, on many sides so free, so noble, is due to an imperfect psychology that has waved aside the phenomena disclosed by historic mysticism.

1.—*The protest against forms and works.* Mystics, unless kept down, are always dissenters. They may obey the rules of their cult, but they win a circle of freedom within it. They do not deny ritual, but they are apt to leave it behind. The authority of their hierarchy soon fails to reach the recesses of their experience. The mystic, left more and more alone with the God whom his Church, no doubt, supplies to him in the first instance, tends to modify Him; and sometimes a strange new theosophy arises, which the Church resents, as in the case of Eckhart. All this means that the Church in question has not yet found the right food for certain natures; under its shelter, often amid its distrust, mysticism leads them to find their own nourishment. That is well, for it makes for life, for new self-expression, away from officialism, away from the fixed and revered forms, which have *not*, as the event shows, expressed everything. More than this: the relation of mysticism to morality has been peculiar. Within the Churches it has usually implied an ascetic, sometimes a savage, discipline, as a preparation for the initiate's journey. And those ideas of supreme goodness and beauty, which already belong to his definition of God, sometimes, as has been said, accompany the traveller to the summit of his vision. But it is not essential to him that they should do so. Although many, like St. Teresa, were notable missionaries, still, after a certain stage in the journey, moral discipline may cease to be prominent, and the aspirant moves in a world "on the further side of good and evil," out of hearing of the distinction between them. His course of "contemplation" is, in some denominations, technically distinguished from the lower

one of "meditation," which is occupied purely with perfect behaviour. The theological conception of sin, too, seems to bulk for less among the Roman Quietists than among the Protestants.

And the value of this point of view, the insight it shows into our wants, is evident. What divines call the insufficiency of "works" (however necessary or desirable these may be) the mystic emphasises keenly. Take a man of middle life, in strong health, with means enough, and the recognised sources of personal happiness: love, a family, a good record for honour and charitable practice, a business or career to improve, perhaps the hope of becoming notable. His friends mostly still survive; he has few disasters or estrangements behind him, and his share of natural sorrows has not overpowered him. Let him conform without strain to the ruling religion of his climate, practising its forms much as he takes exercise, or let him dissent from it almost as thoughtlessly. There are many such men, who do much of the work of the world, and usually go on to the end in the same way. But one out of a thousand is different. In his nature there is something unawakened, and he becomes discontented. His peace and complacency are vexed; he sees that the supposed sources of happiness are not enough, that works are not enough. There is a casting back to the unknown springs, and thus far latent needs, of his personality. The man must come to terms with himself, and see what he is when alone with himself. To have a good conscience about his personal behaviour is not nearly satisfactory. The sense beats in on him that he has lived with illusions. You may say that this sense is itself an illusion; at any rate, it carries him through a wholly fresh world of experience, which it is idle to ask him to reject as a whole; he must go through with it. Rightly or wrongly, it implies, or may imply, an immense review and transmutation of all the spiritual values hitherto accepted as ultimate. This seems to be a first step that is common to various kinds of mysticism. The form such an experience may take varies widely. Often one of the authorised creeds, especially of the Protestant kind, is there to satisfy the need, and the change is called conversion. The sense of sin, the consciousness of grace, and final assurance after pain, follow. But this familiar history, though it has mystical elements, is not of the extreme mystical type. Its aim is not to win a beatified vision on earth, but to be at peace about a posthumous heaven.

The chronicle of Tolstoy reveals another course. Part of the picture I have just drawn, of a man who becomes dissatisfied with a life that seems quite satisfactory to others, applies to Tolstoy. He, too, works out, as he thinks, a wholly new set of spiritual values; he preaches the insufficiency of the usual code,

the need of a change of heart. He is still more akin to the mystic in his aversion to outward forms and institutions, and in his tragic experience, which consists not in outward drama or misfortune, but is rehearsed wholly within. On the other hand, Tolstoy leaves the path of the mystic abruptly; he does not work for ecstasy, but searches for a new morality to practise. He tries not to get rid of the real world, but to put himself right with it. But the Protestant, the follower of Tolstoy, and the thorough mystic, have more in common than their discontent with forms and the common objects of endeavour. In various fashion, they all pass through a phase of feeling, in the record of which we may find the second great contribution of mysticism to our knowledge of man's nature.

2. *The night of the soul.*—The mystic has known this: and he who has known it has begun to be a mystic. It is a state of darkness and apathy, not always of acute pain. Indeed, the sources of pain, remedial and curative, as well as of joy, seem cut off. It is a state without tears, without ebb and flow, and without passion; a state as of men drawing hard breath under a low, oppressive sky, and pacing round in the sand without seeming goal or progress, or even regress, while strange wings brush their faces without their caring; a tonelessness, in which good things once thought of as a possession unforgettable are only remembered as faint in the distance; a *dryness*, to use the special term of the mystics themselves; a form of desperate listlessness or *accidia*, the seventh deadly fault of the old list, figured by Dante under the image of persons buried in the slime and sending only bubbles of air to the surface. The Christian mystics are among our authorities on this condition, which they describe with a power comparable to that of the tragedians. They are the Hamlets of the religious life. The experience, so far from being their monopoly, is common to man; and hence their records are valuable; for they show it in acute isolation, where we can study it as a physiologist studies an isolated nerve in a conscious living creature.

Professor James gives many instances; another may be added from the merciless and superb St. John of the Cross, who earned the name of the "Ecstatic Doctor," and died in 1591. St. John carries an air of iron high breeding into his dealings with the Divine, which contrasts well with the unmannerly or enervate familiarity of many mystics; though he revels, like them, after attainment, in the usual interpretation of the "Song of Songs." "The Ascent of Mount Carmel," a rugged, barefoot climb; the "Obscure Night of the Soul"; the "Flame of Living Love"—the titles of his books hint of his severity and intensity. He wrote wholly within the bounds of the faith, and

invented no theosophy; but Calvin did not try more fiercely to quell every spark of personal pride and life in the pilgrim. And yet, for the journey commanded by John of the Cross, how much of will, of pride, of obstinate self, even while self is being effaced, are really necessary! With a grandeur of method that becomes insane, he divests the soul of one layer of humanity after another, until he leaves it at last naked, abstract, and shivering, but ready for the fierce oppression of divine joys. He carries the soul through a triple night of trial. In the Night of the Sense the pain is that of conquering the vices and appetites, less by direct struggle than by stern diversion. In the Night of the Spirit, not without many snares and lapses, the understanding itself is mortified and slain. In the last Night the pain of abolishing the memory and will must be endured. This is a pitch beyond the world-weariness of Hamlet, who was, so we may put it, nearly John's contemporary. The early stages of this journey come nearest to the opiate sorrow of Coleridge, whose ode "Dejection" is the classical utterance in England on the night of the soul:—

> A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
> A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
> Which finds no natural outlet, or relief,
> In word, or sigh, or tear.

John of the Cross speaks in the same sense:—

> The appetites of sense and spirit are asleep and mortified, without power to savour or relish aught human or divine; the affections of the soul are oppressed and constrained, without power to stir her or to find a stay in anything; the imagination is bound up, without force to speak of anything good; the memory is quenched, and the understanding darkened; likewise the will is dry and fettered, and all the powers are made void; and above all this there is a dense and heavy cloud upon the soul, holding it straitened and as though estranged from God.

3. The need of escaping from such a state leads all the mystic spirits to see the importance of *Passivity and the Unconscious.* Everywhere they are marked by their insight into that which works upon us without our will taking part, and which seems to be not ourselves. In your moments of dryness, they say, wait and acquiesce; struggling will only throw you back to a lower ledge. In a modern figure; a man is in a train, and is being carried forward through a tunnel without knowing that he is advancing, but only feeling that he is in the dark and is doing nothing. It is not his part to try and jump out of the train and run forward. The same idea is put with his usual dignity by John of the Cross:—

> In the hour of the drynesses of this night of the sense. . . . the spiritual suffer great pains, not only for the drynesses that they suffer, but for the dread that they have of being lost on this path. They think that the

spiritual good has flickered out, and that God hath left them, since they find no stay or relish in anything good. Then they weary themselves, and contrive to find some stay for their faculties on some matter of discourse, after their wont, deeming that when they do not do this or feel themselves at work, they are doing nothing. But they do it not without much disenchantment and inner disgust of their spirit, which was tasting the state of quietness and leisure. And thus, distracting themselves in one wise, they make no way in the other wise; for, by wearing their spirit, they lose the spirit of tranquillity and peace which was theirs. Thus, they are like unto him who should leave the thing that he hath done in order to turn back to it, or to whoso should go out of the city in order to return thither, or, who should give over the chase in order to turn back and renew the chase. . . . And in this season such men, if there be none to understand them, turn back, quitting the path or slackening, or at least bar themselves from going forward. . . . This is excused unto them.

Such a meditative and receptive attitude, in bold contrast to the usual advice to strive and cry, is more genially commended by Wordsworth in his counsels of wise passiveness :—

Think you, amid this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

But it was the mystics who keenly detected, and perhaps were the first to do so, how essential waiting and acquiescence is in the soul's life. A fuller psychology tells us that it is ourselves whom we thus consult and suffer to bear our life onward. The perfectly healthy and opulent mind, no doubt, keeps a kind of balance between its active, missionary, energising part, and its latent reason, which is suffered to speak in due course. But the old mystics are right in marking how we may go wrong by stirring, by fighting, or by hastening. Wherein do they find the reward of it all?

4. In *Vision and Illumination.*—We are back where we began, with the close of the mystic's book, which may be said to open with a plain, undecorated daylight page of commandment and discipline, and then to go forward to litanies and agonies, scrolled round with faint figures of undecipherable pain and colours deepening to black. Suddenly, at last, the page is turned, and a song of escape and triumph follows, with dazzling marginal illuminations, the painter straining to render the source of light itself, which is impossible. Often this wonderful morning of the mystic arrives just after the "great dereliction," or unpardonable fault. To Bunyan the unlettered, the isolated text has a magical value in procuring his release :—

After I had been in this condition some three or four days, as I was sitting by the fire, I suddenly felt this word to sound in my heart, I must go to Jesus. At this my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of Heaven were set within my view. While I was on this

sudden thus overtaken with surprise, Wife, said I, is there ever such a scripture, I must go to Jesus? She said she could not tell, therefore, I sat musing still to see if I could remember such a place. I had not sat above two or three minutes, but that came bolting in upon me, and to an innumerable company of angels, and withal, Hebrews the twelfth, about the Mount Sion, was set before mine eyes. Then with joy I told my wife, Now I know, I know! But that night was a good night to me. I never had but few better.

Bunyan's endless adventures before reaching this goal are like those of the more high-born mystics translated into his quick Saxon of the roads. His experience, however, is far less ambitious and less fully formulated. St. Teresa, Professor James reminds us, was allowed "to see in one instant how all things are seen and contained in God," as in one immense transparent diamond. "The Lord said these words unto me: She [the soul] unmakes herself, my daughter, to bring herself closer to me. It is no more she that lives, but I."

The approaches to this indescribable state are told by the mystics with much variety, and a fixed confidence in its reality. Two centuries earlier, in the German school, the touch of Nihilism is more strongly felt. The author of the *Theologia Germanica* certainly verges this way :—

For if the soul shall rise to such a state, she must be quite pure, wholly stripped, and bare of all images, and be entirely separate from all creatures, and, above all, from herself. . . . In the heart [of the man who has attained] there is a content, and a quietness, so that he doth not desire to know more or less, to have, to love, to die, to be or not to be, or anything of the kind. . . . A man cannot find satisfaction in God, unless all things are one to him, and one is all, and something and nothing are alike.

So Tauler, yet more frankly :—

[The soul] should be bare of all things, without need of anything, and then it can come to God in his likeness; for nothing unites so much as likeness, and receives its colour so soon. . . . Thus its union becomes so intimate that it does not work its works in the form of a creature, but in its divine form, wherein it is united to God. . . . Then, while it beholds God and thus becomes much more united to him, the union may become such that God altogether pours himself into it, and draws it so entirely into himself, that it has no longer any distinct perception of virtue and vice, or recognises any remark by which it knows what itself is.[1]

Hegel's account of Nirvana, in his "Philosophy of History," shows how near these Germans were to the East. "In this condition of happiness, virtue or vice is out of the question; for the true blessedness is union with nothingness."

Many such descriptions could be cited of the mystic's goal and prize. The nearer it is to the pure Oriental type, the less talk is

(1) Tauler, *Sermons*, tr. Winkworth, p. 327: 4th S. after Easter.

there of goodness, or even of happiness. But in many visionaries this indeterminate state is bathed in organic feelings of joy. Wordsworth's reports of the hour when "Thought was not," and his experience by Tintern Abbey, are of this kind. And Professor James has gathered reports from a number of persons, many of whom, apparently without any preceding discipline at all, went the length of having it revealed to them in an instant that this universe is good in essence. Professor James shows that optimism is a frequent feature of the mystical temper. A reason will be offered presently for believing this to be true of an amended, and if the term may be used, of a rational mysticism. It also seems actually to hold good of many recent visionaries, in the sense that the contents of their vision have been a message of encouragement about the world. On the other hand, in strict logic, as well as historically, optimism is not a necessary ally of mysticism. Whatever may be the case with Christian initiates, the Buddhist founds his aspiration to Nirvana on the essential evil of life, in which he believes, not as mysteriously revealed, but as a dogma of reasoned truth. He therefore seeks the removal of all bounds that are implied in the terms good and evil, pleasure and pain. And if it is correct to hold this passion for nonentity as the distinctive mood of the consistent mystic, then all conclusions as to the nature of the world, for good or evil, which are drawn from the supposed information furnished in vision, cease to win any further credit from that circumstance. For all such conclusions show that the vision in which they seem to come, deviates, or declines, from the pure pattern. Mr. Inge, a refined Anglican scholar, wishing in some way to legitimate the mystics, seems to treat pure Quietism and the "negative way" as erratic types.[1] But what, then, is the normal type? It cannot be that which happens to corroborate, as the result of vision, your or my particular doctrine, or theory of the world. To make this point clearer, it is time to come back to the question, Is the mystic revelation valid, and what light does it throw on the needs of the human spirit? The first of these issues, I repeat, can only be argued amongst those who fully admit the tribunal of thought and reason, before which alone it can be heard. On this head three considerations may be urged.

(a) Mysticism proves nothing; it adds nothing to the force of a proof which is not already complete. The thorough-going votary, no doubt, tries all other truth by its conformity with *his* revelation. It seems to be nearer to him than anything he has ever known. Newman, in whom there were mystical elements, was as certain of the being of a God as of his own existence; millions of Buddhists, and others, are not. There is no common ground.

(1) *Christian Mysticism*, Bampton Lectures, 1899.

We therefore cannot argue with such a mind; we can only plead with those who admit our tribunal; who, perhaps, may also have thought that they have had a revelation, but who may now doubt, and wish for assurance; who may say with the poet:—

> we have played,
> We likewise, in that subtle shade.

And such may come to feel that every articulate thought or judgment, which appeared to be given them by vision, was really brought thither, and *imputed* to vision. Revelations differ. Is it not clear that St. Teresa's intuition of the Trinity might just as well have been of a Duality, had she been brought up in the appropriate heresy? That the supposed perception of a pervading goodness in the world, experienced by Mr. James's witnesses, is a theory or hope that goodness is thus pervasive, carried up into a rare state of sensation, which is then naïvely taken to prove it? It is conceivable that a man could bring with him into a condition of this kind, and there fully realise, a conviction that the essence of things is evil. Whatever theory of life is true, the point for remark is that vision cannot give it more probability, more claim upon us, than it had before, or without. Mr. James says that the revelations of the mystic are valid *for him*. *De facto*, yes, if the mystic is invulnerable to argument even when he has emerged. But *de jure*? That is just the question.

(*b*) The state of rapture or ecstasy bears one highly suspicious mark when confronted with some analogous states which are artificially induced without any religious aim or moral discipline, or any purpose at all except to escape the pain of surgery. We are told that a book has been written, in America, on the "anæsthetic revelation." We may wake from the dream of nitrous oxide or chloroform with the well-known sense of an ineffable secret, so near us, lately won, but hopelessly and painfully lost; our words for which, when we wake, are gibberish so far as they do not merely express ideas which we had before sleeping. Some lines may be cited, the author of which must have been reading a popular description of Nirvana; no doubt they embody the afterthought, or the reading, rather than the dream itself; but they also express the kind of longing, permanent in human nature, for which mysticism seeks to formulate some satisfaction.

NIRVANA AT THE DENTIST'S.

> I drank the subtle fire; the engine roared:
> The voices long resounded deep and clear.
> Pain wrestled long with pleasure; then I soared
> In spirit up into the seventh sphere.
>
> I keep its secret, like the moth that flew,
> In Buddhist tale, into the heart of flame.

But first, ere quite submerged by dark, I knew,
In one wild flash, the hands, the window-frame.

Then forward rolled the sea of nothingness;
With my weak arms I beat its billows back;
The voices tinkled far and meaningless;
By delicate degrees the monstrous black

Merciful sea of Being without bound
Came; I was one with every drop of it.
Then first I felt that Eastern saw profound:
"Brother and sister, All and Nothing sit."

Such death be mine! No memory of joy
Or doing good, and none of sin or woe;
No waking to this finite crude alloy
Of soul and substance in their ceaseless flow.

Professor James seems to imply that in such a state there may be a true revelation, especially from those latent parts of the mind, for which the word "subconsciousness" has been found as a metaphor for their imagined sphere or receptacle. But the nonsense talked at waking suggests that the feeling of the "great secret" lost is akin to hallucination; that there has really been nothing to lose, except a dream-state, which itself is only a mass of waking ideas without their rational co-ordination, and which offers a sham fruition to the passion for nonentity.

(*c*) It agrees with this point of view, that the alleged fusion with God, or with the First Reality, involves a rupture in the process of thinking. Up to a point, nothing is so systematic as mysticism. Goethe has well called it "the scholastic of the heart, the dialectic of the feelings." But at an arbitrary point the dialectic stops; there is a sudden snap in the chain. The aim is not to comprehend the First Reality, or resemble God morally by purity of will; it is virtually to become God. Professor A. Seth has dealt with this aspiration simply and steadily. "Mysticism," he says, "does not distinguish between what is metaphorical and what is susceptible of a literal interpretation." Hence, "it is prone to taste a relation of ethical harmony"—let us add, emotional and imaginative harmony, since ethics tend to vanish in the visionary state—"as if it were one of substantial identity or chemical fusion; and, taking the sensuous language of religious feeling literally, it bids the individual aim at nothing less than interpenetration of essence." This criticism answers broadly to that of Hegel, in the passage already quoted, upon the ambition of the Hindoo and Buddhist. The generic principle of the former, he says, is "Spirit in a state of Dream." "The sensuous matter and content is in each case simply and in the rough taken up, and carried over it into the sphere of the universal and immeasurable." It might be also said that the logical limit of the mystic's progress,

were his hope sound, would be not vision but death, with the dissolution of personality and the body.

But it is not enough to suspect such mysticism on philosophical grounds; it is philosophical to ask what it tells us about the history of our own nature. Man, in his desire for the infinite, seems sporadically liable to the supreme illusion that he can merge himself in the supreme reality. This is one of the self-defeating impulses in his nature; but it also is enveloped with other impulses that may make for his advance. What really justifies the mystic, nay, what actually spurs him on his way, is not the quest for the great illusion—which is only, after all, an imaginative way of stating an ideal term—but the need to express those other powers and cravings, some of which have been noted here. He thinks he is led by *vis a fronte*; he is really driven by *vis a tergo*. He wants to get beyond mere outward good behaviour, to shatter old forms which his feeling has outgrown, to put due trust in the latent and salutary powers of his nature, and to find his way through the darker experience of the inward life. And he wants, above all, to aspire; and if he cheats himself with metaphor in his tireless pilgrimage, at least he succeeds in aspiring.

Trying to speak of all this, not without some historic and dramatic sympathy, I may end by remarking that one kind of mystical attitude, less dangerous and lonely than those referred to above, has yet to be named. The moral indifference attributed to Pantheism is more a matter of supposed logic than of recorded fact. Such a temper as that of Giordano Bruno or Walt Whitman has ever been allied with a love of the broad and generous life of the world; or, in more technical words, with an inclination not to strip away the manifold of sense and get down to bare unity, as in the paler Eastern systems, but to grasp as much of the manifold as is possible at once, in the light of the One. Even without any Pantheistic doctrine, the better impulse of the mystic may be bent towards breaking down the barrier, not between man and the supposed First Reality, but between man and his fellows, whose reality is less questionable. The ideal limit, which is the total identifying of our personality with that of others, can only be partially approached. But the old Eastern formula, "This art thou," so much cited by Schopenhauer in his nobly impersonal system of ethics, may be addressed by the mystic to himself in presence not only of human beings, but of the animals; not to speak of the rest of the organic and inorganic world. It is the formula which attenuates the barrier made by the egoistic will between individuals, and implies a release from the cravings of will. While the body and the life remain, such a fusion can only be approximate. This old formula does not profess to reveal any new truth

in ecstasy, such as that the world is good; it realises what is believed already; but life and self-training tend to make the truth effectual. Hence, it stands with a higher authority than the optimistic raptures cited by Professor James. In so far as the aim is achieved, the personality is in one sense enriched, and in another is disimprisoned.

Schopenhauer founds his discipline upon pessimism; logically, it need imply neither pessimism nor optimism; but it is more nearly linked in the actual evolution of man to the latter. It certainly produces a more hopeful and humane temper than the ordinary discipline of the religious mystic, despite the fact that many of this class were, as has been said, practical organisers. We may go to the doctors of the soul for the virulent drugs or soft nepenthes or slow surgeries required for sick humanity. But they give no adequate rule for a life of laborious health, of sanguine, creative energy. The poets of a joyous and victorious cast find the ideal expression for such natures, whom a rush of force and affirmation carries past the reefs on which the others founder. Professor James devotes a chapter to describing persons of this type. It should be added that they are biologically superior to their opposites. For they tend to increase the sum of life; and it is the actual survival of mankind that shows them to be nearer the mark, while the isolated mystic, whose scheme of existence often leaves him celibate, is a self-hurting species; though that species at present always recurs, the causes for its origin lying deep in humanity. On the whole, we must cherish the hope that one day the bitter experience and illusory vision which are at the root of official mysticism may tend to die out, at any rate in the West. The process may be as long as the step from primitive idolatry, and meantime the regular mystics and their dispensaries must hold a regarded place. But science now forces us to think in long periods of time. Translating into the mood of poetry, we may say that we are most truly ourselves, and nearest vision, when we happen to be one in heart with our kind, or feel that we are borne along as a bubble, whose bursting is a matter of indifference, on the everlasting tide of life and fertility.

OLIVER ELTON.

JAPAN AND RUSSIA: GERMANY AND GREAT BRITAIN.

"HALF Russian society favours the Japanese, the other half favours the Revolutionaries," wrote Prince Metschertsky, in his Moscow paper. When a man of so pronounced and well-known ultra-conservative opinions in Russia makes such a statement, it is apparent that a considerable distance has been travelled along the path from absolute autocracy to the freedom of constitutionalism. The assassination of M. de Plehve, and the readiness of the Revolutionary Committee to accept the responsibility for the deed both produced a stunning effect upon the bureaucracy which outweighed any received on the field of battle. The Russians themselves say that, if this assassination is soon followed by the fall of Port Arthur and the defeat of Kuropatkin, the advanced Liberals will have an opportunity such as has never been theirs since the assassination of the Tsar Alexander II. It is a curious commentary that on that occasion the Tsar was making preparations to grant some form of representative government, preparations which were buried with him, while the Revolutionaries were unprepared with any plans or system to introduce. Thus they not only lost their chance of introducing their own ideas, but also did away with the first step towards liberty which the Tsar was meditating. To-day things are different, and the Revolutionaries say that they are ready in every detail should the opportunity arise, and they are confident of its coming. The fall of Plehve was a great step in favour of reform, since, insensibly perhaps, the Russian Government oscillated towards the other extreme from that which Plehve represented. As a prominent Russian said some months ago, "We are suffering all the worst evils resulting from two strong extremists with only a weak Emperor in the middle; both Witte and Plehve overdo their systems, and there is no way to regulate them." So now that the one extremist is gone, the influence of the other is bound to be felt. That is not to say that Witte will at once come into power; that would be too great a concession to the Revolutionary party, besides which his lack of noble birth is an almost insurmountable barrier between him and the highest offices of State. As Finance Minister, the Russian nobility could stand Witte, because the post was, after all, more that of a superior banker; but to have him Chancellor of State, that is impossible in their eyes, and the influence of the

Dowager Empress, affected by her *entourage*, and that of the Emperor, must inevitably be against it. The probability is that M. de Plehve's place will be filled by a Liberal man, such as Prince Vassilichikoff, former Governor of Novgorod, who is a follower of Witte. His family is irreproachable and noted for Liberal ideas; his father was one of the most noted historical writers of Russia. The monied classes of Moscow insist on some such choice. With such a man installed, a compromise is arrived at, but nevertheless M. de Witte is the power behind the throne.

This being so, there is an almost vital interest in the programme which Witte drew up and presented to the Tsar on February 2nd, 1904, when there was some chance of his becoming Chancellor. In this programme he laid down what he considered as the essential elements to be introduced into Russian national life, if there was to be any real hope for the future. Some of the ideas are so revolutionary that the Revolutionary Committee would welcome Witte's return to power as a decided victory for its own cause. The principal points in his programme were the following:—

1. The Council of State should have half its members elected from the different social classes.
2. The rights of the *zemstvos* should be considerably extended.
3. The historical rights of the Finns, Georgians, Armenians, and other nationalities should be preserved.
4. The police system should be reorganised.
5. Arbitrary judgments affecting personal liberty should be abolished.
6. The exceptional laws against the Jews should be abolished.
7. Secret State organisations for the spying on the people, especially those of the educated and academic classes, should be abolished.
8. The censorship should be modified.
9. M. de Plehve should be dismissed.
10. The war should be strictly localised to the Far East.
11. All claims to Manchuria should be renounced and the Manchurian Railway should be sold to China.

The programme also advocated peace in the Far East after the first Russian successes. The inclusion of these questions concerning the war seem curiously contradictory to the opinions of those who hold that the Tsar did not think up to the last moment there would be war. M. de Witte's memorial was presented on February 2nd, and it could not have failed to call attention to the fact that war was coming, even if the information to that effect given by King Edward and by the Japanese Minister to the Tsar had not availed.

When we examine the manifesto published by the Revolution-

aries in August of this year, their readiness to support M. de Witte is not so astonishing. They demand the convocation of a representative assembly; the liberty of the Press; the liberty of public meeting; the annulment of arbitrary regulations against the people, as well as against the oppressed nationalities; the cessation of the war with Japan; prompt measures for dealing with the unemployed and famine problems, and the amnesty of political and labour exiles. This Revolutionary Committee programme is certainly not an alarming one, and gains enormously by its moderation. Situated in St. Petersburg itself, the Central Committee of the Revolutionary party has branches everywhere, the chief centres being in Moscow, Kiev, Warsaw, Odessa, and Tiflis. That their propaganda is enormously potent may be gathered from the extreme measures which the late M. de Plehve was forced to employ in combating them. In July there was issued, by special authorisation of the censor, which meant in reality, M. de Plehve, Minister of the Interior, a pamphlet which was circulated among the rich peasants and small townspeople, the most ignorant and aggressive elements of the Russian people. The pamphlet was entitled, *Kitai Ili Mui* (China or Ourselves). It foreshadowed the conquest of North China and the transference of its 20,000,000 of people to Central Russia, where the Chinese would be distributed among the peasants possessing forty acres or more. The peasants and the small townspeople should have absolute control over these slaves, and be supported by them. The depopulated territory in China would be occupied by the dispatch of all the Russian unemployed, destitute, and tramps, and especially political malcontents. The pamphlet concludes by saying, "Russia must be freed from undesirable and dangerous classes. Twenty million Chinese slaves could produce the whole of Russia's foodstuff. Then Russians would dominate a system of slavery instead of themselves being dominated by Jewish capitalists." Extraordinary though this pamphlet seems, it is worthy of mention because the opinion to which it appealed attributes to it high inspiration, and accords it reverential respect. Methods such as these marked the lowest depths reached by the reactionary elements in their attempt to appease desire for radical reforms. Such methods, however, would be too patently hopeless for them to be attempted in any of those provinces peopled by alien races who have come under the heavy rule of Russia. The people of the Caucasus, for instance, consisting of Georgians, Armenians, Circassians, and Tartars, are ripe for open revolt, and this fact forces the Russian Government to keep many of her soldiers in the province to maintain order instead of drafting them to the Far East. Always turbulent and enraged against the Government which has violated

her promises to them, the peoples of the Caucasus in the past to a great extent neutralised the effectiveness of themselves as a working force, owing to divisions caused by racial hatred. But two years ago the leaders of the different races evolved a plan for the co-operation of the whole revolutionary population, some 4,000,000 souls. Autonomy is now the cry of them all, and to obtain it assassination is to be the first step. The Georgians killed the Chief of Ways and Communications in the Caucasus without the murderer being suspected. The Circassians murdered the Chief of Police with similar impunity. The Armenians attacked the Governor-General, Prince Galitzin, in broad daylight, and followed this up by injuring the Chief of Police of Kars. It is almost certain that the Tartars with the assassination of Andrieff contributed their quota to the initial campaign. The Georgians are a martial race and well armed, the Circassians and Tartars are likely to make good fighters, and the time when the smouldering embers shall burst into the flame of war seems only to depend upon circumstances. It is thus easy to see that the internal condition of Russia is far from being peaceful. Russia resembles a volcano rather than a mere mountain, and prompt measures are needed to avoid a terrific eruption.

Since Alexander II. considered a plan for introducing a constitution, little progress has been made in that direction. The present Tsar, even though he be not all that his enemies depict, has not made any step towards the reform of the internal conditions of the Empire. Nor does he seem to desire to do so if the evidence of Prince Kropotkin is to be believed.

A new Commission (he says), but on wider grounds, was nominated lately for the same purpose of investigating the conditions of agriculture by the Minister of Finances, Witte. The inquiry was to be conducted by the provincial and district Zemstvos, which had the right to invite land proprietors, peasants, and anybody else who could enlighten them in their investigations. M. de Witte had asked these notables fearlessly to speak out the truth, and so they did, as it appears from the minutes of the proceedings of some of the committees which were printed in full in the Russian papers. Some of the speeches, especially those of the peasant delegates, were extremely important—sometimes striking—and reminding one of the cahiers of the French peasants in 1788. The conclusion of all these Commissions was unanimous. They condemned the general system of administration.

The next step of the Government was thus indicated. It would have been to convoke a sort of Assembly of Notables for all Russia, in order to discuss the general measures to be taken. But here the Tsar interposed. Those who had spoken freely were punished; and Witte, who had organised the whole, had to leave the Ministry of Finances and to be satisfied with an honorary position of Ministre sans porte-feuille in the Committee of Ministers.

It may be that the war in the Far East and the revelation of

the rottenness of the Russia of the bureaucracy, together with the long-hoped-for birth of the heir to the throne, will bring a change in the temperament of the Tsar. The baby Grand Duke Alexis alters the situation for his father, and there is now the prime necessity that the throne shall be upheld and strengthened for his future occupation. So it is that the coming of a son to the Tsar may help on the cause of reform. That the people will cease to wish for reform because the baby is born is most improbable; it is far more likely that the removal of a chance of a change of dynasty will induce them to take steps to gain their ends immediately.

Curiously enough, it is the nation which has lowered Russia's military and naval prestige in the present war which gives a lead to the Tsar as to how he might save his Empire. If that half of society which Prince Metschertsky declares supports Japan would induce the Ruler of All the Russias to adopt for his own country a constitution like that of Japan, there would indeed be some hope. No other constitution so amply secures the rights of the sovereign and at the same time guarantees the rights of the subject, and has been in use long enough to prove its effectiveness. Japan was a purely feudal country until less than forty years ago, and the Emperor of Japan possessed a position infinitely superior to that of the Tsar when he freely gave to his subjects the constitution which they now enjoy. In no other country has so great a change, affecting the very foundations of a State, been brought about without bloodshed, and for that very reason it is an example worth following. It must be recognised that the lack of cohesion, which the Russian autocracy has so sedulously fostered in the Empire, presents a great obstacle, and one which did not exist in Japan. But, if the Tsar and his infant son were to appeal to the people, not the bureaucrats but his people, there is a strong probability that much might be done. However, the mere adoption of a constitution is not sufficient, there are many things which must accompany it. Count Katsura, the present Premier of Japan, speaking of Japan's progress, says:—

"One of the essentials of the civilisation of the West is the education of the West. That Japan has accepted with all her heart. . . . This education is given through a system beginning with the kindergarten and extending to highly specialised university courses. It is only for particular instruction that it is necessary for a student to go abroad. There is not a village in the Empire without its Primary School; the towns are supplied with Secondary Schools; at convenient centres there are High Schools, which may be compared with the smaller colleges in the United States; in Tokio and Kyoto are the Universities; and, besides

these, there are many Technical Schools. This is the system sustained by the Government. It may not be perfect, but Japan has searched, and is searching, the world over to find the best, and she is doing all in her power to solve a problem that presents many difficulties. . . . Every child in Japan, unless exempt for specified reasons, is required to complete the Primary School course. Education is yeast." Religious freedom is also an essential factor in progress. "This is a principle embodied in Japan's constitution, and her practice is in accordance with that principle. In Japan a man may be a Buddhist, a Christian, or even a Jew, without suffering for it." And how was this state of things brought about which so transformed feudal Japan? "In one particular," says Count Katsura, "the constitution of Japan has, in the eyes of Japan, a peculiar glory. It was not, as has been the case in many countries, the fruit of a long struggle between the nation and the Throne. It was the gift of the Emperor; freely given, gratefully received—a sacred treasure which both alike will guard with care."

It is worth while to trace the granting of the constitution by means of extracts from the Imperial decrees, since these show how the Tsar could accomplish his salvation. In 1868, the first two points in the Imperial Oath of the five principles are that "Public meetings shall be organised and administrative affairs shall be decided by general deliberation," and that "Governors and governed alike shall devote themselves to the good of the nation." In 1874 an address was issued dealing with the constitution and rules of the deliberative assembly of the local authorities. This ran as follows :—

In accordance with the meaning of the oath taken by Us at the commencement of Our reign, and as a gradual development of its policy, We are convening an Assembly of representatives of the whole nation, so as to ordain laws by help of public discussion, thus opening up the way of harmony between the Government and the governed, and of the accomplishment of the national desires; and We trust, by ensuring to each subject throughout the nation an opportunity of peacefully pursuing his avocation, to awaken them to a sense of the importance of matters of State. We have, therefore, issued this constitution of a Deliberative Assembly, providing for the convening of the chief officials of the different local jurisdictions, and for their meeting and deliberating as representatives of the people. Observe it well, members of the Assembly.

In April, 1875, the following occurs in an Imperial Proclamation on Administrative Reform :—

Upon consideration, We find that Our assumption of power dates from no far-distant period, and that, as regards the pacification of the interior of Our country, there are by no means few matters that have to be set on foot or newly regulated. Wherefore We, now extending the spirit of Our oath, do hereby found the Genro-in, and thereby extend

the fountain-head of the establishment of laws; and create the Daisin-in, and thereby render firm the powers of careful judicial procedure; We likewise call together the local officials, causing them to state the opinions of the people, plan the public welfare, and by degrees set on foot a well-founded political fabric for Our country and homes, We being desirous that each and every one should partake of its benefits.

The approaching opening of the Assembly was the occasion for the following Imperial Address:—

In accordance with the oath We took upon ascending Our Imperial Throne, We now summon to their deliberations the representatives of Our subjects. It is Our wish that they should amply discuss and determine upon such new measures as may be thought necessary for the welfare of the people, and thus facilitate the administration of Our domestic concerns; and, further, that the Government and the governed may be of one mind, and that the voice of the latter may thus find access to Ourselves.

It is hoped that all men may feel a due sense of the duties they owe to the State, and that the chief magistrates of the cities and provinces will maturely consider and well weigh such projects as may be submitted to them for promoting the welfare and advancement of Our Empire.

The Genro-in or Senate met on July 5th, 1875, and in September of the following year it was announced that "It is our wish to consider extensively the laws of all foreign countries with reference to Our National Constitution, and thereby to determine Our constitutional law." The fixing of the date in 1881 at which a Parliament should be established was contained in this proclamation:—

We . . . . have long had it in view to establish gradually a constitutional form of Government, to the end, that Our descendants on the throne may be provided with a rule for their guidance. It was with this object in view that, in the 8th year of Meiji, we established the Senate, and in the 11th year of Meiji authorised the formation of local Assemblies, thus laying the foundation for the general reforms which we contemplate: these, Our acts, must convince you, Our subjects, of Our determination in this respect from the beginning. . . . We, therefore, hereby declare that We shall, in the 23rd year of Meiji (1890), establish a Parliament in order to carry into full effect the determination we have announced.

The constitution was promulgated on February 11th, 1889, and the Imperial proclamation runs:—

The rights of Sovereignty of the State We have inherited from Our ancestors, and we shall bequeath them to Our descendants; neither we nor they shall in future fail to wield them in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution hereby given and granted. We now declare that We will protect and respect the security of the rights and of the prosperity of our people, and secure to them the complete enjoyment of the same within the extent of the provisions of the present Constitution and of the law. . . . We will thereby give greater firmness to the stability of

Our country and promote the welfare of all the people within the boundaries of Our dominions; and We now establish the Imperial House Law and the Constitution. These laws are really only an exposition of the grand precepts for the conduct of the Government bequeathed by the Imperial Founder of Our House, and by Our other Imperial ancestors.

And so the constitution came into being and has continued ever since. The elected Assembly has shown many of the faults of inexperienced law-makers, but an elected and representative Chamber has been maintained. If this were possible in feudal Japan, how much easier it should be in Russia, where there already exists in the *Zemstvos* the groundwork of a representative assembly. In the past there has been a meeting of representatives of the *Zemstvos*—in fact, the Romanoffs owe their throne to such a gathering—and therefore the difficulties in the way of the Tsar should be considerably less than those which confronted the Emperor of Japan. In Japan the franchise is restricted, it being considered that it is necessary that a man should be educated to think before he is given a vote. There is no reason why in Russia the same plan should not be followed.

That the principal points of the constitution affecting the sovereign and the liberty of the people are not such as need alarm the most conservative of monarchs may be judged by the following remarks of Marquis Ito, who was the framer of the Japanese constitution. His most vital comment with regard to the Emperor's position is the following:—

The Sacred Throne of Japan is inherited from Imperial ancestors, and it is bequeathed to posterity; in it resides the power to reign over and govern the State. That express provisions concerning the sovereign power are specially mentioned in the articles of the Constitution in no wise implies that any newly-settled opinion thereon is set forth by the Constitution; on the contrary, the original national policy is by no means changed by it, but is more strongly confirmed than ever.

Dealing with the express provisions, he says:—

The Emperor is Heaven-descended, divine, and sacred; he is pre-eminent above all his subjects. He must be reverenced, and is inviolable. He has, indeed, to pay respect to the law, but the law has no power to hold him accountable to it. Not only shall there be no irreverence for the Emperor's person, but he shall not be made a topic of derogatory comment nor one of discussion.

The sovereign power of reigning over and governing the State is inherited by the Emperor from his ancestors, and by him bequeathed to his posterity. All the different legislative, as well as executive, powers of State, by means of which he reigns over the country and governs the people, are united in this most exalted personage, who thus holds in his hands, as it were, all the ramifying threads of the political life of the country. His Imperial Majesty has himself determined a Constitution, and has made it a fundamental law to be observed both by the Sovereign

and by the people. He has, further, made it clear that every provision in the said Constitution shall be conformed to without failure or negligence.

The sanction of a law, the causing of the same to be promulgated in a proper form, and the ordering of the taking of measures for the execution of the same—all these belong to the sovereign power of the Emperor. Sanction completes the process of legislation while promulgation produces binding force upon the subjects. . . . Sanction is a manifestation of the sovereign powers of the Emperor in matters of legislation. Consequently, without the sanction of the Emperor, no project can become law, even if it has received the consent of the Diet. . . . The convocation of the Diet appertains exclusively to the sovereign power of the Emperor.

The supreme authority in military and naval affairs is vested in the Most Exalted Personage, and those affairs are subject to the commands issued by the Emperor.

The organisation and the peace standing of the army and navy are determined by the Emperor. It is true that this power is exercised with the advice of responsible Ministers of State; still, like the Imperial military command, it nevertheless belongs to the sovereign power of the Emperor, and no interference in it by the Diet should be allowed.

Declarations of war, conclusions of peace, and of treaties with foreign countries, are the exclusive rights of the Sovereign, concerning which no consent of the Diet is required. For, in the first place, it is desirable that a monarch should manifest the unity of the sovereign power that represents the State in its intercourse with foreign Powers; and, in the second, in war and treaty matters, promptness in forming plans according to the nature of the crisis is of paramount importance. By "treaties" is meant treaties of peace and friendship, of commerce and of alliance.

These sovereign powers are operative in every direction, unless restricted by the express provisions of the Constitution, just as the light of the sun shines everywhere, unless it is shut out by a screen. So these sovereign powers do not depend for their existence upon the enumeration of them in successive clauses. In the Constitution is given a general outline of the sovereign powers; and, as to the particulars touching them, only the essential points are stated, in order to give a general idea of what they are.

Not even the most arrogant monarch, the most exigent Tsar, could ask for greater powers than are possessed by the Emperor of Japan. By such a constitution the position of the monarch is more defined and infinitely better founded, since the people, secure in their liberties, give love where formerly they only gave fear. And a brief survey of the rights of the people in Japan shows how adequately these are safeguarded by the constitution. As has been said before, the franchise is a limited one, the limitations being fixed by the amount of taxes paid, but every subject possesses full civil legal rights. From the age of seventeen until that of forty all male subjects are placed on the military rolls, and are liable for service; all subjects must also pay taxes, these being considered as "the contributive share of each subject to the public expenditures of the State."

Liberty of abode and of changing the same is guaranteed. Every Japanese subject is now free to fix his residence permanently or

temporarily, to hire dwelling-places, or to engage in business at any place within the boundaries of the Empire. That it is provided in the constitution that this liberty can be restricted by law alone, and that it shall be put beyond the reach of administrative measures, shows how highly the said liberty is estimated.

Personal liberty is guaranteed. Arrest, confinement, and trial can be carried out only under cases mentioned in the law, and according to the rules mentioned therein; and no ill-conduct whatever can be punished but in accord. No case shall be brought before a police official, but before some judicial authority; defence shall also be permitted, and trial shall be conducted openly. There is also a necessary provision for the protection of individual rights. The constitution, therefore, does not suffer encroachment upon the judicial power or denial of the right of individuals, by the establishment of any extraordinary tribunal or commission, other than by the competent court fixed by law. The judges established by law shall deal impartially between litigating parties, free from restraints of power; and every subject shall be able to contend in a court of law with the high and mighty, and, giving his version of the case, defend against prosecuting officials.

That the trials are publicly conducted and that the parties are orally examined in public are most effective guarantees for the rights of the people. There are two stages in every criminal proceeding: preliminary examination and trial. The word "trial" used here does not include in its meaning preliminary examination.

Even in special cases, "judgment and pronunciation of sentence are always to be in public."

"Except in the cases provided for by law, the secrecy of the letters of every Japanese subject shall remain inviolate." "The inviolable nature of private dwellings is guaranteed . . . not only are private persons forbidden to enter the abodes of other people, without the consent of the occupants, but also any police, judicial, or revenue official . . . otherwise than in cases specified by law and in accordance with the provisions of such law." "The right of property of every Japanese subject shall remain inviolate." The right of property is under the powers of the State. It ought, therefore, to be subordinated to the restrictions of the law. It is indeed inviolable, but it is not unrestricted.

As to restrictions upon the right of property, the constitution abundantly testifies that they must always be fixed by law, and that they are beyond the control of ordinances.

Freedom of religious belief is complete, and is exempt from all restrictions, so long as manifestations of it are confined to the mind; yet with regard to external matters, such as forms of

worship and the mode of propagandism, certain necessary restrictions of law or regulations must be provided for; and, besides, the general duties of subjects must be observed. Any restrictions must, however, be determined by law, and lie beyond the sphere of ordinances.

Japanese subjects shall, within the limits of the law, enjoy liberty of speech, writing, publication, public meetings, and associations.

The guarantee of such rights, together with education given to the Russian people, would enable that country to develop her great resources and help to play the great *rôle* which destiny undoubtedly intends her to do in the world. So vast would be the increase in Russia's potentiality under such conditions that she would be a much greater menace to her neighbours than at present. It is this knowledge amongst other things which makes Germany so anxious to bolster up the autocracy and ensure that this, the highest exemplar of military rule, shall not suffer irretrievably. The present German antagonism to England is another factor in the development of her sympathy with Russia. In the early part of the war, it was the direct intervention of the German Minister in Constantinople which prevented the outbreak of war between Bulgaria and Turkey, such war being considered prejudicial to Russia. Satisfied with this minor success, the German Government conceived the brilliant idea of suggesting most discreetly to Russia as a strategical move the disturbing of the commerce of Japan's ally, Great Britain. Russia resembles nothing more than Samson, blind and shorn of her strength, being led by a German guide to shake down the pillars of the British edifice. Samson was grateful to his guide, and so Russia is grateful to Germany. But Germany does not do things for gratitude alone; she has an eye on the main chance, and in the dislocation of British trade to the Far East she sees a heaven-sent opportunity of securing the carrying trade for German shipping. Whereas British lines serving Japan have suspended their service, the German lines have doubled theirs. The ostentatious searches and captures of German vessels in the Red Sea excited no indignation; it was all part of the game of hoodwinking Great Britain. Germany can view with equanimity European complications, because although Great Britain and France would be drawn in by their treaties, the Triple Alliance, and especially the dominant partner thereof, can reap the benefits of fishing in troubled waters. Fearful lest suggestions only might not avail, the Germans assisted materially by the sale, during war time, of liners for use as auxiliary cruisers, more than one of which have held up British liners. The German Emperor has practically

promised the Tsar that should the Poles in Russian Poland rise, German troops will pacify the country. The Königsberg trials are recent enough to show to what lengths Germany will go in her support of Russia. How nearly Germany succeeded in bringing about war, by the Dardanelles incident, can only be known to the few, but there is no doubt whatever that for some hours the question of war was imminent. Russia refused to yield a step, and so impossible was the situation that at least one foreign Government was advised through its representative that war was certain. Then became apparent the value of the great international work of Lord Lansdowne. Recognising in Germany the greatest peril to this country, he has so far succeeded in his isolation policy as to neutralise many of the possible bad effects from German hatred. The French Government told the Russians frankly that they regarded this matter as Fashoda had been regarded by Russia, and that anything Russia might do would have to be done alone. So the moment of extreme tension passed away. But in dealing with Russia it is well always to remember the words of Lord Palmerston when he wrote :—

> The policy and practice of Russia has always been to push encroachments as far as the want or apathy of firmness of other Governments would allow, but always to stop and retreat when met with decided resistance. As these agents failed, and *when* they failed, they were disavowed, though nobody with two ideas in his head could doubt for a moment they had acted under specific instructions.

And the serious note in the King's Speech, dealing with this matter, indicates that there is every intention of carrying out a policy of "decided resistance." The passage runs as follows :—

> Hostilities are, I regret to say, still in progress between Russia and Japan. Upon the outbreak of war, I issued a proclamation declaring my neutrality, and enjoining upon all my people the strict observance thereof.
>
> Important questions, involving the treatment of neutral commerce at the hands of belligerents, have arisen in connection with these operations.
>
> The issues involved, which are of the gravest moment to the trade of my Empire, will, I trust, be amicably settled, and without prejudice to the vast commercial interests of this country.
>
> My Government will energetically support my subjects in the exercise of the rights recognised by international law as belonging to neutrals.

The matter will probably be settled, since in England now there is in Lord Lansdowne a Foreign Minister who is really fitted for his post, and who has that international broad view of affairs so essential to the management of a Great Empire. Meanwhile, it is curious to watch what has been the effect upon the people at large. At first, there was natural indignation against Russia, but now this has been succeeded by an intense antagonism and anger against Germany. Russia

is regarded as being so beside herself that she cannot be considered responsible for her actions; but Germany is the malevolent *deus ex machina* who is the real peril. In many ways this awakening is something to be thankful for, since there may now be some hope that adequate preparations may be made to meet the danger which is inevitable from Germany—when she is ready to impose it.

The question of Kiaochau and the future of German influence in China, brings Germany into direct contact with Japan. Russia was grasping, but Russia was also always ready to make a deal with a lesser nation's rights and territory; and therefore in the German eyes a Russian dominion over China is preferable to a Japanese one. A regenerated China would mean notice to quit for Germany, that is how the German Emperor sums up the matter. And so, whenever there is an opportunity, Germany thrusts a stick between the Japanese wheels. The last desperate sortie of the Russian fleet from Port Arthur was directed towards the German "neutral" harbour, and it is difficult to say what the action of Germany would have been if the fleet had succeeded in meeting with the Vladivostock squadron and assembling in Kiaochau Bay. As it was, Germany was spared the test. The few warships which limped in were of no value as fighting units, and German kindness was better displayed in preventing their capture by the Japanese than in any other way. The right of war vessels actually engaged in battle to be thus shepherded by friendly neutrals is a very open question, and one which the Japanese determined to test by the seizure of the Russian destroyer at Chefoo. Russia, who maintained the armed gunboat *Mandjur* at Shanghai for weeks during the war, cannot very well protest against this as a breach of neutrality without it being a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Possible supporters of the Russian protest are in no better position. Germany, whose neutrality is of the most elastic, and who was quite prepared to violate every canon under certain conditions which seemed quite probable; France, who allowed Admiral Wirenius to use Jibutil as a practical base—these could not come with clean hands. Be that as it may, Japan has a fine sense of international morality, and is the last country in the world to violate any rules unless there be grave reasons for such a course being pursued. The Emperor's order to allow the Russian non-combatants to leave Port Arthur, the saving of the crew of the cruiser *Rurik*, are deeds which grow all the more brilliant beside the action of that same *Rurik* crew, who cut the soldiers on the Japanese transports to ribbons with machine fire for hours before the transport was sunk. Even supposing there were not sufficient grounds to support the idea that the destroyer's

presence in Chefoo was in itself a violation of neutrality, and supposing that the seizure of the destroyer meant vital things to Japan, far out of proportion to the vessel's importance, there is not a navy in the world where the same would not have been done. A very distinguished admiral, who was engaged in the drawing-up of the rules of war at the Hague Conference, said that all the naval delegates did their work knowing perfectly well that should the result of a naval battle depend upon the violation of the rights of a neutral vessel or Power, no hesitation would be shown in violating them. As he quaintly put it, "after the battle one would be either so great a hero that nothing would matter, or one would be dead—probably the latter."

Germany was only kept in the straight path of neutral good faith at Kiaochau by the Russian defeat and the gathering of the British Fleet at Wei-hai-wei. Germany is incensed at the British occupation of Wei-hai-wei, and fully intended to protest against its continuance after the fall of Port Arthur. This idea, however, met a check in the recent private declaration of China to Great Britain that she did not consider that Great Britain's lease over Wei-hai-wei ended until Port Arthur was again in Chinese hands. Thus a Japanese occupation of the port produces no change in the British position. This assurance on the part of China obviated the necessity for immediate negotiations, which would only have complicated the general situation. That Great Britain will remain in Wei-hai-wei is certain; there is a probability that she will fortify it. Incidentally, is it not a pertinent question to ask why, if the Russian Fleet only wished to reach a neutral harbour, it did not make for Wei-hai-wei, which is infinitely more near to Port Arthur than is Kiaochau? The obvious inference is that the Russians did not merely want a neutral port, they wanted a friendly port, for reasons best known to themselves.

Japan has been most particular to do nothing at all which would drag in Great Britain, or in any other way inconvenience the national policy of that country, facts for which the British people and the British Government should be grateful. But in return Japan has a right to ask that Great Britain shall keep the ring, and see that other Powers are neutral. The fact that Russia has been able to buy pseudo-warships in neutral countries during the war, and that Germany has been able to violate neutrality over and over again, would seem to point to a neglect on our part of our clear duty to our ally. This may be all very well for the first, or even for many times, but it may well lead to serious consequences. A clear carrying out of our duty to Japan will do more to save us from war than any other conceivable policy.

ALFRED STEAD.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

At a time when the so-called Realistic School is in the ascendant among novelists, it is strange that little authentic information should have been published in the English language about the great French writer Honoré de Balzac, who laid the foundation of the modern novel. Alone among his contemporaries he dared to claim the interest of his readers for ordinary men and women, solely on the ground of a common humanity, and he was the first to embody in literature Burns' principle that "A man's a man for a' that." This has since become a truism, but it was a discovery, and an important discovery, when Balzac wrote. He showed that, because we are ourselves ordinary men and women, it is human interest, and not sensational circumstance, which really appeals to us; and that material for enthralling drama, and a wide range of emotion, can be found in the life of the most commonplace person—of a middle-aged shopkeeper threatened with bankruptcy; or of an elderly musician with a weakness for good dinners. Thus he destroyed at one blow the unreal ideal of the Romantics, who degraded man by setting up in his place a fantastic and impossible hero as the only theme worthy of their pen; and for this all modern readers of fiction owe him a debt of gratitude.

His own life is full of interest: he was not a recluse or a bookworm; his work was to study men, and he lived among men; he fought strenuously, he enjoyed lustily, he suffered keenly; and he died prematurely worn out by the force of his own emotions, and by the prodigies of labour to which he was impelled by the restless promptings of his active brain and by his ever-pressing need for money. His letters to Madame Hanska have been published during the last few years, and where can we read a more pathetic love-story than the history of his seventeen years waiting for her, and then the tragic ending to his happiness? Or, where in modern times can more exciting, and often comical tales of adventure be found, than in his wild and always unsuccessful attempts to become a millionaire?

His friends comprised most of the celebrated French men and women of the day; he frequented many varieties of society; and his own personality was powerful, vivid, and eccentric. In an age when on very slight pretexts the private doings of the smallest celebrity are dragged into the light of day, perhaps a few readers may be interested in a short sketch of the life and

characteristics of the author of Eugénie Grandet and Le Père Goriot.

Physically, Balzac was far from satisfying a romantic ideal of fragile and enervated genius. Short and stout, square of shoulder, with an abundant mane of thick black hair—a sign of bodily vigour—his whole personality breathed intense vitality. Deep red lips, thick but finely curved and always ready to laugh, attested like the ruddiness in his full cheeks to the purity and richness of his blood. His forehead, high, broad, and unwrinkled save for a line between the eyes, and his neck, thick, round, and columnar, contrasted in their whiteness with the colour in the rest of the face. His hands were large and dimpled; "beautiful hands," his sister calls them; he was proud of them and had a slight prejudice against anyone with ugly extremities. His nose, about which he gave special directions to David when his bust was taken, was well cut, rather long, and square at the end, with the lobes of the open nostrils standing out prominently. As to his eyes, according to Gautier, there were none like them. "They had inconceivable life, light, and magnetism. They were eyes to make an eagle lower his lids, to read through walls and hearts, to terrify a wild beast; eyes of a sovereign, a seer, a conqueror." Lamartine likens them to "darts dipped in kindliness." Balzac's sister speaks of them as brown; but according to other contemporaries they were like brilliant black diamonds, with rich reflections of gold, the white of the eyeballs being tinged with blue. They seemed to be lit with the fire of the genius within; to read souls, to answer questions before they were asked, and at the same time to pour out warm rays of kindliness from a joyous heart.

At all points Balzac's personality differed from that of his contemporaries of the Romantic School, those transcendental geniuses of despairing temper, who were utterly hopeless about the prosaic world in which by some strange mistake they found themselves, and from which they felt that no possible inspiration for their art could be drawn. So little attuned were these unfortunates to their commonplace surroundings, that, after picturing in their writings a beautiful, impossible atmosphere, peopled by beings out of whom all likeness to humanity had been eliminated, they not unfrequently lost their mental balance altogether, or hurried by their own act out of a world which could never satisfy their lofty imaginations. Balzac, on the other hand, loved the world; how, with the acute powers of observation and the intuition amounting almost to second sight with which he was gifted, could he help doing so? The man

who could at will quit his own personality and invest himself with that of another, who would follow a workman and his wife on their way home at night from a music-hall, and listen to their discussions on domestic matters, till he imbibed their life, felt their ragged clothing on his back, and their desires and wants in his soul, how could he find life dull, or the most commonplace individual uninteresting?

In dress Balzac was habitually careless. He would rush to the printer's office after twelve hours of hard work, with his hat drawn over his eyes, his hands thrust into shabby gloves, and his feet in shoes with high sides, worn over loose trousers which were pleated at the waist and held down with straps. Even in society, he took no trouble about his appearance, and Lamartine describes him as looking in the *salon* of Madame de Girardin like a schoolboy who has outgrown his clothes. Only for a short time, which he describes with glee in his letters to Madame Hanska, did he pose as a man of fashion. Then he wore a magnificent white waistcoat and a blue coat with gold buttons, carried the famous cane with a knob studded with turquoises, celebrated in Madame de Girardin's story, *La Canne de Monsieur de Balzac*, and drove in a dog-cart behind a high-stepping horse, with a tiny tiger, whom he christened Grain de Mil, perched on the back seat. This phase was quickly over; the horses were sold, and Balzac appeared no more in the box reserved for dandies at the Opera. Of the fashionable outfit, the only property left was the microscopic groom, an orphan, of whom Balzac took the greatest care, and whom he visited daily during the boy's last illness a year or two after. Thenceforward he reverted to his usual indifference about appearances, his only vanity being the spotless cleanliness of his working costume, a loose dressing-gown of white flannel or cashmere, made like the habit of a Benedictine monk, which was kept in round the waist by a silk girdle and always scrupulously guarded from ink-stains.

Naïve as a child, anxious for sympathy, frankly delighted with his own masterpieces, yet modest in a fashion peculiar to himself, Balzac gave a dominant impression of kindliness and *bonhomie* which overshadowed even the idea of intellect. To his friends he is not, in the first place, the author of the *Comédie humaine*, designed, as George Sand rather grandiloquently puts it, to be "an almost universal examination of the ideas, sentiments, customs, habits, legislation, arts, trades, costumes, localities, in short, of all that constituted the lives of his contemporaries"; that claim to notice recedes into the background, and what is seen clearly is the *bon camarade* with his great

hearty laugh, his jollity, his flow of language and his jokes, often Rabelaisian in flavour. Of course there was another side to the picture, and there were times in his hard-set and harassing life when even *his* vivacity failed him. These moods were, however, never apparent in society, and even to his intimate men friends, such as Théophile Gautier and Léon Gozlan, Balzac was always the delightful, whimsical companion, to be thought of and written of afterwards with an amused, though affectionate, smile. Only to women, his principal confidantes, who played as important a part in his life as they do in his books, did he occasionally show the discouragement to which the artistic nature is prone. Sometimes the state of the weather, which always had a great effect on him, the difficulty of his work, the fatigue of sitting up all night, and his monetary embarrassments, brought him to an extreme state of depression, both physical and mental. He would arrive at the house of Madame Surville, his sister, who tells the story, hardly able to drag himself along, in a gloomy, dejected state, with his skin sallow and jaundiced.

"Don't console me," he would say in a faint voice, dropping into a chair, "it is useless. I am a dead man."

The dead man would then begin in a doleful voice to tell of his new troubles; but he soon revived, and the words came forth in the most ringing tones of his voice. Then, opening his proofs, he would drop back into his dismal accents, and say by way of conclusion :

"Yes, I am a wrecked man, sister."

"Nonsense! No man is wrecked with such proofs as those to correct."

Then he would raise his head; his face unpuckered little by little; the sallow tones of his skin disappeared.

"By God, you are right!" he would say. "Those books will make me live. Besides, blind Fortune is here, isn't she? Why shouldn't she protect a Balzac as well as a ninny?—and there are always ways of wooing her. Suppose one of my millionaire friends (and I have some), or a banker, not knowing what to do with his money, should came to me and say: 'I know your immense talents, and your anxieties; you want such and such a sum to free yourself; accept it fearlessly; you will pay me; your pen is worth millions.' That is *all I want*, my dear."

Then the "child-man," as his sister calls him, would imagine himself a member of the Institute, then in the Chamber of Peers, pointing out and reforming abuses, and governing a highly prosperous country. Finally, he would end the interview with "Adieu! I am going home to see if my banker is waiting for me," and would depart quite consoled, with his usual hearty laugh.

He lived, his sister tells us, to a great extent in a world of his own, peopled by the imaginary characters in his books, and he would gravely discuss its news, as others do that of the real world. Sometimes he was delighted at the grand match he had planned for his hero, but often affairs did not go so well, and perhaps it would give him much anxious thought to marry his heroine suitably, as it was necessary to find her a husband in her own set, and this might be difficult to arrange. When asked about the past of a character in one of his books, he replied gravely that he "had not been acquainted with Monsieur de Jordy before he came to Nemours," but added that, if his questioner were anxious to know, he would try to find out. He had many fancies about names, declaring that those which are invented do not give life to imaginary beings, whereas those really borne by some one endow them with vitality. Léon Gozlan says that he was dragged by Balzac half over Paris in search of a suitable name for the hero of a story to be published in the *Revue Parisienne*. After they had trudged through scores of streets, studying the names of the shopkeepers in vain, Balzac, to his intense joy, discovered "Marcas" printed over a small tailor's shop; to which he added, as "a flame, a plume, a star," the initial Z. "Z. Marcas" conveyed to him the idea of a great though unknown philosopher, poet, or silversmith like Benvenuto Cellini. He went no further—he was satisfied; he had found "*the* name of names."

Many are the amusing anecdotes told of Balzac's schemes for becoming rich. Money he struggled for unceasingly, not from sordid motives, but because it was necessary to his conception of a happy life. Without its help he could never be freed from his burden of debt, and united to the *grande dame* of his fancy, who must of necessity be posed in elegant toilette, on a suitable background of costly brocades and objects of art. Nevertheless, in spite of all his efforts, and of a capacity and passion for work which seemed almost superhuman, he never obtained freedom from monetary anxiety, and, viewed in this light, there is pathos in his many impossible plans for making his fortune, and freeing himself from the strain which was slowly killing him. Great dramatic success was his favourite dream for enriching himself suddenly; but *Vautrin* was acted for one night, and then forbidden by Government because Frédéric Lemaître was supposed in his toupee to imitate Louis Philippe; and *Les Ressources de Quinola* was played before a half-filled house, instead of one crammed with chevaliers de St. Louis and peers and ambassadors, as Balzac had hoped. None of his plays met with much success in his lifetime, as his long digressions, wealth of detail, and slight heaviness of hand were not suitable for the stage.

Some of his other schemes for making money were wildly fantastic, and prove that the great author was, like many a genius, a child at heart; and that in his eyes the world was not the prosaic place it is to most men and women, but an enchanted globe like the world of *Treasure Island*, teeming with the possibility of strange adventure. At one time he hoped to make a substantial income by growing pineapples in the little garden at Les Jardies; and later on he thought money might be made by transporting oaks from Poland to France. For some months he believed that by means of magnetism exercised on somnambulists, he had discovered the exact spot at Pointe-à-Pitre where Toussaint Louverture hid his treasure and afterwards shot the negroes he had employed to bury it, lest they should betray its hiding-place. Jules Sandeau and Théophile Gautier were chosen to assist in the enterprise of carrying off the hidden gold; and were each to receive a quarter of the treasure, Balzac, as the leader of the venture, taking the other half. The three friends were to start secretly and separately, with spades and shovels, and, their work accomplished, were to put the treasure on a brig which was to be in waiting, and were to return as millionaires to France. This brilliant plan failed, because none of the three adventurers had at the moment money to pay their passages out; and, no doubt, by the time the necessary funds were forthcoming, Balzac's fertile brain was engaged on other enterprises.

A journey to Sardinia, undertaken in 1838, a few years earlier, seemed as though it might lead to more practical results. Balzac had read in Tacitus that the Romans found silver in Sardinia, and it occurred to his active mind that, as the ancients were not learned in the art of extracting metals, silver might have been left among the refuse lead turned out of the mines. He mentioned this to a merchant in Genoa in 1837, and was told that, owing to the carelessness of the Sardinians, whole mountains of dross containing lead, and most probably silver, were to be found in the vicinity of the worked-out mines. Balzac asked for a specimen of the dross, that he might submit it to Parisian experts; but the wily Genoese did not send this till he had himself secured from the Government at Turin the right of working the mines, and when Balzac, a year later, landed at Sardinia, he found he was too late. The dross contained ten per cent. of lead, and the lead ten per cent. of silver, but Balzac did not reap the benefit. In spite of his energy and knowledge of law and commerce, persistent ill-fortune haunted all Balzac's enterprises, except literary ones; though some of his projects, such as that of the universal cheap library, were excellent, and have since been carried out successfully. Perhaps one of his explanations,

in reply to a letter from Madame Hanska reproaching him with the perpetual failure of his business affairs, is true, and the great writer had no time to look after the practical working of the many schemes which crowded in bewilderingly quick succession out of his inventive brain; but even so it is astonishing that, with the great knowledge of men shown in his books, he should have been deceived, time after time, in the abilities and even in the honesty of his agents.

The foundation of his misfortunes was laid before his birth, when his father, then forty-five years of age and unmarried, sank the bulk of his fortune in life annuities; so that after his death there was nothing but Madame de Balzac's fortune for the family to fall back upon. The novelist was born at Tours on May 16th, 1799, St. Honoré's Day, and was the eldest of four children. Of the brother and younger sister we hear little, except that the brother was unsatisfactory and went abroad—coming back, after having made an undesirable marriage, to require continual monetary help during the last years of Honoré de Balzac's life; and that the sister also married, and died young, leaving her children to be a further drag on the family. Laure, on the other hand—who became Madame Surville, and to whom Balzac recounted his hopes, ambitions, and troubles, who was the confidante of his sentimental friendships, and of the faults and embarrassments which he confided to no other ear—counted for much in his life, and it is to her that we owe a charming sketch of him. The friendship between the brother and sister was deep, devoted, and faithful, as Balzac's friendships generally were; he did not care, as he said, for *amitiés d'épiderme*, and it was a great trouble to him that, during his later years, owing to Monsieur Surville's jealousy his intercourse with Laure was much restricted. Honoré and Laure were not their mother's favourite children, and this want of affection on her part, which Balzac mentions several times in his later life, naturally drew the brother and sister closely together. Their father, an eccentric though kindly old gentleman, whose predominant idea was the care of his health, seems to have treated them uniformly with kindness. When seven years old, Honoré was sent to the semi-military College of Vendôme, and in *Louis Hambert* he has given a graphic picture of the uncomfortable and insanitary state of this school. The boy—who in the future was to awaken actual physical disgust in his readers by his description of the stuffy and dingy boarding-house dining-room in *Le Père Goriot*—was crushed and stupefied by his surroundings, and would sit for hours with his head on his hand, not attempting to learn, but gazing dreamily at the clouds, or at the foliage of the trees in the court below. No

wonder that he was the despair of his masters, and that his famous *Traité de la Volonté*, which he composed instead of preparing the ordinary school work, was summarily confiscated and destroyed. He remained at the College till he was fifteen, not once coming home, but looking forward with the greatest joy to the prize-givings, when his family came to see him. Then his school career finished suddenly, as, to the alarm of his masters, he was attacked with coma, and they requested his parents to take him away. He had been considered utterly idle and incapable, and was continually in the punishment cells, where he had secretly absorbed the contents of most of the books in the library of the Oratorian Fathers who had founded the College, and thus had overtaxed his brain. At home he soon recovered, and became again the light-hearted boy, apparently with no special talent; but he was always ambitious, and would tell his brother and sisters of his future fame, and accept with a laugh the teasing he received in consequence.

To his parents' disappointment he refused to follow the legal career for which he was destined; and, at his own earnest request, was allowed to make trial of his literary powers. In the hope that he would soon repent and enter a lawyer's office, he was therefore established in a garret in the Rue Lesdiguières, with an allowance that would hardly provide him with the barest necessities. At the end of fifteen months he had written nothing but *Cromwell*, a very poor tragedy, which was submitted to a competent critic, who opined that its author should do anything *but* literature. This was not encouraging; and Balzac was obliged by his family to renounce the joys of independence and live at home. There, to escape the hated legal profession, he wrote eight novels, in thirty-one volumes, in the space of five years, but refused to put his name to them, as he knew they were worthless. This discrepancy between his ambition, or rather his intuitive knowledge of his genius, and his power of manifesting it, is a curious feature of Balzac's youth; and it speaks much for his courage, patience, and determination, that he kept to his purpose of becoming a writer, though no one believed in him, and he knew himself that his work was bad. His cry to his sister: "Laure, Laure, mes deux seuls et immenses désirs, être célèbre et être aimé, seront ils jamais satisfaits?" shows his despair at this time. He now embarked on the fatal enterprises which hampered him for the rest of his life, and started as publisher, and afterwards as printer. He failed in both these enterprises, and his parents had to come forward to save him from bankruptcy; but he was left at the age of twenty-nine loaded with debts to the amount of 120,000 francs, and with no means of paying them off.

In 1827 he hired a room in the Rue de Tournon, and the record of the next few years is one of continual hard work and of pressing anxiety. So desperate were his circumstances, that sometimes, like Raphaël in *La Peau de Chagrin*, he was tempted to commit suicide. Gradually, however, he began to be known as an author. In 1829 he published *Les Chouans*, the first book to which he signed his name, and later in the same year the *Physiologie du Mariage* appeared and attracted much attention. Next year, Madame Hanska, his future wife, read with delight in her far-off chateau in Ukraine the *Scènes de la Vie privée*, and in 1831 she was impelled by the appearance of the *Peau de Chagrin* to pen the first letter from "L'Étrangère," which reached Balzac on the 28th of February, 1832, and had a momentous influence on his life. In 1833, *Eugénie Grandet* appeared, and was met with such general acclamation that its author became jealous of its fame, and objected to be known only as the "father of *Eugénie Grandet*." In the same year he started the germ of the great work of his life, and arranged some of his works in twelve volumes, to be entitled *Études de Mœurs au XIX^e Siècle*. This edition contained about thirty volumes, and was divided into *Vie de Province*, *Vie Parisienne*, and *Vie privée*. The last volume did not appear till 1837, and before that time Balzac had taken further strides towards his grand conception of the *Comédie Humaine*. In October, 1834, he writes to Madame Hanska that the *Études de Mœurs*, in which is traced, thread by thread, the history of the human heart, is only to be the base of the structure, and that next, in the *Études philosophiques*, he will go back from effect to cause; from the feelings, their life and way of working, to the conditions behind them, on which life, society, and man have their being; and that, having described society, he will in the *Études philosophiques* judge it. In the *Études de Mœurs* types will be formed from individuals; in the *Études philosophiques*, individuals from types. Then, after effects and causes, will come principles, in the *Études analytiques*. "Les mœurs sont le spectacle, les causes sont les coulisses et les machines, et les principes c'est l'auteur." When this great palace is at last completed, he will write the science of it in *L'Essai sur les Forces humaines*, and on the base he, a child and a laugher, will trace the immense arabesque of the *Contes drôlatiques*—those Rabelaisian stories in old French, tracing the progress of the language, which he often declared would be his principal claim to fame. In 1842 the title *La Comédie humaine* was, after much hesitation, given to the whole structure.

In twelve years, from 1830 to 1842, Balzac wrote seventy-nine novels, besides tales and articles. When he was in the full swing

of composition he led the life of a recluse, refusing to see even his most intimate friends. He usually went to bed at eight o'clock after a light dinner, and was seated at his desk by two in the morning. He wrote from that time till six, when he had his bath, in which he remained for an hour, and his servant afterwards brought him a cup of coffee. Werdet, his editor, was then admitted to bring proofs, take away the corrected ones, and wrest, if possible, fresh manuscript from him. From nine he wrote till noon, when he breakfasted on two boiled eggs and some bread, and from one to six the labour of composition went on again. This unnatural life lasted for six weeks or two months; and then Balzac plunged into society again, or mysteriously disappeared, sometimes to be next heard of in a distant part of France, or perhaps in Corsica, Sardinia, Italy, Germany, or Russia.

Even with his extraordinary power of application, the number of his works is most remarkable, considering the labour their composition cost him. Sometimes, according to Théophile Gautier, he bestowed a whole night's labour on one phrase, and wrote it over and over again a hundred times, the exact words that he wanted only coming to him after he had exhausted all the possible approximate forms. When he intended to begin a novel, and had thought of and lived in a subject for some time, he wrote a plan of his proposed work in several pages, and despatched this to the printer, who separated the different headings, and sent them back, each on a large sheet of blank paper. Balzac read these headings attentively, and applied to them his critical faculty. Some he rejected altogether, others he corrected; but everywhere he made additions. Lines were drawn from the beginning, the middle, and the end of each sentence, towards the margin of the paper, each line leading to an interpolation, a development, an added epithet, or an adverb. At the end of several hours the sheet of paper looked like a plan of fireworks, and later on the confusion was further complicated by signs of all sorts crossing the lines, while scraps of paper, covered with amplifications, were pinned or stuck with sealing-wax to the margin. This sheet of hieroglyphics was sent to the printing office, and was the despair of the typographers, who stipulated for only one hour in turn at Monsieur de Balzac's proofs. Next day the amplified placards came back, and Balzac added further details, and laboured to fit the expression exactly to the idea, and to attain perfection of outline and symmetry of proportion. Sometimes one episode dwarfed the rest, or a secondary figure usurped the central position on his canvas, and then he would heroically efface the result of four or five nights' labour. Six, seven, or even ten times were the

proofs sent backwards and forwards before the great writer was satisfied.

Publishers found this literary conscientiousness most annoying, and, as is shown in the evidence given during Balzac's lawsuit with the *Revue de Paris*, they occasionally suffered from his intense eagerness for money, which caused him to accept new engagements when he had a plethora of work in hand for which he had been paid in advance. His money affairs are so complicated that it is difficult to understand them, but apparently, from 1827 to 1836, he could not support himself and meet his obligations without drawing bills, which he often could not meet and had to renew, and the accumulated interest on these obligations formed a floating debt, which was increased by his love of collecting pictures, old furniture, and curiosities.

His changes of abode were frequent and expensive, as it was necessary that each habitation, in turn, should be disposed and furnished according to his fantasy, and his tastes were costly. After living in the Rue de Tournon and the Rue Cassini in Paris, he moved to the Rue des Batailles at Chaillot, and in 1838, while keeping a room for convenience in the Rue Richelieu in Paris, he bought Les Jardies, a small estate in the Ville d'Avray, and lived in a quaint little house, built on a steep slope, with one room in each storey. In 1840 he took an apartment at Passy, and remained there till he bought the small hotel Beaujon in the Rue Fortunée, in preparation for his long-deferred marriage. There he assembled his art treasures, and he gives an exact description of his picture-gallery in the account of that belonging to Cousin Pons.

Balzac contributed to many reviews and comic papers, but he was not fond of journalism, and both the *Chronique de Paris*, which he bought in 1835, and the *Revue Parisienne*, started in 1841, were failures in his hands. He was not elected a member of the Académie Française, though Victor Hugo and many other friends used their influence on his behalf; and he also failed, fortunately for the world of letters, in his political ambitions. Besides his literary labours, he crowded into his life of fifty-one years more than its natural complement of joys, sorrows, schemes, travels, friendships, and love affairs, so that he combined in the highest degree variety with intensity, and his life is, like that of the characters in his books, restless, strenuous, and almost superhumanly active. He thus gained an extensive knowledge of the world, as his powers of assimilation were enormous, and he could by the force of his imagination enter, as if by magic, into the feelings and thoughts of others. He had, too, a "genius for friendship," which must have taught

him much. Charles de Bernard, Charles Nodier, Victor Hugo, Heine, Gavarni, Boulanger, Hector Berlioz, Liszt, Alfred de Musset, and Théophile Gautier were among his intimates, and the fact that he habitually lived among people of vivid personality perhaps gave a touch of exaggeration to his portrayal of character.

Many were his women friends, and he remained true all his life to those who had once gained his affections. After his sister, foremost among these unsentimental friendships was that with Madame Carraud, who was wife to the Commandant at Angoulême, and several years older than Balzac. She appears to have been a very sensible woman, and she gave him much good advice about practical matters, which unfortunately he did not follow. He never forgot that she had promised to take care of him, when in his troublous youth he feared he should go out of his mind; and he reminded her of her words, when, a few months before his death, he offered her, widowed and poor, a home with him and his wife. George Sand he never quite cordially liked, though he consulted her about his writings. He considered her half a man; and contrasted the versatility of her affairs of the heart rather contemptuously with the ideal of faithful and absorbing love portrayed in her novels. The relations between him and the Duchesse d'Abrantès were those of literary comradeship; and he felt warm friendship for the brilliant Madame de Girardin, a woman of whom all her contemporaries speak with affection. She acted as peacemaker between Balzac and her husband, the fiery editor of *La Presse*, and till their final rupture, in 1847, Balzac was a constant visitor to her *salon*, as he had been to that of her mother, the well-known Sophie Gay. His sentimental correspondence with the anonymous "Louise," to whom he sent the proofs of *Le Lys dans la Vallée*, cannot be taken seriously; and reminds the reader of his cynical advice to a friend, that intercourse with women should be confined to letters, as that "forms the style." After about a year, Louise wrote that a great trouble had come to her; and when Balzac asked what it was, she did not answer, and so their intercourse ceased. Had a rumour reached her of Balzac's tender relations with Madame Hanska, and had she, up till then, imagined, in spite of his assurances to the contrary, that she might, after all, be the woman for whom he longed, who should be all in all to him? We do not know; she passed in silence out of his life, and possibly out of his memory as well. No one knows the identity of the "Maria," to whom *Eugénie Grandet* is dedicated, and who pathetically begged Balzac to love her for a year, and she would love him for all eternity. She did not have undisputed

possession of even the short time she longed for, as Madame Hanska's all-conquering influence was then in the ascendant; but Balzac was always discreet, so perhaps poor Maria was not aware of this.

Madame de Berny and the Marquise de Castries—the two women of whom Madame Hanska was jealous—undoubtedly each exercised, at different times, a great influence over Balzac. The gentle and charming Madame de Berny, from whom Madame de Mortsauf in the *Lys dans la Vallée* is drawn, is the more attractive figure of the two. "La dilecta," as Balzac calls her in his letters to Madame Hanska, cannot have been a very happy woman. Married to a man of morose temperament, a great deal older than herself, she lost seven out of her nine children; an insane daughter and a wild, unsatisfactory son being the only two to survive her. She was many years older than Balzac, and her friendship with him was no doubt an absorbing interest in a sad life; and for twelve years she gave up two hours a day to his society, and helped him by reading his proofs, and acting as critic. All his life he remembered with gratitude her successful intercession with his parents after the failure of the printing press; and her death, which took place in July, 1836, was a terrible grief to him, and left a blank which, in spite of his absorbing affection for Madame Hanska, was never filled again. He was travelling in Italy at the time, and the eccentric Madame Marbouty, known in literature as "Claire Brune," had accompanied him in man's clothes as his page, both she and Balzac being delighted at the mystification they caused in Italian society; while Balzac wrote to a friend that the freak was harmless, as Madame Marbouty knew of his affection for Madame Hanska. He had not seen Madame de Berny for a year before her death, she having shut herself up completely after the loss of a favourite son; but before then he visited her continually, and his letters to Madame Hanska are full of concern at her failing health. No wonder Madame Hanska's mind was rather agitated about his relations to her, and that Balzac found it necessary to harp continually on the subject of Madame de Berny's increasing age, and on the fact that he looked on her as a mother.

The charming Madame de Castries was a very different woman. As described in the *Duchesse de Langeais*, the novel which Balzac wrote with a sore heart in 1834, and which did not please Madame Hanska, this beautiful coquette was of fragile appearance, of great charm, and lived only to gratify her vanity. She evidently exerted every wile to secure the great man as her adorer; and Balzac began by being flattered by her admiration, and pleased with the opportunity given him of studying the Faubourg de

Saint-Germain, of which he gives an admirable picture in the *Duchesse de Langeais*; and ended by falling violently in love with her. There is no doubt that Madame de Castries used him as a plaything, but possibly the reading public may be grateful to her, as she certainly increased his knowledge of the human heart by rousing feelings he had never experienced before. In 1832 Balzac met her at Aix, where she and her brother-in-law, the Duc de FitzJames, were staying; the final rupture took place there, and in consequence he refused to accompany the party to Italy, and returned abruptly to Paris. His letters during this winter to Madame Carraud show the utmost bitterness, but he had started his correspondence with Madame Hanska, and, though he did not then realise it, the love which was to be the guiding principle of his life was already beginning to usurp the place of all lesser affections.

Madame Hanska was a Pole; she was born in 1804 or 1806, and married a Russian at least twenty-five years older than herself, who possessed the large estate of Wierzchownia in Ukraine, and was a dependant of the government of Kiew. She was a clever and cultivated woman, apparently possessed of much critical capacity, and her solitary life in the midst of the wilds of Ukraine gave her much time for reading. Her first letter to Balzac, signed "L'Étrangère," was addressed to the editor of the *Peau de Chagrin*, and in this she expresses her disappointment that Balzac does not in his last book keep up the lofty ideal of the feminine sex depicted in his former novels, and begs him to renounce ironical portrayals of woman, which deny the pure and noble *rôle* destined for her by Heaven. She and Balzac did not meet till eighteen months later, but long before then his letters had assumed a tone of the most lover-like devotion, and he evidently believed that he had at last found his ideal on earth. The place of their rendezvous at Neufchâtel, on the 27th of September, 1833, is historic; it is the promontory over the lake, by which the public promenade is terminated. Whether Madame Hanska, with one of Balzac's novels in her hand, rushed towards him, or whether, as another story goes, she was at first disenchanted by his unromantic appearance and drew back, matters little; in either case, according to Balzac's letter to his sister, they swore to wait for each other, and he speaks rapturously of Madame Hanska's beautiful black hair, of her fine dark skin, and her pretty little hands. He mentions, too, her colossal riches—though these do not, of course, count beside her personal charms; but the remark is characteristic, and Balzac's pride and exultation are very apparent. Marriage with poverty is not for him, but now he has found his *grande dame*, endowed with youth, beauty, and

riches, one who would not be ashamed to live with him in a garret, and yet who would, by her birth, be able to hold her own in the most exclusive society in the world. Fortunately, the long years of waiting, the anxieties, the hope constantly deferred, the pangs of unequally matched affection, and at last, the short and imperfect fruition, were hidden from him. They met again at Geneva in December of the same year, and thenceforward everything in Balzac's life refers to Madame Hanska.

Though she does not appear to have been straitlaced in her reading, he is terribly afraid of falling in her estimation by what he writes, and he explains anxiously that such books as the *Médecin de Campagne* or *Séraphita*, which was created to please her, show him in his true light, and that the *Physiologie du Mariage* is really a defence of women. The *Contes drôlatiques* he is also nervous about, and he is much agitated when he hears that she has read some of them without his permission.

He is not always *quite* candid, and the reader of *Lettres à l'Étrangère* may safely surmise that there is a little picturesque exaggeration in his account of the solitary life he leads, and that Madame Hanska had occasionally good reason for her reproaches at the reports she heard; though Balzac replies to these complaints with a most touching display of injured innocence. Nevertheless, the *Lettres à l'Étrangère* are the record of a faithful and ever-growing love, and there is much in them which must increase the reader's admiration for Balzac.

It would be interesting to know what the woman was like who exercised, for eighteen years, so potent an influence over one of the greatest minds of her day. Her miniature by Daffinger, as described by the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, gives the impression that she was a person of great energy, strength of will, and intelligence. She is dark, with rather thick lips, and a mouth as red as a child's. Her hair is black and is plainly braided at each side of her fine forehead, to which, as well as to her pretty dimpled hands and her droll French pronunciation, Balzac constantly alludes in his letters. She was about forty-five years old when Monsieur Hanska died, and she appears to have sincerely regretted him. Perhaps she felt qualms of conscience at the deception she and Balzac were obliged to practise, when two of his letters fell into her husband's hands, and the great writer was forced to stoop to the pretence that they were written in jest. Monsieur Hanska does not appear to have disturbed himself much about the matter; he was evidently flattered by the friendship between his wife and the great author, and from time to time he wrote Balzac polite and stilted epistles.

After his death, Balzac went to St. Petersburg to meet Madame

Hanska; but there were still obstacles in the way of their union. Madame Hanska could not marry a foreigner without handing over her fortune and estates to her daughter, of whom she was guardian, and who occupied the first place in her affections; while Balzac was crippled with debts and could not offer her a comfortable home. The record of the last few years of his life is a sad one. His health was failing, owing to overwork, want of exercise, and abuse of coffee as a stimulant, and the thought of the absent Madame Hanska tortured and agitated him so much that at times he was half-dazed, and could not write at all. Then he would again urge his weary body and overwrought brain to strenuous labour, that he might lessen the mountain of debt which was one of the obstacles between him and happiness; and, on the other hand, would perhaps increase his liabilities by the purchase of some costly knick-knack, to adorn what he hoped would in the future be his and Madame Hanska's home. Rapid journeys abroad to meet her caused constant interruptions to his literary work, further havoc to his health, and failure to meet his engagements; and his delay in finishing *Les Paysans* led to his final rupture with Emile de Girardin, who was vindictive in his reprisals. The Revolution of 1848 further embarrassed his affairs, as, in the general confusion and suspense, literature was relegated to a secondary place, the space in journals and magazines being fully occupied by discussions on the political situation. Balzac, who speaks of "les douleurs qui font trop vivre," must have lived very quickly and thoroughly at this time. He seemed to resemble one of his own characters, and to be trapped and mocked by a relentless fate when close to his goal. Nevertheless, he may have realised that in nature even the deepest shade is flecked with gleams of light, and that life can never be of the uniform gloomy tint which he pictures in *Le Père Goriot*, where "de marche en marche, le jour diminue et le chant du conducteur se creuse, alors que le voyageur descend aux Catacombes."

In 1846, one of the great obstacles to his union with Madame Hanska was removed by the marriage of her daughter Anna; and at Strasburg in the same year she definitely promised to become his wife. In 1847 she came to Paris to visit the home he had prepared for her, and in September of the same year he went to Ukraine; and after that was only divided from Madame Hanska for six months, from February till September, 1848. In Ukraine his health became rapidly worse; the climate was too inclement for him, and one violent cold after another increased his long-standing heart disease. He suffered from terrible palpitations and attacks of suffocation, and in 1849 became so ill that a loud

voice or a quick step caused him acute suffering. The Czar refused permission for Madame Hanska's marriage, Balzac's debts were still pressing on him, and the matter seemed well-nigh hopeless. Madame Hanska proposed that he should go back alone to Paris, and he spoke in despair of the impossibility of offering to her a life as broken as his. One should "die in one's form"; and he said he would return to Paris, and board in one room. It would not be living; but if the great happiness he longed for escaped him, he would care for nothing and would want nothing.

At last, touched by his silent despair—he had ceased now to urge Madame Hanska to become his wife—she suddenly consented to sacrifice her fortune, and to leave her adored daughter and her country for his sake; and on the 14th of March, 1850, they were married at the church of Sainte Barbe de Berditcheff, Balzac signing himself in a letter to his sister, written the day after: "Thy brother Honoré, at the summit of happiness." About a month later they started from Wierzchownia, but were often delayed on the way, owing to Balzac's increasing illness, and did not arrive in Paris till May 20th. The house was very gay; it had been decorated with flowers, about which Balzac had sent minute directions, and was crowded with the works of art which he had taken years to collect. There he died on the 20th of August, 1850, about four months after his wedding, with his great work the *Comédie humaine* still unfinished. According to the account of his friends, he had already failed to find the intense happiness he had expected in his married life, but probably his anticipations were too rose-coloured to be possible of realisation. He was buried at Père-Lachaise; and Victor Hugo, who had visited him the day before his death, when he found him lying apparently conscious and almost alone, made an oration over his grave.

MARY F. SANDARS.

SOCIAL SICKNESS.

SINCE the days when the cave-man of the earliest ages went out and slew the mammoth, bringing his tusks home as merchandise, and the steaks of his gigantic body to make on the hearth the pleasant smell of bake-meats, down to the present day, there have been two quests which, above all others, have occupied the souls and minds of men. The first of these is making love, the second is making money. Their feminine counterparts, with which we shall also to some extent concern ourselves, are equally universal, and are being made love to and spending money.

In the first days of the world both of these quests which men pursued were exceedingly simple and uncomplicated operations, and required merely superior physical strength. The object of a man's love was, if possible, seized and carried off, and money or its equivalent in ivory, flocks and herds and what not, was seized and carried off likewise. Then by very slow degrees some system of moral codes and ethics began to be evolved out of the straight and simpler ways of barbarism, and that evolution of conduct which we call civilisation, combined and taken in conjunction with various religious creeds, has, in the course of centuries, produced the world of to-day which differs very much indeed in details from the world of the cave-men. But the two great quests remain absolutely unaltered; we still make love, and we still make money, and the questions we propose here to consider are how far we have really advanced from the methods of barbaric days, and what use do we make of money, the second quest, when we have attained it.

Now there are a great many people in the world whose sole and only creed seems to be "The world was made to amuse me. Nothing else matters. Amen!" And it is exactly because the present writer does not at heart believe that the world was made to amuse either him or anybody else that he writes this short contribution to a subject that is, perhaps, of perennial interest, and is certainly interesting at the present moment, particularly with regard to America. For it is only those who have already made enough money to enable them to amuse themselves (if they have the wit), or at any rate to command the world in general to exercise for them and their cheques its utmost powers of entertainment, who can really hold this creed. On all others the

great sane gospel of the worker is binding; they must use their limbs or their brains on most days of the year. They are tired, maybe, they must still work; they have heartache or toothache, but they must still work, because they have not yet realised the second of the universal quests to their liking. Herein they are most heartily to be congratulated, for they are at present immune to the germs of the most acute attack of Social Sickness that the world has probably ever seen. When the day comes that they have as much money as they want, but not till then, will they be liable to an attack. Then, unless they are very strong, so charged is the air with the bacilli, so hard is it to escape infection, they will be "down" with the worst sickness that ever happened to them, a sickness that destroyeth in the noonday, and at morning and at night, that corrodes and spoils all pleasure, that extinguishes happiness with a jolt and a jerk, even as the lamps in an electric car down Broadway are extinguished as it bumps over the points that mentally and morally will be their ruin. But if they are sufficiently strong to resist infection, then they will find that they have had given into their hands an instrument for happiness as potent as are warm suns in spring for growing plants, and showers of early summer for the rising blades of corn.

It is a most extraordinary and common phenomenon to see a man who is possessed of brains capable of making money quickly and perhaps even honestly, prove himself the veriest dullard when it comes to spending it. His inventive faculties, it seems, are often wanting, and in his hands the spending of money degenerates into a mere vulgar and stupid display. Nor, on the whole, are the wives of such men one whit cleverer in such matters. More especially is this the case when they or their husbands have only lately become the possessors of great wealth. They may, it is true, sit in impeccable Louis XVI. rooms (not of their own choosing), they may eat their dinners off priceless Sèvres, the silken prayer-rugs of the East—how much degraded from such uses—may receive their noiseless footsteps, and frescoed vaults their far from noiseless laughter. But if culture—to use the term in its broadest sense—is absent, the Genoese velvets, the frescoed ceilings, the Louis XVI. suites, simply *do not fit* their bastard owner. She and her friends are no more suited to the sort of room which the wit, the breeding, the culture of the great ladies of France and England, with five hundred years of familiarity with such things behind them, caused to be made for their gatherings, than they are suited to dresses of other figures. Such inhabitants are as discordant to such rooms as would be plush brackets on the walls. And more than anything

else the sort of entertainment which is given in these misbegotten palaces betrays the illegitimacy, so to speak, of their occupants. Wealth in such cases has given its possessor the power of possessing beautiful things; what it never has given and never can give, is the power of being in drawing with those beautiful things, the art of living beautifully. That, unless it is a hereditary gift, has to be learned, slowly and patiently; but instead of attempting to learn it—the effort, it is true, would probably be futile—instead of studying and being slowly tuned to that note which in the beginning caused these beautiful things to be made, the *nouvelle riche* of our day travesties and degrades them without seeing that she makes herself pathetically ridiculous by her deplorable antics in her transplanted palaces. Are gardenias out of season? She has two continents ransacked, and the walls of the ballroom are papered with them from ceiling to floor. The smell is overpowering, and no one can dance, but so many thousands of dollars have been got rid of with senseless ill-taste. Later there is a cotillon, where each guest receives a present worth five hundred more. Or she gives a *fête champêtre,* and has a salt-water lake dug down by the sea-shore, and stocked with real pearl oysters. Then her guests take off their shoes and stockings—this is sure to be popular—and wade in with real naked feet to pick up the pearls. For the mere display of wealth, the beautiful house, the gem-like garden, it would seem nowadays, is not enough; it is necessary also to squander money, even to give the guests presents of value (to induce them, must we suppose, to come to the house?) as if hospitality, the desire to see one's friends at one's house, together with their desire to see their friends, was no longer a sufficient motive to bring them. And, indeed, it probably is not. Half of them, perhaps, or even more, have not come because they want to see each other, but because they wish to witness some extravagant display of money-spending, and because the cotillon presents are sure to be valuable. But in such cases surely it would be much simpler to make out a list of guests, and send them each a five-hundred dollar bill. It would also be less vulgar. That is why it is not done.

All mere ostentation is vulgar, all wealth spent for mere purposes of display is vulgar also. That is the object of such entertainments. In the good cause, then, if the distribution of five-hundred dollar bills is not thought satisfactory, why not invite your friends to see you burn bonds for an hour or two? On the whole, more money could be got rid of in this way with less expenditure of time and less exposure of your very feeble inventive powers. Such entertainments as the purely imaginary one sketched above are mere vulgar misuse of wealth, and

considering what admirable things money can procure, those who give them are criminal lunatics.

Now those who in America and elsewhere have not the inventiveness to spend money less idiotically, do far more harm by their example than by the mere puerile exhibition itself, for they encourage others to go on the same lines, and make such folly—save the mark—fashionable. Of course mere dulness of mind, though often accompanied by great apparent vivacity, is partly accountable for their displays; like the cuttlefish, which blackens and clouds the water round it, so that it can see nothing beyond the grossness of its own making, so the wealth that surrounds such people so envelops and encompasses them that they can see nothing through the yellow fog of gold. Nor have they the wit to perceive that the greatest boon that wealth has brought to them is leisure, that priceless gift by means of which a person has time to devote himself to the knowledge and pursuit of charity or beauty. Instead, those who by reason of their superfluity of worldly goods have leisure, are very often those who most feverishly of all shun it, owing to the intolerable burden of their own stupidity. Every minute of the day must be somehow expensively occupied. The flying automobile whirls them to the lunch they do not want to eat; a little racing or a little feeble gallantry called a mixed foursome at golf follows, and they tear back to dress for dinner. Bridge succeeds dinner, and to the accompaniment of scandal or pursuits even less innocent, the large hours grow small, and the small begin to grow large again. The morning is passed in affairs of toilette, and again the day repeats itself. All autumn is taken up with a series of house-parties, and then, perhaps, succeeds a month on the Riviera, or two in Egypt; about Easter London wakes up, and the pace grows faster, though the nature of the occupations varies not one whit, and a fortnight at Carlsbad repairs some of the damage of the year. Month in, month out, the shower of gold, as in the fable of Danaë, pours thick, and by degrees Danae grows old. Then mixed with the shower of gold, rouge and hair-dye and alien tresses lend their aid to make a grizzly kitten of her.

Indeed, it seems as if there never was an age in which so much money was spent with so little result in the way of real enjoyment or beauty, or when the creed, "The world was made to amuse me," was so fanatically believed in with so little justification for the faith. Has, indeed, what we call "the woman of the world" grown so stupid that with all that wealth can buy at her command, she can find nothing more amusing to do than to dress expensively, play bridge, and fling the rest of her money

into idiotic entertainments? If, indeed, the custom of routine has so deadened any other tastes she may once have had, that like a squirrel in a cage she can do no more than keep on turning in her gilded wires with these insensate gyrations, she is truly pitiable, and the State should take cognisance of her sad case, and have her taught plain sewing or something which may conceivably do good to somebody, and perhaps rescue her from the encroaching atrophy of her mind. For there is no manner of doubt that such a mode of life as this woman of the world often indulges in, soon produces an unutterable ennui, a *tædium vitæ* which is among the saddest things that can happen to anybody. If she did really amuse herself by her foolish and feverish mode of life there would be something gained, viz., amusement. But in many cases she does not; before long she has ceased to take pleasure in her gyrations, but she knows not how to do anything else except gyrate. Her time of child-bearing, maybe, has come and gone, the memory of it is to her now repugnant, even as at the time the fact was horrible. And if this is the case she is worse than a mere butterfly, and one day she will be asked a question before which she will be dumb. Her children at an early age will probably have seen but little of her, but as the daughters grew up they saw more. They saw the senseless extravagance, the feverish pursuit of pleasure, the brainless struggling to keep in the swim. They saw, perhaps, things more dubious, then they guessed, and then they knew things that were vile. They themselves were married to men of wealth and position, from ambition on their parts, or, more likely, from ambition on the part of her who ought to have saved them from this. Then by the light of that smoky and foul lamp which the *mariage de convenance* brought, they understood why their mother stayed so often at certain houses, why a certain man was so often there. And what shall the mother answer when she is asked, "What have you done with your girl?"

Here, then, comes in the first quest. Money has been made, let us say, and the second quest realised, and there is more leisure to deal with the first. Frankly, when so many unhappy marriages are paraded in public courts (and the world perhaps would have been better for more of them), it is not a very pretty subject. For the fact remains that in certain sections of society there is as much "flirting" among married folk as among unmarried. Either this is right and decent, or it is not. If it is, of course there is nothing whatever more to be said on the subject. But since it is in truth neither right nor decent, the subject matter of such scandal supplies in certain sets a source of conversation as perennial and much more piquant than the weather, and seems to be far

less visitable with censure than a rainy day. There it is, discussed freely, commented on; a human comedy, the natural sequence to "The world is made to amuse me." The words "good," "wicked," in fact, among such people are obsolete, and it is worse than obsolete to use them, it is simply ill-bred. "*Fay ce que voudras*," was the mottò of Medmenham Abbey. It is also the motto among such folk to-day. The difference, however, between them and the "monks" of Medmenham is very great, for the "monks" anyhow were witty and cultured people, who would no more have thought of spending their money on sham pearl fisheries or equestrian dinner parties than they would have thrown it into the Thames. That they were wicked is deplorable; in that they were witty, though it does not in the least degree excuse their wickedness, they had some justification for existence. But it is sheer damnation to be wicked without being funny.

Ten thousand people in the days of Louis XVI. were housed under the roof at Versailles during the royal fêtes. Let us assume that, take it all round, three servants waited on each, what hostess or host to-day could make anything but a hurly-burly out of over two thousand guests? Yet there were then no pearl fisheries, no banquets of delicacies out of season to tickle the palate jaded with pleasure, and form the *comble* of the entertainment. What did they do to prevent themselves being hopelessly and entirely bored? It was not so much what they did, but what they were. For they were the flower of an old and noble civilisation, men and women of wit and culture, to whom the splendour in which they lived was the natural *milieu* of their lives, to whom the sculpture of Jean Goujon, the canvases of Watteau, of Lancret, were vivid and interesting things, not merely to be hung up because "my husband paid a hundred thousand pounds for the set at Duveen's." The minds of the guests of Louis XVI. were alert, artistic; wit was theirs, and the laughter that rang through the gardens the tribute of cultivated intelligences to the quick challenge and riposte. Cards were a diversion to them, not the serious occupation of eight hours a day, and though it would be idle to deny that there was artificiality—witness the milkmaid parties of the Queen at Petit Trianon—the gaiety redeemed it, and the *esprit* of the guests flashes still through the volumes of a hundred memoirs. But what volume could be written, even one, and that how jejune, of the cotillons of to-day, or of the equestrian dinner party? All the accessories and more are here, wealth unlimited, the most beautiful women, the most distinguished men. What then is lacking? All. For to sign cheques for the building of a house does not confer on you the power of living in it in the way it should be lived in: to give a party is not to be able to

give that nameless distinction which alone makes pomp enjoyable or even endurable. For, to put it briefly, a woman without culture cannot walk across a finely furnished room without looking ridiculous. Once a jackdaw got some jay's feathers to wear. They did not secure the success their pilferer anticipated.

Now, no one would hold up the times of Louis XVI., of the Medicis at Florence, of Tiberius and Nero at Rome, as a sound moral example for our younger civilisation to follow. But a certain section of our younger civilisation seems to desire to take all that was bad and vulgar from each period, dress it up in the modern trappings and accessories of luxury, and serve up the horrible compound to an admiring world as an example of the enviable life. Therefore—this is what it comes to—since Neronian Rome was luxurious, and millions of sesterces were squandered over a single banquet, let us do the like; let us build houses like Versailles, and pour into them the treasures of the Borghese palaces, and the times of Louis XVI. will return; let us adopt the morals of the Borghias—that is easy, for they had none—and sunlit Italy will rise again, and that exquisite life blossom and be renewed on most northern shores. But never was there attempted a more hopeless task, and never was a task more illogically set about, for the splendour and glory of these epochs as well as their shame were the natural expression of those who made them, even as vulgarity and shrill, harsh voices are the natural expression of those who try to ape them. The Medicis surrounded themselves with beautiful things, and brought the great sculptors of the world to their courts, because beauty was to them a passion, a part of their life, bequeathed to their blood by a hundred ancestors, part of their atmosphere and environment. But the man who has yesterday, so to speak, made his millions in a shambles in Chicago, is as much out of place if he apes the extravagance of French kings, buys by the yard books which he does not read, and tapestries which he does not like, as would Louis XVI. be on the floor of the Stock Exchange. Give him and his wife an electric car, or a drawing-room furnished with a telephone. That is their proper equipment: it is not beautiful, nor are they.

Extravagance, unhappily, is in the blood of some people, and such, though we do not commend them for it, will be naturally extravagant without effort, and produce as a result of their expenditure something which we cannot but admire for the artistic quality of its profusion. But there is nothing whatever to be said for the extravagance which spends merely in order to spend, particularly when up till yesterday or the day before all the man's wits have been devoted to saving. The result is forced and awkward; money is firmly grasped with both hands and thrown away

with dogged determination. In the same way also immorality was unfortunately native to Neronian Rome. But to the Puritan blood it is not native, and to force one's self to be wicked against the inclinations of one's nature is a very ugly and wooden proceeding.

There is no doubt that in the last twenty years, and with increased acceleration in the last four or five, a certain recklessness of living, of which mere stupid extravagance is only a small example, has increased enormously among English-speaking people. But this stupid extravagance in certain sets of the upper classes in England and America led the way, and in the desire to be completely up-to-date many have thrown overboard all those things which sober and honourable people, who are still the majority as they are also the backbone of the nation, consider to be worth preserving in the social fabric. Indeed they have gone far, and across the Channel even Paris, that meat market of sensuality, holds up its hands in wonder when it sees, as it has had opportunity of seeing, a husband acquiescing without a word in his wife's dishonour. Paris can stand a good deal; it can stand also a good deal which we cannot, but that particular grossness is beyond it. It is absurd for us to shut our eyes and pretend that such a thing does not exist among us; for there are husbands who, knowing beyond a doubt that their wives lead other lives, shrug their shoulders and think what a convenient institution matrimony is, since it leaves both parties so free. Their friends know it, their world knows it, and calls the dishonour of the two mere good sense. But if such a state of affairs becomes common, then God help the nation. For the base and foundation of national life is soundness in the home, and if the home be built of rotten and corrupt structure the time will not be long before, with a crash, the whole fabric totters and falls. Then, if it is ever to rise again, the very foundations must be made anew. But even as the danger is near and imminent, so, too, is the remedy near, ready to the hand, in the keeping of the wives and daughters of our nations.

This recklessness of living is not confined to any one of the relations of life; where it exists it exists in all. Nothing matters, so runs the horrid gospel; let us therefore do at this moment what amuses us most, and take no thought for what bill the accumulation of such days will send us. A merciful Providence, it is hoped, will continue, in exchange for our gold, our time, perhaps our honour, to supply us every day with a nice new packet of amusements. That is all we ask, and if, like Faust, we have to sign a certain bond on it, why, with pleasure. Let us take "the cash and let the credit go," as the honeymouthed cynic of Persia bids

us. For, if we have no scruples at all, there is a vast amount of amusement which may be extracted from life. But, unfortunately, surely by a most unfair arrangement, the more recklessly we live, the more feverishly we pursue such a course of life, the more addled we get. Things which a year or two ago amused, amuse no longer, even the enchanting pearl-fishery does not bear repetition, and again and again we have to cudgel our wits, often fruitlessly, for something new. And gall is left unto us at the end, and our gold is the colour of ashes.

Culture does not spell corruption, and though some of the most cultured ages of the world have been corrupt, it is false to think that the one in any degree implies the other. Still more false and futile is it to attempt to recapture the glory of any such age by imitating its vileness. Society need not be dull because it abhors adultery, while (incidentally) it will be clean, and its foundations, which are home, will be built on rock. Nor, though beautiful things are expensive, does ostentation or extravagant display ever do anything but vulgarise. If, as is sincerely to be hoped, and as material conditions would seem to indicate, we are on the threshold of an age that will surpass in magnificence any that has gone before, the door will never swing open to a society that is impure in its nature, and vulgar in its aims. Struggles go to the making of wealth, but if struggles accompany its spending, we may be sure that there is something wrong in the mode of expenditure. It is not by riches that the bourgeois lifts himself out of the bourgeoisie, but by intelligence, by culture, and by the love of beauty. These no riches will give him, but without them the golden age, Social Health, will still hold aloof from the earth.

E. F. BENSON.

THE CHARTER OF SECONDARY EDUCATION.

THE Education Act of 1902 was, above all things, a great measure of decentralisation. It made education in all its branches a function of local government, and thereby relieved the Board of Education of a vast amount of administrative detail which could be better transacted by the local authorities on the spot. Unfortunately, the work thus delegated to the new authorities was more or less in a tangle owing to the Board having hitherto arranged its administration on financial considerations rather than on any settled educational principles. It acted like a vast agency for paying for national education by piece-work. Occasionally it put a higher, not to say a fancy, price on this or that school product; but it rarely seemed to recognise that its responsibilities went beyond passing and paying for the work presented for its inspection, and embraced the task of outlining a comprehensive scheme for national education, while defining at the same time the general province and aim of each particular branch. The unsatisfactory condition of things thus created may be best realised if we imagine the Paymaster-General being placed at the head of the War Office and permitted to organise the Army to meet his own financial convenience. It is only our widespread ignorance of what education really is that prevents our finding the attitude of the office previous to 1902 equally ludicrous. Happily, in Mr. Morant, the new head of Whitehall, the country possesses an administrator who does not regard education as synonymous with, much less subordinate to, book-keeping. The Act of 1902, by relieving the office of a mass of administrative minutiæ, has enabled it to find time for the formulation of a definite system of national education based on really scientific principles. This is being outlined in a new series of rules and regulations which are being issued to the public. Each branch of education is separately dealt with, several of them for the first time. Moreover, the method of treatment has been radically changed. The previous editions were, in more cases than one, masterpieces of official circumlocution, crusted with the accretions of years of administrative rulings, and bristling with technicalities intelligible only to the *cognoscenti*. Your true mandarin is never happy till he has devised an esoteric jargon of his own. Such a *chevaux de frise* style effectually warns off the curiosity of the impertinent layman. What is he to make of a

teacher who is labelled "article 68," or of a school that is ticketed as a "B school"? The recent Education Act has taken education out of the hands of the school board clerk, and entrusted it to the care of popular representatives, who have no time to master these official shibboleths. The editor of the new issue has taken this important factor into consideration. The whole series is being re-written and rearranged. All scholastic and meaningless phraseology has been expunged, and the aim and organisation of each branch of education clearly presented. When completed, it should form an admirable set of guide-books to national education, indispensable to all connected with local administration.

In the earliest volume of the new series, the Board has placed the elementary school, for the first time in its history, on a scientific basis by defining its aim and objective, and indicating the position it should occupy in the economy of national life. Henceforth it can no longer be regarded as a sort of poor relief institution on a par with the public vaccination station, in which the three R's are dispensed free, gratis, and for nothing, or as a labour house in which the efficient child helps to earn something to keep down the rates; but as an intellectual workshop in which the citizen and worker of to-morrow is formed and trained. The notion of a proper curriculum is also insisted on. The pupil is not to be fed on snacks and scraps of information, but on a carefully thought-out intellectual diet. The old bad ideal that has so long dominated our schools, of the accumulation of facts, of turning the child into a miniature encyclopædia, or, rather, dictionary of disconnected data, is banned in favour of the far truer conception of the assimilation of principles by the observation, classification, and cross-referencing of phenomena. In a word, the cultivation of the memory is superseded by the cultivation of the pupil's powers of perception, reasoning, and imagination. What the Board has done in its volume for elementary education, it has attempted to do in the Code just issued for Secondary Schools. Here the revolution is even more sweeping, because so little comparatively has yet been done in this neglected sphere of national education.

Secondary Education has been until recently a veritable Cinderella among her more fortunate sisters. This want of popular interest has been due to a variety of causes. One reason, no doubt, is the vagueness of the term. Imported from France, where it possessed the specific meaning of that grade of education which is intermediate between the primary school and the university, it has been used wrongfully in England to connote all forms of education which are not either elementary or university. It has not only been applied to the big public and endowed schools, but also to the *ci-devant* higher grade, the technical, normal, even-

ing, and even private schools. Another reason for its neglect has been the inability of the upper classes to appreciate the gravity of the problem. The splendid façade of the public schools, to which they sent their own children, hid from them the woeful lack in the supply of good secondary day schools for those who are not rich enough to send their sons to boarding schools. On the other hand, the leaders of the working classes had scarcely got beyond the idea of adding a top storey to the elementary school. Yet the shortage has been a very serious one. During the last hundred years the population of England and Wales has increased fourfold. The pressure of foreign competition has intensified the need of a liberal education for the farmer's son in the country, and for the tradesman's son in the town. There is, in fact, no profession to-day that does not demand from those who enter it a higher standard of general education than heretofore, while science, in its application to industry, transport, and distribution, has created a hundred new callings, each of which requires of its postulants evidence of a successful novitiate in some secondary school. Moreover, we are further confronted to-day by the need to provide for women's education, which was practically an unknown problem to our forefathers. Taking all the factors together, it is certainly no exaggeration to say that the demand for secondary education is, or ought to be, ten times as great as in 1801. Clearly the "housing" problem in secondary education is an acute one. It is true that in the earlier part of the century private initiative made most laudable efforts to fill in this immense gap in our educational system. Above all praise have been the efforts of those who have contributed to the renaissance of women's education. But private initiative has absolutely failed to grapple adequately with the problem, and it is not till comparatively recently that efforts have been made from public sources to supplement the deficiency. In both instances the result has been attained in a roundabout way. The old science and art department took to subsidising science-teaching in secondary and higher grade schools, owing to the dearth of properly equipped students in the higher stages of science, and starting from this one-sided interest in the schools they finally extended their supervision to the entire curriculum. The local committees appointed to administer the Technical Instruction Acts went through a somewhat similar experience. They were finally led to assist or create secondary schools in order to provide nurseries to feed their higher technological classes with suitable students. And, lastly, as the work of the larger School Boards grew and expanded, its leaders became aware of the vast hinterland that lay at the back of primary education outside the pale of the big public schools, unoccupied, for the most part, except

where the private schoolmaster had squatted. It was over this no man's land that the Technical Instruction Committee established their protectorate, which brought them into collision with the School Board pioneers. The upshot was the Cockerton award, which ruled out the School Boards from this debatable sphere of influence, and rendered the Parliamentary settlement of 1902 absolutely necessary. Even on this occasion secondary education met with very perfunctory treatment. It was dealt with under the rubric of higher education, which served as a convenient portmanteau word, into which the Government bundled every kind of education other than primary, being more concerned on getting their heavy baggage, the elementary portion, through the Parliamentary custom-house. Higher education, in fact, included such unassorted trifles as training of teachers, university education, technical instruction, and evening classes. In providing a separate guide for each of these branches of education, the Board is paving the way towards the separate administration of these very different educational functions, and thereby incidentally compelling the local authority to consider the needs of each branch of education within its province, with a view of differentiating its efforts to the best advantage.

The new guide wisely refrains from giving a cut-and-dried definition of secondary education. We have always avoided, and it is to be hoped we shall always avoid, the Continental practice of first devising a pattern and then forcing the existing schools to conform to it. On the other hand, the new regulations insist on the existence of certain definite underlying principles that mark off the secondary school from other educational institutions. Such identification marks are the general nature of the instruction, and the fact that it must constitute a whole in itself. The secondary school is therefore distinguishable, on the one hand, from the technical institute, in which the instruction given is professional, and on the other, from the evening classes, where the student can pick and choose his subjects, and is not obliged to work through the programme as a whole. The latter distinction is a very vital one. The neglect to observe it has caused a vast amount of confusion in English education, yet its *raison d'être* is simple enough. If secondary education is regarded as mental training, it is obvious that the ingredients of that training require to be very carefully chosen and compounded, and no one can be considered to have obtained the full benefit of it who has not strictly adhered to the directions given throughout the entire course. On the other hand, the student who attends an evening school is merely seeking to supplement his existing education in those matters in which he considers his previous training to have been imperfect; he there-

fore does not take all the subjects, but merely those in which he desires to improve his present stock of knowledge. While the aim in view of the secondary pupil is to obtain an all-round training, the objective of the evening classes student is specialisation in such weak points as he considers need strengthening, or practice in purely professional matters such as book-keeping or type-writing. The very discipline in the two types of school is different. The secondary pupil is compelled willy-nilly to accomplish daily a definite amount of work; the evening classes student can carry away as little or as much as he likes. The one is the school of the adolescent; the other is the school of the adult.

Four years is the period insisted on by the Board as constituting the secondary proper part of the school life of a pupil, provided it does not terminate before 16. The actual secondary course may begin earlier or terminate later, but this is the irreducible minimum. These stipulations deserve the widest publicity as representing the verdict of the highest expert opinion, and should be specially brought to the notice of English parents, who are sad offenders in the way in which they often take their children away in the very middle of the school course. Yet it is obvious that a boy who "breaks his training" half-way through must go out into the world but half-fit for the battle of life compared with one who has completed the full course. A still more fatal practice is the habit of sending boys for a year, or even a shorter period, to a higher school in order to "finish." The problem presented to the unfortunate schoolmaster is equivalent to the puzzle of how to put a roof on a building, the walls of which are still unfinished. Many a parent who would not dream of curtailing his "cure" at Buxton or Harrogate thinks nothing of curtailing his boy's normal stay at school, although his experience of the cumulative benefit derived from staying for the full period in the one case should prevent his making the blunder of depriving his boy of the intensive value of the last year of the full educational course. Happily, the schools themselves will henceforth be vitally interested in inducing their pupils to stay on for the full period. The Board have declared a vigorous war against skeleton classes in the upper parts of those schools which aspire to be recognised as secondary. It refuses to be deluded any longer by the thin screens of pupils that have garnished the upper classes of such schools. Henceforth the top of the school will have to contain a substantial contingent of the whole if it is to be eligible for public grants. In addition, various precautions are taken to prevent the commencing classes of the course being packed with immature recruits; the average age of the lowest form must be at least 13. The Cherubim type of school, under which the top classes of a school

were arbitrarily severed from the main body and re-christened a school of science, is irrevocably condemned. The Board expressly declares that it regards the preparatory and posterior classes as integral parts of the school as a whole, and therefore under its direct supervision. It is clear that the secondary school of the future is going to be up to pattern and sample as far as the Board is concerned.

Under the *régime* of the old Science and Art Department the literary side of the curriculum was too often sacrificed to the exorbitant claims of science. Except in such schools as those in which special courses in science are permitted, literary subjects will henceforth obtain adequate treatment. Each school is left a certain liberty in drawing up its curriculum to suit local conditions, but certain minima in English and modern languages are prescribed. These minima in English, two foreign languages, science and mathematics, amount to eighteen hours out of a total of twenty-two in some day schools, yet the Board adds :—

> *Ample* [italics are mine] time is left for a well-planned curriculum to add considerably to the minimum in one or more of these groups of subjects as well as to include adequate provision for systematic physical exercises; for drawing, singing, and manual training; for the instruction of girls in the elements of housewifery, and for such other subjects as may profitably be included in the curriculum of any particular school.

Is this "writ sarcastic," or has the Board solved the problem of getting a quart measure into a pint pot?

The Board has not merely beaten the bounds of secondary education, it has also attempted to classify the different types of secondary schools which a proper national system should possess. Until we have evolved certain definite types of schools with clear-cut aims that all can understand, we shall always be at the mercy of the quacks and charlatans who offer to teach everything that parents desire. Some of our weaker secondary schools have not been above suspicion in this respect in their desire to attract or retain pupils. Such protective mimicry is quite fatal to the real interests of the school which is driven out of self-preservation to adopt it. In professing to cater for all it is able to cater satisfactorily for none. The Board has taken a great step forward in defining the three categories into which secondary schools may be divided—literary, scientific, and classical. It further divides them into those in which the leaving age is 18—19, 17, or 16 ; but whether this is merely a duplicate of the previous division or a cross-section is far from clear. Let us hope the Board contemplates the recognition of nine rather than of three types of schools. In the small country town the literary type whose pupils leave at 19 would be ludicrously out of place, whereas the literary modern

type with 16 as the leaving age would very possibly do good work. But it is more especially in the case of scientific and commercial schools that we need the existence of more than one type. The higher technological institute of the Charlottenburg type would not fail to profit by receiving its freshmen at the age of 18 or 19 rather than 17, while the commercial school might well keep on its pupils till the same age in order to pass them on to such an institution as the London School of Economics. The most serious blot, however, on the new Code is the continuation of the undue financial preference shown to the scientific schools. Probably the Board feels in honour bound to maintain the grants, having in the first instance induced the schools to undergo heavy initial expenses in the building of laboratories. As far as the actual amount goes, they are by no means excessive, while to rob the scientific Peter in order to level up the share of the literary Paul would do science harm, and would not place literary education on a proper financial basis. The only satisfactory course to take is to raise the literary grant to the standard of the other. Our parsimony towards secondary education is perfectly disgraceful when we compare our present meagre doles with what France, Germany, Switzerland, or America spend per head on this item. The real blame for the present unsatisfactory state of secondary education lies entirely with the cheese-paring Tadpoles and Tapers at the Treasury, who take special delight in starving that branch of national administration whose work they probably understand the least. Their control, which is often maladroit in other branches of the public services, is in this particular instance simply disastrous. By all means let us have a general control of the spending powers of all public offices, but let it be exercised by sympathetic experts and not bureaucratic ignoramuses in the real problems of each several department. Perhaps, when the War Office stable has been swept out, this Government, or the next, may take in hand the reorganisation of the irresponsible *publicani* at the Treasury.

The concluding paragraphs of these epoch-making regulations deal with a very important point. There seems to be some danger that the new authorities, who in many cases are likely to inherit the old School Board traditions, may be tempted to exercise over the secondary schools the same minute supervision as the School Boards were wont to exercise over the elementary schools in the past. Hence the Board very properly insists on the need of maintaining the governing body as a sort of buffer-state between the school and the two authorities. To reduce the governing body to the level of a board of managers in an elementary school would be effectually to eliminate the particular type of public-spirited

governor who has done so much for the school in the past. Still more serious would be the effect of any attempt to reduce the headmaster to the level of the principal in a primary school. Probably some readjustment is necessary in respect to the appointment and dismissal of assistant-teachers; but in other respects the prerogative of the headmaster should be jealously guarded as far as compatible with the effective control of the local and central authorities. The headmaster must, as heretofore, enjoy a large extent of liberty, for without liberty there can be no real responsibility, and what is almost more important, there can be no room for initiative and experiment. A headmaster who is hampered by red-tape soon finds the safest way for avoiding censure is to confine himself strictly to routine; but routine is the death of education. Most probably the hard-headed practical men who compose the majority of our county and borough councils are well aware that no business can be a success unless the managing director has a free hand. Still, the Board has done no harm in taking time by the forelock and defining thus early the precise functions of the various bodies concerned.

We are further promised separate regulations dealing with the other branches of higher education, including evening schools and normal colleges. Each sphere of education will thus be plotted out and demarcated. Hitherto there have been a certain number of persons who have opposed delimitation on the intelligible grounds that nothing should be done to shut off education into different compartments. Certainly it is manifest that, under rival authorities, delimitation must mean the establishment of "cordons" and barriers, but the whole aspect changes when each sphere of education is under one and the same authority. In such a case we have rather an education Zollverein between equal contracting parties, who maintain their independence while multiplying the points of contact. The more solidly every grade of education is established, the more easily is it able to take cognisance of its own problems and render them intelligible to the other grades with which it is so indissolubly connected that the prosperity or weakness of one affects the well-being of all. The thorough organisation of secondary education will enable it to make its aims and its claims thoroughly known to those in authority, whether locally or at the centre. The happy moment so long awaited in vain by Matthew Arnold has at length arrived. The present Code represents its articles of incorporation, the charter under which it takes its place in the fighting line among the organised spiritual forces that the country recognises as indispensable factors in the great Weltkampf for national existence.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

THE PESSIMISTIC RUSSIAN.

In estimating the special racial characteristics of a nation certain traits are curiously apt to make an abiding, though exaggerated, impression upon foreign onlookers. Such traits, to the complete negligence of others equally existent, frequently become proverbial abroad, albeit to the individuals of the nation in question they scarcely appear to have any special prominence. Thus *pessimism* is the distinctive attribute universally applied to Russia, and yet nine intelligent Russians out of ten would be very much astonished, if not aggrieved, were they informed that they come of a pessimistic race.

To begin with, comparatively few of the opinions expressed by foreigners upon Russia and the Russians are based upon information obtained by direct intercourse with the people or a personal knowledge of the country, and certain it is, that if we approach the Russians by the medium of their art, by their literature, for instance, or by their paintings, their music, a deep note of sadness is often, though not always, predominant. English critics have been at pains to account for this minor key, especially prevalent among Russian novelists, by pointing to the enslaving autocracy of the governing powers of the Empire. And yet, whilst the autocratic power of the Tsar was never more rigorously enforced than in the "blood and iron" reign of Nicholas I., it still remains a fact that it was during this very same reign that Russia conceived and brought forth her Griboyedov and her Gogol, two brilliant disciples of humour and laughter, and her first great masters of satiric comedy. On the other hand, it is equally true that the comparatively benignant, promising, humanitarian reign of Alexander II. produced the grievously bewailing Turgueniev, and the dismal, tragic Dostoyevsky. This bewailing spirit and dismally tragic tone of Russian novelists is, after all, in many instances considerably modified by what has been very graphically termed the "humour of style," a quality impossible of reproduction in translations. To the absence of this covert humour in foreign renditions of Russian writers may be due, in a great measure, the want of a full and correct estimate of the national character abroad.

Why then, is it because so little is known about Russia that the saddest corners of Russian life are to be taken as an average picture? The typical Russian, it must be observed, is decidedly no "happy medium" individual. His character, if correctly

analysed, will be found to embody two diametrically opposed natures. He is capable of being strung up to the highest pitch of hilarity, or else he is run down to the lowest note of melancholy and despair. *Dousha na raspashkê* (heart and soul oblivious of consequences) is, after all, the sum total of his character. He is absolutely unlike himself unless he is rushing with headlong enthusiasm after an extreme ideal. Thus, in politics, he flies from Autocracy to Nihilism; in religion, from Orthodoxy to Stundism or Tolstoyism; in travelling, from the springless tarrantass to the luxurious *train de luxe*; in literature, from Poushkin to Maxim Gorki. "Is this perhaps the consequence of the richness of the Russian virgin soil, which slumbered during so many centuries, that no seed can germinate in it without growing up to its extreme height?" asks Prince Volkonsky, in his extremely interesting *Lowell Lectures*. "You occasionally meet a man or woman who exactly embodies the Russian soil—a nature which is open, rich, luxurious, receptive, warm, without glow or heat, but which gives the impression of inexhaustible exuberance," answers Dr. Georg Brandès, in his equally interesting *Impressions of Russia*. The trait, however, which struck the latter personally more strongly than any other among the Russians, was what they themselves called *une large franchise*, a broad and proud frankness. Nowhere else are men and women occupying the most advanced places in culture heard expressing themselves so openly and without reserve. And behind this frankness lies a sense of horror and hatred of hypocrisy or cant, and a pride which shows itself in carelessness, so unlike English self-conscious stiffness, French prudence, German class pride. It is difficult to conceive any man taking his pleasure more keenly and with greater zest than a Russian. At a ball, for example, he will rise to a pitch of excited enjoyment unequalled even by an Englishman's state of tension over a football match. The Russian cannot understand the Englishman's stoicism of taking his pleasure seriously. But, on the other hand, he can sit at a card-table for twelve long hours at a stretch with his mind all the time engulfed in speculative problems of Bridge.[1] He is also on occasions quite ready to blow out his brains at the disgrace of being struck in the face in public by an inferior. It is to the social mania for card playing, possibly the inevitable consequence of the dearth of outdoor amusements, that the Russians themselves ascribe the main cause of the lethargic side of their temperament. "The Russian is melancholy, yet not splenetic in solitude, like the Englishman. It is a melancholy

(1) A correspondent of the *Novosty* lately adduced statistics to show that the average sum expended annually on card-playing and its accessories, in the clubs alone, exceeded by 7 million roubles the Budget for national education.

pervading the community. It is this which easily glides into sectarian mysticism " (Brandès' *Impressions of Russia*).

"This rush from one extreme to the other," as Leroy Beaulieu pertinently remarks, in a very instructive chapter of his *L'Empire des Csars*, "finds a singular analogy in the sharply defined phases of the Russian climate." It is indeed by no means too far a theory to consider the national temperament and character of the Russians as a direct reflex of the climate of their country. Roughly speaking, you have but two seasons in Russia. A long, intensely cold monotony of snow-clad winter, abruptly succeeded by the sudden blaze of a brilliant though brief summer-tide. Russia is the one country in the world which experiences within her boundaries moments of almost tropical heat driven back and chilled by a stern blast straight from the Arctic North. These quick changes of climate so totally alter the whole aspect of both landscape and atmosphere, that only when one has witnessed the winter and summer solstice in Russia can one understand her physical strength and weakness. So, also, only when one has studied a Russian man, and it may be more especially a Russian woman, in the grasp of a host of conflicting emotions, will one have a clue to the true national character. To summarise this character as chiefly pessimistic would be to leave out three-fourths of its component parts. And the more minutely we analyse the human characterisation and the subtly-drawn typically national types of such writers as Poushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Turgueniev, Tolstoy, or Gorki, not to mention a number of lesser authors, the more does this come home to us. There is hardly one of their *dramatis personæ* but has within his or her individuality a broad-toned major key as well as a pensive minor cadence.

The keynote of the national temperament of extremes in the Russian was sounded as early as the sixteenth century in one of the first characters which has become universally famous in Russian history. This is *Ivan Groznoy*, commonly known as *The Terrible*, or, to give the adjective *Groznoy* its nearest English equivalent, "*The Thunder-Threatener.*" As Belinsky, the critic, aptly expresses it: "The greater the soul of a man the more it is capable of undergoing the influence of good, and the deeper its fall in the abyss of crime the more does it harden in evil. Such was Ivan." There were enigmatical depths of passion in this man's nature, alternating, as it were, with unaccountable periods of actionless apathy. At certain moments he could be guilty of an animalism or a cruelty which seems to overlap human possibility even in those rugged, remote times which form a fitting background to his life; whilst at other periods he was almost feminine in his diffidence. We get quaint contemporary pictures

of him weeping, not at his sins, but at the touching spectacle of his own actual repentance for his misdeeds. There is a whole world of psychological research in this Ivan's personality. Small wonder, then, that the apparently irreconcilable contradictions of his character have been a lively theme of dispute for Russian historians; a never failing subject of the art utterances of latter-day Russian writers, musicians, and painters.

It is a melancholy fact that the highly-strung, impressionable nature of the Russian youth from the outset has little or no chance of a healthy mental development. The system of education and training existent in Russia is apt to turn youth into manhood before it is well out of its teens. Overloaded with a multitude of subjects for study at the gymnasium (preparatory high school), working, almost without respite and even during holidays, for the dreaded annual official examination, the young gymnasist is taxed to the utmost of his mental capacity, and his weary brain begins early to sap the vitality of his moral senses.

At the university, which is within reach of the poorest students (the sons of the wealthy matriculate in military academies), the process is reversed. Close compulsory study is replaced by voluntary attendance at lectures. A career of freedom from guardianship both in and out of doors, with a surplus of idle hours, awaits the young emancipated gymnasist. He now suddenly finds himself master of his time for study, and the door of easy access open to free enjoyment in self-indulgence and dissipation. Russian universities are not residential, and the students, chiefly drawn from the provinces, live in lodgings, often on very short allowances from home, which they have to replenish to make ends meet by giving private lessons. Hence, with no restrictions, no community of interest in outdoor games or sport, the new-fledged student, fresh from the trammels of gymnasium life, feels like a bird suddenly let loose from the cage he was hatched and bred in. Small wonder then that after a three years' course, mainly of carousing, the matured young man enters upon his life's career satiated with the frivolities of town life, and *blasé*.

A book on the modern Russian student has very recently been published in St. Petersburg, where it has created a troubled sensation. Its author, Boris Gegidzé, is himself an ex-university student, and is springing into fame as an author of the Gorki, Andreyev, Veristayev, and Abrov school. According to his view "Life in the gymnasium ends with 'drink.'" That in the university begins somewhat as represented by the following opening scene: "Last night I stayed in jolly company at the Aquarium (*café chantant*) till 3 a.m., therefore. . . ." The lectures at the university begin at 8 and 9 a.m., and the above-quoted opening

soliloquy of Volodya, the student initiate, is taking place in bed at 10 a.m., whilst he is leisurely perusing his morning letters, one of which starts him on an edifying train of thought. A fellow-student apprises him of a *piquante* acquaintance made by him a couple of weeks ago at a public dance. After an exhaustive dissertation on "the ravishing" charms of her youthful attractions and *naïveté*, he incidentally gives the address of his newly-discovered Desdemona. Volodya is, thereupon, suddenly inspired with the noble idea of robbing his friend of his prize, and his matutinal hours are leisurely spent in the highly elevating mental solution of the Byronic problem how to attain his desire.

Amongst the peasantry in the villages climatic influences and the want of either physical or mental exercise are, perhaps, more disastrous than in the towns. Young and old for more than half the year find themselves confined in wretched one-room cabins, often lighted by a chip of wood only. The impossibility of whiling away the long hours with any kind of occupation must inevitably conduce to a melancholy condition of mind and body.[1]

The want of sufficiently nutritious food makes the blood thin, the stimulants against the cold make the temperament nervous. Passivity becomes a fundamental trait, which is sharply and clearly manifested in the popular amusements. While the Spaniard takes his pleasure in bull-fights, either as participant or spectator; while the Englishman has his football, the Frenchman his *petits chevaux*, the German his *Kegel-bahn*, the Russian finds no happiness in any kind of vigorous sport or amusement. His chief delight is to listen to a hand-organ or harmonica playing; to swing or to ride on the switchback or the ice-hill, of which he is the inventor. In every Russian *tractir*, where common or better class of people assemble to enjoy the national food and to drink tea, there is invariably a great automatic organ, sometimes reaching to the ceiling, and equipped with a very fine musical power of reproducing all the instruments of a full military band. The visitor orders at his will an overture or an air of a popular opera, or a waltz, to suit his taste, for which there is no charge.

To the unhealthy and enervating conditions add the extreme poverty of the peasantry, the ineradicable effects of their long subjection to serfdom, linked with the many disappointments of their present state of quasi-freedom. With all this in view, the wonder is not that the peasant is pessimistic, but, on the contrary, that he is as stolidly good-humoured and jovial as a near acquaintance proves him indeed to

(1) The Board of Industry and Trade's latest statistics show the annual consumption of paraffin for lighting purposes, including street lighting, in the country and villages to be less than 5lbs. (about ½ gallon) per head of the population.

be. His choice of songs, again, and his manner of singing them, suggest a far from pessimistic temperament, and in his national dances, such as the *Kazatchòk*, or the *Kamàrinskaya*, he exhibits the same delight and animated enthusiasm as is displayed by his superiors in the exhilarating *Mazoùrka* of the fashionable ball-room.

To sum up, a Russian is an open-minded and open-handed man—an ugly foe, if you like, but a fast friend where he respects. In business and commercial transactions he is apt to display an Oriental indifference to moral responsibility. For we must always recollect that the Russian is half-Asiatic; that he has one foot in the Occident and the other in the Orient; that he can hardly be approached from our point of view. He is, above all, a realist, and eschews the slavery of conventionalism. His hospitality, universally proverbial, is, as in the mansion, so in the humble one-room cabin, as genuine as it is free from imitative "ritualistic" form and ceremony. His urbanity and his consideration for others, says an English critic, is a national trait which other nationalities might do well to imitate.

ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FIORETTI OF ST. FRANCIS D'ASSISI.

I.

CONCERNING PERFECT JOY.

Chapter VIII.

ONCE, as Saint Francis to Saint Mary's Shrine,
Named of the Angels, from Perugia went
With Brother Leo, in the time of Spring,
Tormented by the exceeding bitter cold,
He cried to Brother Leo, who strode before:
"Albeit the Brothers Minor in all lands
Give great ensamples of life-holiness
And godly edifying, do thou write,
O Brother Leo, and give good heed hereto,
That nathless not herein is perfect joy."
A second time, now further on his way,
"O Brother Leo," Saint Francis cried, "Albeit
A Minor Brother to blind eyes restore
The light of heaven, and make the crooked straight,
The deaf to hear, and the lame man to walk,
And to the dumb give speech, and, which is yet
A greater thing, raise up the four-days-dead,
Write thou that herein is not perfect joy."
And, going a little way, he loudly cried:
"Albeit the Minor Brother knew all tongues,
O Brother Leo, and all sciences,
Yea and all Scriptures, so that he had skill
To prophesy, nor only bring to light
Things future, but the secrets of the heart
And conscience, write: 'Not here is perfect joy.'"
And yet again, a little further on,
Saint Francis loudly called to him, and said:
"O Brother Leo, little Sheep of God!
Albeit the Minor Brother speak with tongue
Of Angels, and the courses of the stars,
And hidden virtues of the herbs, should know,
And all earth's treasures were revealed to him,
And though he understood of birds and fish
And of all beasts the virtues, and of men,
And trees, and rocks, and roots, and water, write
That neither in these things is perfect joy."
Then a brief space, and with loud voice once more,
"O Brother Leo," Saint Francis cried, "albeit
The Minor Brother be so skilled to preach,

As that all heathendom to Christ he win,
Write thou that herein is not perfect joy."
And, for two miles the fashion of his speech
Continuing thus, much marvelling, at length
Spake Brother Leo, and inquired of him:
"Father, I pray thee in the name of God
Thou tell me, then, wherein is perfect joy."
And thus Saint Francis answered him: "When we
Shall to Saint Mary of the Angels come,
Soaked thus with rain, and frozen with the cold,
And, mud-bespattered and with hunger spent,
Knock at the house-door, and the porter comes
In wrath, and asks: 'Who are ye?' and we say:
'Two of your Brethren we,' and he replies:
'Nay, but ye say not sooth, two rogues ye are,
Who go about cozening the world, to rob
The poor man of his alms; away with you!'
Nor will not open to us, and makes us stand
Out in the rain and snow, hungry and cold,
Even until nightfall; then, if all this wrong,
And all this cruelty, and these rude rebuffs,
We shall with patience bear, to wrath unstirred,
And murmur not against him, and shall think
With charity and meekness that indeed
The porter knows us, and was moved by God
To our abuse, O Brother Leo, write
That herein there is perfect joy. And if
We still persist in knocking, and he comes forth
Outrageous, and with insults and with blows
Drives us away as knaves importunate,
Crying: 'Go, get ye hence, vile pilferers,
Off to the hospital, since here shall be
Nor bed, nor bite, for ye!' if this we bear
With patience, cheerfulness, and love, herein,
O Brother Leo, write, is perfect joy.
And if, with cold and hunger and the night
Sore pressed, we knock the more, beseeching him
With loud plaints for the love of God to ope
And let us in, and he, yet more aggrieved,
Shall say: 'Lo! these be knaves importunate,
Now will I pay them that they have deserved,'
And with a knotty staff shall issue forth,
And hale us by the hood, and fling to earth,
And roll us in the snow, and with that staff
Belabour, knot by knot—if all these things
We shall with patience joyfully endure,

Weighing the sufferings of the Blessed Christ,
The which for His love's sake we ought to bear,
Here and herein, O brother Leo, write,
Is perfect joy. Now mark the end hereof:
Above all graces, Brother Leo, above
All gifts of the Holy Spirit, the which Christ
Vouchsafeth to His friends, is over self
To triumph, and for Christ's sake willingly
Bear pains, reproaches, injuries, and want:
Seeing that in all the other gifts of God
Glory we may not, being not ours, but God's:
For which cause saith the Apostle: 'What hast thou,
Which thou had'st not of God? and if of Him
Thou had'st it, wherefore glory, even as though
Thou had'st it of thyself'? But in the cross
Of tribulation and of suffering boast
We may, since that is ours, and for this cause
The Apostle saith: 'I have no will to boast,
Save in the Cross of Jesu Christ, our Lord.'"

II.

CONCERNING JOHN OF LA PENNA.

Chapter XLV.

He of La Penna, Brother John, as yet
Being a lad and laic, unto him
In the March-Province did one night appear
A marvellous fair boy, who called him, saying:
"John, hie thee to Saint Stephen's, where doth preach
One of my Minor Brothers; and believe
His doctrine thou, and to his words give ear,
Since I have sent him thither: and, this done,
Lo! a long journey thou hast yet to make,
And afterward shalt come to me." Thereat
He tarried not an instant, but uprose,
And in his spirit felt a mighty change.
And, coming to Saint Stephen's, he found there
Great multitude of men and women set
To hear the preaching. He that was to preach,
A Brother, was named Philip, and one of those
First Brethren to Ancona's March who came;
And in the March as yet were Houses few.
Upstood this Brother Philip then to preach,
And full devoutly preached he, not with words
Of human wit, but in the power of Christ,
And of His Spirit, heralding the realm
Of life eternal. And, the preaching done,

To this same Brother Philip the lad went,
And said to him: "O Father, if thou list
Receive me to the Order, fain would I
Do penance, and serve Jesu Christ our Lord."
And Brother Philip, perceiving in the lad
A marvellous innocence and ready will
To do God service, said: "On such a day
To me at Ricanati shalt thou come,
And I will cause receive thee:" for 'twas there
The Chapter of the Province should be held.
Whereby the lad, who was most pure of heart,
Deemed this was that long journey he must make
Even as the vision had revealed to him,
And, after, go to Paradise: the which
He thought to do forthwith when he should be
Received into the Order. So he went
And was received: and seeing at that time
The things he thought fulfilled not, and when now
The Minister in Chapter said, whoe'er
Into the Province of Provence would go,
Should have free licence, a great longing fell
On him to go there, thinking in his heart
That this was that long journey he must make
Before he came to Paradise: but, when
Shame held him dumb, confiding at the last
In the aforesaid Philip, who had caused
Receive him to the Order, with all love
He prayed the same obtain for him this grace—
Into the Province of Provence to go.
Then Brother Philip, seeing his purity
And holy purpose, did that grace obtain:
Whereat with mighty gladness Brother John
Set forth to go, having this thought, that, when
That journey was accomplished, he should come
To Paradise. But, as God's pleasure was,
Within the aforesaid Province he remained
In this same expectation and desire
Five years and twenty, shewing forth the while
A life-ensample of pure holiness,
Ever in virtue growing, and in grace
With God and all men, mightily beloved
Of Brethren and of dwellers in the world.
And, as he stood one day devoutly praying
With tears and lamentations for the hope
As yet fulfilled not, and life's pilgrimage
Too long continued, to his eyes appeared

The Christ, the Blessed One, at sight of whom
His whole soul waxed as water, as anon
He thus bespake him: "Brother John, my son,
Ask that thou wilt of Me." He answered: "Lord,
I know not what to ask Thee, save Thyself,
Since naught beside do I desire: but this
Alone I pray Thee: pardon all my sins,
And grant me grace to see Thee yet again,
Whenas my need is greater." Jesu said:
"Thy prayer is heard," and, having said, was gone,
And Brother John remained with solace filled.
But now the Brethren of the March, at last
Hearing the fame of his great sanctity,
Wrought on the General so, that to the March
He sent him an Obedience to return:
Receiving which Obedience, he with joy
Set forward, thinking that, this journey done,
According to the promise of the Christ,
He needs must go to Heaven. But having thus
Back to the Province of the March returned
For thirty years he lived there, nor was known
To any of his kin; and day by day
He waited on God's pity to redeem
His promise. And meanwhile full many a time
Right prudently the Guardianship he held;
And God by him wrought many miracles;
And, among other gifts he had from God,
He had the spirit of prophecy; for once—
He from the House gone forth upon a time—
A certain Novice, by the Devil assailed,
So sore was tempted, that at last, thereto
Consenting, he took counsel with himself,
So soon as Brother John should have returned,
To quit the Order: which thing Brother John
Knowing, both his temptation and intent,
By spirit of prophecy, anon came home,
And summoned the said Novice to himself,
And bade him make confession: but before
Confession might be made, he told him all
In order his temptation, as by God
Revealed to him, and ended thus: "My son,
Since thou did'st wait for me, nor would'st depart
Without my benediction, God this grace
To thee hath given, that never shalt thou quit
This Order, but within the Order die,
God's grace upon thee." Therewithal confirmed

Was the aforesaid Novice in good will,
And stayed within the Order, and became
A holy Brother : and these things were all
By Brother Ugolino told to me.
Now the said Brother John, who was of calm
And cheerful mind, spake seldom, and therewith
Was to much prayer and deep devotion prone :
And, chiefly, after Matins to his cell
Returned he never, but in the church remained
Praying till dawn. And, Matins said, one night
As he continued praying, appeared to him
God's Angel, and bespake him : "Brother John,
Now is thy journey ended, for the which
Thou hast long time been waiting : wherefore I
Bring word to thee from God that thou demand
What grace thou wilt. And further I bring word
That thou make choice whether of these thou would'st—,
One day in Purgatory, or seven days' pain
In this world." And in this world, Brother John,
Choosing the seven days' pain, anon fell sick
Of divers maladies : for fever sore
Gat hold of him, and gout in hands and feet,
And pain in the side, and many another ill :
But what was yet worse torture was a fiend
That stood before him, holding in his hand
A mighty roll where all the sins were writ
That he had ever wrought or thought, who said :
"For these transgressions or of heart, or tongue,
Or else in act accomplished, thou art damned
Even to the depths of hell." And naught of good
Could he remember ever done by him,
Or in the Order, or where-else-so-e'er,
But thought within his heart that he was damned,
Even as the fiend had told him. So, when asked
By any how he fared, he answered : "Ill,
For I am damned." The Brethren hereupon
Sent for an aged Brother, Matthew hight,
Of Monte Rubbiano, being himself
A holy man, fast friend to Brother John :
And the said Brother Matthew, coming thus
Upon the seventh day of his distress,
Saluted him, and asked him how he fared.
And he made answer that he fared but ill,
For he was damned. Then Brother Matthew said :
"Rememberest not how thou hast many a time
Confessed to me, and I of all thy sins

Have utterly assoiled thee? And, again,
Dost not remember how thou hast served God
Within this holy Order, year by year
Continually? And, next, rememberest not
How that God's mercy doth the whole world's sin
Surpass, and that our blessèd Saviour Christ
For our redemption paid a priceless sum?
Have then good hope that thou art surely saved."
And, with that word, the term of chastening past,
Fled the temptation, and the comfort came.
And with exceeding joy spake Brother John
To Brother Matthew: "Since the hour is late,
And thou art weary, go and lay thee down":
And he was loth to leave him, but at last,
Upon his strong entreaty, went to rest;
And with the Brother, who served him, Brother John
Remained alone. And lo! the blessèd Christ
Came in transcendent brightness, with a waft
Of marvellous sweet odour, even as He
Had promised to appear to him again,
Whenas his need was greater: and of all
His sicknesses He healed him utterly.
Then Brother John, with folded hands to God
Returning thanks that with so good an end
He the long journey of this woful life
Had consummated, to the hands of Christ
Resigned his spirit, and gave it back to God,
From this life mortal to immortal life
Passing with Christ the blessèd, whom so long
He had desired, and waited to behold.
And the said Brother John now rests within
The Convent of La Penna of Saint John.

III.

THE CONVERSION OF THE WOLF OF AGOBIO.

Chapter XXI.

WHAT time Saint Francis at Agobio dwelt,
Within Agobio's borders there appeared
A wolf gigantic, terrible, and fierce;
The which devoured not beasts alone but men,
So that the city-folk stood one and all
In mighty dread: for many a time he drew
Nigh to their city, and all men went armed
Who issued from the city, as though they went
To battle: nor yet who happed on him alone
Might aught prevail against him, till for fear

Of the said wolf to such a pass they came,
That none abroad durst venture. For which cause
Saint Francis, having pity upon the folk,
Would fain this wolf encounter, though all men
Gave counsel to withhold him : wherefore he,
Making the sign of the most holy Cross,
Went forth with his companions, all his trust
In God reposing : and, when now the rest
Misdoubted to go further, he nathless
Took road toward the place where the wolf lay.
And lo! in sight of many who had come forth
This miracle to witness, the said wolf
Made at Saint Francis with his mouth agape :
And, drawing near, Saint Francis over him
Did make the sign of the most holy Cross,
And called him, saying : "Come hither, Brother Wolf,
I bid thee in the name of Christ thou do
No scathe to me or any." O wondrous thing!
No sooner had Saint Francis made the Cross,
Than straightway closed his mouth the terrible wolf,
And stayed his running, and lamb-like on command
Came meekly, and crouching at Saint Francis' feet
Lay prone. Then spake Saint Francis : "Brother Wolf,
Much evil in these regions hast thou wrought,
And monstrous ills, slaying and ravaging
God's creatures, without leave of Him; and not
Beasts only hast thou slaughtered and devoured,
But had'st the hardihood to slaughter men,
Made in God's image; for the which thing's sake
As thief and heinous murderer, thou deserv'st
The gibbet, and all men murmur and cry out
Against thee, and all this country is thy foe.
But, Brother Wolf, now would I fain make peace
'Twixt thee and these, so thou sin not again,
And these forgive thee thy past trespasses,
And neither men nor dogs pursue thee more."
Upon the utterance of these words, the wolf
With gesture of his body and tail and eyes,
And bowing of the head, gave token clear
Of his assent to what Saint Francis said,
And will to abide thereby. Then once again
On this wise spake Saint Francis : "Brother Wolf,
Since thou art fain to make and keep this peace,
I hereby pledge the people of this land
To give thee food continually, that thou
No more feel hunger-pangs, for well I wot

That thou through hunger all these ills hast done.
But seeing that I this grace for thee obtain,
O Brother Wolf, I will thou promise me
No living thing henceforth, or man, or beast,
To injure: dost thou promise?" And the wolf
With bowing of the head gave token clear
That he so promised. And Saint Francis said:
"O Brother Wolf, I will thou plight me troth
Of this thy promise, that I may trust thee well:"
And as Saint Francis, to receive the pledge,
Stretched forth his hand, the wolf upraised his paw,
And placed it in his hand familiarly,
Giving what token of good faith he could.
Then said Saint Francis: "Now, O Brother Wolf,
I charge thee in the name of Jesu Christ
That thou, misdoubting nothing, come with me,
And let us go together in God's name,
And ratify this treaty." And the wolf
Obediently went with him, like a lamb
For meekness, so that all the citizens
Beholding marvelled greatly. And forthwith
The fame hereof through the whole city spread,
So that all people, men and women-folk,
And great alike and small, and young and old,
Drew to the market-place, to see the wolf
Beside Saint Francis. And when all the folk
Were come together, Saint Francis rose to preach,
And amongst other things spake also this,
How that for their transgressions God allowed
Such ills and plagues; and that the fire of hell,
Which for the damned doth last eternally,
Is far more perilous than a mere wolf's mouth,
Which can but kill the body: how sorely then
Is Hell's mouth to be dreaded, when the mouth
Of one small beast holds such a multitude
In fear and trembling! "Turn ye then to God,
Beloved, and for your sins do penance meet,
And God will set you free both from the wolf
In this time present, and from fires of Hell
Hereafter." And, the preaching done, "Give ear,
My Brothers," quoth Saint Francis: "Brother Wolf,
Who stands before you here, hath promised me
And pledged his troth to be at peace with you,
No more in aught offending: and do ye
Promise to give him ever, day by day,
Such things as shall be needful: and I here

Stand surety for him that this pact of peace
He will unbroken keep." Then all the folk,
As with one voice, made promise without fail
To nourish him. And Saint Francis before all
Said to the wolf: "Do thou too, Brother Wolf,
Promise to keep with these the pact of peace,
That thou do no offence to man or beast
Or any creature." And the wolf knelt down,
And thereto bowed his head, with gestures mild
Of body and ears and tail, as best he might,
Showing his will to keep the compact whole.
Then spake Saint Francis: "Brother Wolf, I will
That, as without the gate thou'st plighted troth
To this thy promise, thy promise-troth thou plight
Now before all the people, and therewith
That of my promise made and surety given
For thee thou wilt not cheat me." Then the wolf
Raised his right paw, and in Saint Francis' hand
Placed it: whereat, for this and other acts
Aforesaid, in all hearts arose such joy
And wonder—through devotion to the Saint,
And eke for strangeness of the miracle,
And with the wolf now being at peace—that all
With one accord 'gan cry aloud to Heaven
Lauding and blessing God that He had sent
Saint Francis, by whose merits they were freed
From the fell monster's maw.
And the said wolf
Thereafter in Agobio dwelt two years,
Going from house to house, and door to door,
Familiarly, not injuring any man,
Nor being of any injured, and therewith
Was nourished by the folk full courteously;
And, roaming thus the land from house to house,
No dog e'er barked behind him. At the last,
When now two years were ended, Brother Wolf
Died of old age: whereat the city-folk
Grieved sore, for, seeing him thus tamely roam
The city, they did the better call to mind
Saint Francis' holy life and sanctity.

IV.

"WHY AFTER THEE?"

Chapter X.

When in the House of Portiuncula
Saint Francis once with Brother Masseo lodged

Of Marignano—a right holy man,
Discreet withal, and graced to speak of God,
For the which cause Saint Francis loved him well—
One day Saint Francis from the wood and prayer
Returning, and e'en now at the wood's mouth,
The said Brother Masseo would make proof
Of his humility, and confronting him
As if in mockery said: "Why after thee?
Why after thee? Why after thee?" Replied
Saint Francis: "What is that which thou would'st say?"
Quoth Brother Masseo: "Why doth the whole world
Run after thee, I say, and all men crave
To see and hear thee and obey? Thou'rt not
Comely of form, thou art not deeply learn'd,
Noble thou art not: from whence is it then
That the whole world runs after thee?" These words
Saint Francis hearing, in deep joy of soul
Raising his face to heaven, a great while stood
With mind in God uplifted, and anon
Returning to himself knelt down and gave
Glory and thanks to God, and afterward
With utmost fervour of the spirit turned
And said to Brother Masseo: "Would'st thou know
Why after me? Why after me would'st know?
Would'st know why after me the whole world runs?
This have I from the eyes of God most high,
The which in every place discern both good
And guilty, seeing that those most holy eyes
Have among sinners beheld none more vile,
More helpless, or more sinful, than am I:
Wherefore to do that wondrous work, the which
It pleaseth Him to do, He hath not found
On earth a viler creature; for which cause
Me hath He chosen for to bring to naught
The nobleness, the greatness, and the strength,
The beauty and the wisdom of the world;
So men may know that every grace and good
Cometh of Him, not of the creature, yea,
And that no flesh may glory in His sight,
But, who would glory, glory in the Lord,
To whom are praise and honour without end."
Then Brother Masseo at this meek reply,
So spoken with such fervour, was afraid,
And knew that of a truth Saint Francis stood
Builded and based upon humility.

JAMES RHOADES.

THEOPHANO:[1]

THE CRUSADE OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

A ROMANTIC MONOGRAPH

BY

FREDERIC HARRISON.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LAST CAMPAIGN.

NICEPHORUS was now again in Asia, on his third and last great expedition to achieve the re-conquest of Syria. Night after night the fire signals across the Bosphorus recorded the rapid stages of the imperial advance over the passes of the Amanus, and day by day couriers arrived with despatches to the Regents and the Council of State. It was known that the Basileus was bent on recovering to Christendom Antioch and Aleppo, finally driving the Moslem from Syria, and at last planting the Cross again on the tomb of the Saviour in the Holy City.

The capital was kept in a constant state of excitement and expectation. Crowds gathered in the streets and forums discussing the reports and the rumours; and decorations were hung on the buildings and public monuments, as each new success of the triumphant army was announced. The anxiety of the official world was at last satisfied by a meeting of the Senate at which the Regents undertook to make full announcement of the state of affairs.

The nobles and all who had the right to attend, or who could obtain access to the tribunes and approaches, crowded into the Senate House, which resounded with loud acclamations as Leo, the Curopalate, and his ministers took their seats. And the cheers and cries of "Long, long life" were redoubled when the venerable Bardas Phoças, the father of the Basileus, was borne along into the assembly in his carrying chair. The old hero, shrunk to a skeleton, wrinkled and shrivelled like a mummy—the sarcastic Bishop Luitprand declares that he looked one hundred—with still some light in his eye, and his snow-white beard, seemed like a ghost of the past, as he was lifted tottering and bent into his place. And the cries of "Long, long life," again renewed, seemed a cruel mockery of his exhausted frame.

When the storm of cheering had at last subsided, the Regent rose and spoke thus:—

"Most noble magistroi, patricians, and illustrious senators, we have received a series of despatches from the August Autocrator to the following effect. With a force of 157,000 men of all arms, 55,000 of whom were mounted, he passed from Cilicia, as already reported, across

the mountains into Syria, making straight for Aleppo. His sudden rush upon the country of the Hamdanites demoralised the enemy, who fled in every direction, and left their cities and forts an easy prey to our men. The terror of their approach called out such outbursts of fanatical hate against our holy faith, that it spread as far as Jerusalem, where—it grieves us to report—the Patriarch, John, was savagely massacred with all his priests and many of his flock, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with the other churches of Jerusalem was burned to ashes."

At these words groans of grief and cries of rage broke forth in the chamber from side to side; and the tribunes and corridors burst into yells of horror and passion. As soon as the tumult could be appeased, Leo again resumed his speech.

"But the Basileus has amply avenged the blood of the martyrs and the outrage on our faith. He has gained a great battle under the walls of Aleppo. Thence he ascended the valley of the Orontes, and stormed Maaret en Noamen, that rich city named after one of the companions of the False Prophet. Thence he swept down upon Maaret Mouserim, on Kafartab and Chaizar and the city of Hamah. All these rich and splendid cities of Chambdas have been sacked and burnt, and the mosques of the False Prophet destroyed. The land has been laid waste, and tens of thousands of captives have been carried off, with enormous masses of booty in coin, gems, valuables, beasts, and stores."

Loud cheers rang through the hall with cries of "Long life to our Autocrator, Nicephorus, the ever-victorious!" Leo at last resumed his address.

"But we have a still more glorious triumph to announce. The ancient city of Emesa, which the Hagarenes call Homs, has been captured and destroyed. The Basileus and his staff worshipped Christ in the hallowed and famous Church of St. John the Baptist, and there they recovered that most venerable relic—the Head of the divine Forerunner and Herald of the Saviour. This inestimable prize is now on its way to our city, and will be offered to the adoration of the faithful in the Temple of the Holy Wisdom."

At these words there broke forth a storm of shouts of triumph and joy. The sitting was suspended till the excitement could be calmed, whilst the Patriarch offered up an invocation of thanksgiving to God for the mercy that He had extended to His people.

Day after day fresh successes were made known by the Regents. The Basileus and his victorious troops had now crossed the Lebanon mountains, and were descending the coast of Phœnicia. They were again on the shores of the sea, and in touch with the fleet at hand to supply all they needed. Swift *dromons* now brought round the Asian coast the reports of the Chief. Gabala fell to the conquerors, then Cæsarea; and next Tripoli was invested. After that Laodicea was made a subject city of the empire, and the Saracen Emir was transformed into an imperial commander. With Tortosa and Marakieh the whole Phœnician coast from Tripoli to Antioch was in the power of

the Basileus. By the end of the autumn the official report informed the people of the Empire "that eighteen cities, each having large mosques of the Prophet, had been taken by storm or surrendered; together with at least one hundred forts, and lesser places which the Basileus has ordered to be levelled to the ground. Vast numbers of the enemy have been removed and taken as prisoners. In other cases, both along Syria and the coast, the inhabitants have renounced the Prophet, and have accepted baptism and our holy faith. The victorious Basileus has now closely invested Antioch, the 'City of God,' as it was once called, and is about to complete the annihilation of the race of Chambdas, and the recovery of the Holy Land, and the Sepulchre of Christ."

This last and memorable campaign of Nicephorus did finally effect nearly all that its author had designed. The power of Islam in Syria and the valleys of the Orontes was broken for two generations. The progress of the Saracen towards the west was stayed, and the safety of the Empire guaranteed until the fatal arrival of the Turk. The Frank Crusades had been anticipated by more than one hundred years. Antioch, "the third city of the world," as Nicephorus himself called it, was ultimately stormed and captured by his arms. And Aleppo was taken by his nephew, and became a tributary State. But Nicephorus himself was not present at either capture. In the midst of this series of overwhelming triumphs, the most brilliant and effective of his whole career, he suddenly again returned to Byzantium for reasons which his people could not fathom, and which his historians have never explained. The cause was one that touched his honour and his life.

He was completing the investment of Antioch, and building, to blockade it, the vast rock fort of Bagras, carrying the stones in order to lay the foundations on his own shoulder to encourage his men in the work, when he received from his brother Leo a most momentous despatch. "Great and dangerous intrigues had been discovered in the palace itself. The Empress has been in constant communication with John Tzimisces, who, in spite of the imperial order to remain in the Cappadocian Theme, had secretly visited Nicomedia, if not Byzantium itself. John was furiously inveighing against the Basileus for having kept him in the background, as he declared, in inglorious and shameful retirement. In spite of the triumphs of the imperial arms, the monks of the *stoudion* were inciting the rabble of the city and the mendicant hermits and hedge-priests to rebellion and riot. Theophano was the soul of this conspiracy; and, although they had failed as yet to trace any criminal intercourse between her and John, there were ominous signs that she was plotting a revolution, which would place Tzimisces on the throne."

This terrible missive aroused all the indignation and the suspicion in the soul of Nicephorus, which he had struggled to smother and dismiss. He felt the need of instant action to save his government, his honour, and his life. With bitter feelings he postponed all his

projects to recover Antioch, Aleppo, and even Jerusalem and the Sepulchre of Christ. He placed the army of Antioch under the command of General Michael Bourtzes, a Patrician; and he despatched another army to Aleppo under command of his own nephew, Petros Phocas, son of Leo. Having made all his dispositions for completing the campaign, Nicephorus took ship, and rapidly returned to the capital by sea.

The return of the Basileus was so sudden and unexpected that no signs of welcome had been prepared to greet him. It was the sour evening of a dull day when he made his way back to the palace, with a very small and quiet retinue, almost unnoticed. Even as he passed hurriedly through the streets, he had noticed monks and demagogues haranguing small knots of citizens on their distresses and the cruelty of the government. Leo came down to the port to meet his brother. "The city," he said, "is seething with suppressed resentment and discontent. In spite of all his efforts and the rigours of the police, disaffection was being nursed in the monasteries and churches, and their privileges made it too dangerous to prosecute and punish the disturbers of the peace. Daily the chapels and courts of the clergy resounded with incendiary sermons. The official signs of public rejoicing had hardly concealed the apathy of the public over the successes of the army in the East. Every triumph was regarded as the occasion of a new tax. And the bad season and the tempests with which they had been afflicted made the collection of the revenue a constant source of trouble and disorder."

Nicephorus listened to his brother's report in silence: patient, unmoved, and resolute. He pondered it without a word, with no sign of anger or of fear. At last he said slowly, forcing his lips to utter the words to which he dreaded the answer, "Brother, tell me of *her*."

Leo grasped his brother's hand, and he bent over it, as he replied in a whisper. "Sire, I obey, though I shrink from the task. She is conspiring against you. We seized a secret messenger of hers to John. We found on him a document urging Tzimisces to come to the palace to confer with herself and her privy council. Our officers wrung from the messenger at last that he was charged with verbal assurances of a new marriage and promises of a lavish kind."

Nicephorus writhed silently, but said no word for a space. Then he asked—"What then of Tzimisces himself?"

"We have not been able to obtain any evidence that John has listened to these overtures; nor can it be proved that they have yet reached him. But Tzimisces is a traitor, your enemy, your supplanter. Seize him, blind, or execute him. Seize and deport her. They will be your ruin, if not your death."

Nicephorus took no such action. He who had swept Islam before him from the Phœnician coast to the Euphrates—he who was the idol of the most powerful army of that age—he who had found the civil and military organisation of all Asia work in his hand like a perfect machine—cared little for the discontent of the luxurious nobles of the

capital, and still less for the idle mobs of the forum. And, conscious of his burning zeal in the cause of Christendom, and his vast services to the people of God, he cared little for the intrigues and anger of the churchmen. Patriarch and Abbot might be unjust. But Christ and His Mother would intercede for him at the mercy-seat of the Almighty.

Even now, he could not bring himself to believe in the treason of John, and he shrank from condemning him without convincing proof. He even suffered Theophano to justify herself, and to refute all the accusations of her enemies. She burst into the privy chamber of her husband, as he strode up and down in thought, swayed with contending emotions and racked with doubts. She dragged in her little Basil, and made him prostrate himself before the Basileus, and kiss his father's hand, and rising in an attitude of superb majesty with a voice that the greatest actress would envy she broke forth:

"You will not believe, my Lord, my lover, my glory, that I who raised you to this throne, and saved your life when the masters of this palace were thirsting for your blood—that I could be seeking to injure you at the highest hour of your triumph. Who could protect my boys, and secure them the throne of their ancestors, if you were cast out before they were old enough to act for themselves? Their inheritance, their liberty, nay, their lives are in jeopardy, if you their father were gone. What would become of me if they put you away? Could you bear, my Nicephorus, to see me in prison, in a cell, in the veil and garb of a nun? Could you bear to think of me growing old in misery and want? Have you ceased to love me, to feel for me? Do you hate me?"

Nicephorus looked steadily at Theophano with profound sorrow and reproach, gazing at her as if he was searching the depths of her soul. But he spoke not a word. The woman shrank down before him, and clasped his hand.

"I swear before the Mother of God that what they say of me is false. I have never sinned against you. Your brother Leo is a bitter enemy of me and of Tzimisces. He envies his glory, he seeks to poison your heart, and to destroy us both. The greatest soldier of Rome next to you has been cruelly maligned and ill-used. Yes! I grieve to see him caged like a wild beast when he would be your best and truest comrade. I admit that I have sought to restore him to his true place. I have not seen him—but—yes!—I have been in communication with him. But for what purpose? My own beloved friend, the Lady Hypatia Palæologos, may be persuaded to accept him as a husband, now that he is a lonely widower. John presses his suit, but her family have other views. My own messages to John were to urge him to come and win the lady himself. But your stern orders to keep him caged in Cappadocia have prevented him from approaching the city. Countermand this, my Lord. Bring your best general back to your side. Let us marry him to this noble and beautiful woman whom I love as a sister myself. And then send John to command an army in Syria. Yield me this, my King, my lover, my husband. John is true,

as I am true. Do not listen to the falsehoods of our enemies—to those who seek to displace us in your trust and in your love."

And she clasped him, and sank upon his neck in tears.

Slowly, quietly, but resolutely, Nicephorus unclasped the woman's hands, and stood musing silently and sadly. At last he said, "John Tzimisces shall be summoned to me. I will hear what he has to say from his own lips."

Tzimisces was summoned, but no reconciliation was effected. He furiously denied all traitorous machinations against the throne, and made blunt denial of any interviews with Theophano. He then inveighed with passion against the orders to keep him in retirement. A violent scene ensued, and the old friends and comrades parted in wrath. Nicephorus found Tzimisces to be mutinous, if not in actual revolt. He placed him in arrest on the Asian frontier across the Propontis.

The Basileus was preparing to return to the front when despatches arrived with the startling news that General Bourtzes had stormed Antioch, and was master of the great city and all its contents and resources. Great rejoicings were ordered by the official world, and Nicephorus attended the ceremony of thanksgiving in the cathedral with great pomp. And the news was hardly made public when fresh despatches announced that the Emir of Aleppo, despairing of overcoming Petros Phocas, was ready to make his submission, and to become the tributary and satrap of the Basileus of Roum.

Nicephorus Phocas was now at the culmination of his great crusade against Islam. His arms had triumphed everywhere; and for two generations the Moslem advance was effectually repelled. The government made every effort to celebrate these triumphs, and Bourtzes was about to be received with honours and rewards, when Leo's agents discovered that he also had been engaged in a new conspiracy into which Tzimisces and others had been drawn by Theophano herself. Thus Bourtzes was disgraced and dismissed from office. Much as the people of Byzantium loved pageants and public rejoicings, their irritation at the pressure of taxation and the machinations of the monks increased rather than allayed the general discontent. And all the efforts of Leo, the Curopalate, and the rest of the ministers failed to rekindle the national enthusiasm.

In the vain hope of touching the public mind, they caused the venerable Bardas Phocas to be carried round in the constant services and *Te Deums* which were sung in the churches. He was now more than ninety years of age; and as his snow-white head on his shrivelled body was borne along in the crowds, he seemed to be a corpse being carried to a tomb, rather than the living remnant of a hero whose name lived in every field of Asian warfare.

But the strain was too much for the last flicker of the veteran's spirit. He was borne back fainting to the palace and laid on the couch from which he never rose again. Nicephorus watched long hours beside his father, in hopes of having some last words that he could remember before they were parted for ever.

On the third day some signs of life returned. The old man opened his eyes, and saw his glorious son. He faintly smiled, and said, "I go hence with joy and thankfulness of heart—Rome lives, and for evermore shall live. The people of Christ have risen from their long night of defeat. Farewell, my son, I go to tell the martyrs that their deaths are avenged." The smile settled on his lips. The veteran was dead. The Basileus bent down and kissed the lifeless forehead of his sire. He felt alone—at peace—with his work on earth completed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Last Agony.

The long funeral procession had now returned to the Sacred Palace from the Church of the Holy Apostles in the same order and in all the solemn magnificence with which the patriarch Bardas had been laid to his rest. The Emperor, with his robes of state concealed in an ample black cloak, strode on in proud and moody silence through the gorgeous halls which now seemed to him to mock his despair. As he followed the coffin of his father to the sepulchre, he had heard the muttered curses of the mob which thronged the streets; and even as he had lifted with his own hands the shrunken corpse of his heroic sire and laid it reverently in the royal sarcophagus wherein it was to lie—even as he took his last gaze on his father's face, and covered it with the consecrated cloth for ever—Nicephorus saw hatred and vengeance around him in the eyes of the monks and priests within the shrine.

He knew himself now to be a man hated, deserted, and betrayed: most unjustly—most cruelly, in spite of all that he had done for the State and for the people. But he marched along through the lowering yet cringing mob with an air of haughty defiance and resolute purpose, till he had completed his part in the great ceremonial. The guard of honour filed aside at the Courtyard and drew up at the porch; the officers of state and great dignitaries prostrated themselves in due turn and took their way apart. Slowly the crowd of chamberlains, nobles-in-waiting, priests, secretaries, and ministers in their order of rank, made their obeisance and quitted the Sovereign as he passed to the private chambers of the Palace.

In silence and gloom the Emperor stalked on, with but formal acknowledgments of the endless obeisances he received from the train, till he reached the inmost chambers of the vast palace, accompanied now by none but his confessor, his brother Leo, the chief chamberlain, and two body servants of his household. Here at last the strength of the Chief seemed utterly exhausted. They took from him his cloak of mourning, his diadem and sword of state, blazing with precious stones; they unlaced the imperial buskins and the golden mail in which he was encased. He seemed eager to fling from off him his royal trappings. And at last in the rough shirt which he

ever chose to wear beneath his robes, bare-headed, unshod, the mighty Basileus of Rome sank into a couch with a groan and covered his face with his massive sunburnt hands.

Long the attendants watched their master in perplexity and fear. He spoke not, nor gave any sign. At length his brother Leo, presuming on their kinship and his own high office, broke silence and ventured to remonstrate with his terrible Chief. "By the Mother of God, most August Autocrator, we adjure you to shake off grief, and take heed of the manifold perils that surround your throne and life. We have reached the third month, foretold as fatal by the mysterious Hermit who flung the paper into your lap in the porch of Hagia Sophia. All our efforts to trace him have failed, and we now believe him to have been a conspirator in disguise luring you on to your doom. You are surrounded with traitors, intrigues, and plots. And the nearest to you of all may be consenting to them." But here a groan, smothered by the clenched hands of the Basileus himself, checked Leo's words. The Emperor raised his head, glared on his brother like a lion at bay, but spoke not, and again covered his face and sank upon his couch. After some minutes of awed silence, the Curopalate resumed: "My duty to your Majesty compels me to unravel all the plots that are being hatched against you, all the omens and portents which threaten your star. The eclipse of last week, which your Imperial Majesty treats with just contempt, has spread panic, suspicion, and treason throughout the realm. The storm of last night, wherein our hero-father passed away, has desolated the towns of Propontis and has covered its shores with wrecks. I hear to-day of the earthquake in Asia Minor whereby whole provinces have been covered with ruins and dead bodies. The tale of calamities and omens will be shown your Majesty by the Great Chamberlain here, who has been furnished with particulars. And whilst the provinces are languishing and restless, the city is a hotbed of treason, rebellion, and intrigue. And of all this the author and head is no other than your false lieutenant and rival, the Armenian, John, the deadly foe of our house—who aspires to your throne—nay, to your——" But so fierce a spasm shook the frame of the Emperor, and his gaze upon his brother was at once so terrible and yet so tragic, that Leo dared not finish his sentence. Nicephorus spoke not, but he stretched forth his hand with a sign of impatience and fatigue. Leo on bended knee took his brother's hand, pressed it to his lips and withdrew.

A long silence followed till the Great Chamberlain, conceiving himself appealed to by the Emperor's brother, ventured to approach his master. "Will not your Mightiness deign to listen to the Report I hold in my hands of the dangerous signs which man and the Saints are holding up to our eyes? I have here the particulars of riots in fourteen provinces, the holy places destroyed by the earthquake, and the statements of priests, soldiers, and officers of the Empire as to imminent rebellion. Will your Majesty be pleased to hear the story of their fears and their warnings?" The Basileus groaned again but spoke not. He slowly shook his head, waved back his hand: and

the High Chamberlain retired with the usual prostrations and forms of reverence.

The Confessor still stood his ground beside his imperious penitent. The venerable monk Zachariah was renowned throughout the Empire for his austere piety and martyr-like sufferings for Christ's sake, and was one of the few monks for whom Nicephorus had real esteem and trust. He motioned to the attendants to withdraw, and in a voice of deep emotion he said, "Mighty Lord, hear the words of me who am but a worm in thy sight, as thou art but a worm in the sight of God. Thy perils are many and great, but thy sins also are many and great. Thou hast committed deadly sin in taking to wife the widow of a dead man to whose child thou art father-in-God, a woman who would enter a third adulterous marriage, if she were rid of thee. Thou hast robbed the churches and the patrimonies of monks and priests to carry on thy endless wars at the distant frontiers of this realm. Make peace with thy enemies, and cease in thy old age to be a man of blood. Restore to the churches and monasteries the wealth that thy tax-gatherers have wrung from Holy Church. Put away the adulteress, the infidel, the whore who lies beside thee and pollutes thy soul. And the Mother of God will yet intercede that you may be kept safe in His holy keeping." The Emperor sat silent and motionless as a stone. And, without a word more from penitent or confessor, Zachariah raised his hands to Heaven in attitude of prayer, and slowly, without a gesture passing between them, he withdrew from the presence.

Then the Emperor raised his head, with a look of fierce passion, struggling to be calm. With the old voice of command as he had so often ordered a last charge on a bloody field, he said, "Leave me, begone all! set double guards at the doors of this chamber, and till I call again, let no man pass into this place—no man on pain of death—no! and no woman either. I have spoken. I choose to be alone this night!"

When the doors were closed and all lights extinguished, save the lamp that burned night and day before the *ikon* of the Theotokos, Nicephorus arose and turned towards the image of the Virgin. With bare head, bare arms and feet, in his rude camp shirt, he looked in the dim light like some Hermit in a rocky cave by the Thessalonican coast. His face was haggard and drawn with sorrow and care. His weary eyes drooped in their dark cavernous rings. His white hair and grizzled beard contrasted strangely with his swarthy skin tanned with the suns and scarred with the storms of Asia over fifty years. But his huge frame and shaggy limbs gave him still the majestic air of a veteran chief. He flung himself down before the miraculous image, kissed the feet of the Divine Mother, and groaned forth this prayer.

"Hear me! hear me! Mary, Mother of God, and turn the heart of thy Son to listen to the outpouring of my soul. I acknowledge my offences towards men and Mother Church; and my sins of bloodshed and wrath burn into my memory like red-hot irons. But thou

knowest, O God of Mercy and Judgment, for what end were wrought all my sins of slaughter and of punishment. If I have lived with the sword in my right hand and have waded through torrents of human blood from my childhood upwards, Thou knowest that it was in defence of Christian people against infidels, heretics, and barbarians. If I slew, it was those who would have slain Thy beloved and faithful people, the priests of Thy altars, and the mothers of children baptised in Thy faith. Sinner as I am, Thou wilt not forget that my right arm has saved Thy Holy City, this realm of Rome, and Thy Orthodox Church planted by Thy Son to save this heathen world. And the offerings that I pressed from the wealth of Mother Church were never taken for me or for mine, O Lord! but to arm my soldiers in their war with the False Prophet!"

So groaned out his confession of sins—this fierce proud soldier and ruler. Even in the act of acknowledging his offences and seeking for pity from the Throne of Mercy, the consciousness of all his achievements and the sense of his supreme mastery of the Empire made his look fire up with the pride of commander, ruler, and despot. And as the feeling of his abandonment and wrongs burst full on his thoughts he sank down prostrate before the image of the Virgin Mother.

"Thou only knowest, O most holy and loving of those above, thou only knowest how lonely and forlorn is he whom men call the mighty Autocrator of Rome. All—all—have forsaken me. My heroic father, the last pillar of our house, is laid in the grave, whence at my death he may be torn again and dishonoured. Him only could I trust. My brother—whom I have loaded with honours and gifts, works now for himself, and would spur me on to crush his rival, the Armenian John. The hatred of the people has been drawn down on me by him. Help! Pity! O Mother of God, the most lonely and abandoned of all those who truly serve and call on thee. Virgin most pure, most perfect, most holy, thou wilt not forsake him who has ever held thy image in his heart, who from his youth up has sinned not in the flesh—sinned not unless thou countest it sin to love her whom Holy Church has blessed and consecrated to be bone of my bone."

The last words seemed wrung from the clenched lips of the Chief as if it were blood strained from his veins. And he groaned out the phrase "blessed and consecrated to be bone of my bone" with prolonged spasm of rage and pain, as if they were words wrung from him on the rack. The mighty frame of the hero was convulsed with tremors and fierce clenching of the limbs. He fell prone on the ground and sobbed and groaned in silence.

"Holy Mother of God," he muttered at length, "is it indeed a sin to love a woman, to desire her to wife? Then truly have I sinned as none ever sinned before. I was a man in years and in high place and power when I first saw her. From that hour I was her slave—melting like wax at her sight, trembling in her presence, thrilled to the bone at the sound of her voice. Never in my life, as thou knowest, O most Holy Mother, has woman beguiled me; and but for her I am spotless as this ancient hermit who condemns me. My sin was to.

have taken to wife her to whose child I was father-in-God. The holy fathers have pronounced on me this judgment; and, in my passion, I have visited my wrath upon them. Forgive, forgive this offence, which comes from excess of love. Forgive—even as He on earth forgave one who had loved much. Am I not stricken enough for this sin? She loves me not, has never loved me. Holy Mother! She loathes me and no longer seeks to hide it from me. She loves some other—whom?—has she betrayed me in deed as she has in thought? Can it be?—teach me, open my eyes—thou knowest, O Holy and Immaculate Virgin, thou knowest if she be false in body as in heart. I cannot watch her: I dare not pry and probe into my shame like a cuckold huckster. She may be false—but I will never stoop to suspect. The wife of Cæsar must be untouched by evil fame—untouched—aye, or dead. It is agony enough to know that she loves me not—she loathes me, O God!—and I love her madly still. Holy Mother, as thou knowest, I have forsworn her bed—never in life will I touch woman where love is not—or is not from each to each. I tremble still in her sight. Holy Mother teach me if I must still endure this pain—if I have thy command to put her away as the false ones are left alone with Thee and the Saints!"

Hour after hour the stricken Cæsar poured forth these prayers and lamentations in spasms of agony and broken groans, stretched on the ground, and grinding his teeth in his wrath and madness. At length, exhausted nature could endure no more. The long vigils by his dying father's side, the fatigue of the funeral ceremonies, the terrible conflict of the last few hours, and the ecstasy of confession and of prayer broke down the herculean strength of the veteran, and he sank into a lethargic slumber before the image of the Virgin.

Slowly and silently a small and secret panel in the gilded recess of the great Chamber was cautiously opened, enough to admit the hand of a woman. And as the measured breathing of the Cæsar announced that he was not waking, the door was gently opened, and the Empress, in all the fascination of her chamber adornment, stood motionless before her Lord. She was disrobed for the night, arrayed in half-transparent silken sheen; her exquisite limbs shining like alabaster as the masses of her dark tresses were folded over her bare neck and shoulders. She looked more lovely thus than in all her imperial robes and jewels. Long she stood in silence, looking down on her sleeping husband, with a bitter smile playing round her chiselled lips, and the hate of a tigress in the gleam of her lustrous eyes. Then she stooped low over him, till her loosened locks fell from around her bosom upon his, and, with a kiss soft as rose-leaves, and warm as sunlight on his brow, she roused the Cæsar from his slumber. He rose from the floor with a look so dazed and yet so terrible that the woman shrank back—still smiling, still enticing, and yet afraid to speak.

"What!" he cried, with a fierce voice, "have my guards, too, betrayed me, or how did you pass, when I had ordered no living soul to come hither, whilst I watched and prayed, after all the toils I have borne?"

"Cæsar would not shut out Cæsar's wife from his side at such a time as this," she answered, with a subtle glance in dulcet tones; "and they did not guard the secret door of passage between our private chambers. Nor yet," she added, as he spoke not, "will her hero, her master, her lover, leave his Theophano in such a night to be sleepless, lonely, disconsolate—forsaken."

Cæsar turned his head away from the maddening sight of the woman he loved so passionately, and yet believed so profoundly to be false; he turned his head from her, closed his eyes again, and groaned a deep sigh that seemed to shake his breast.

But the wily Delilah saw the trembling round the mouth of Cæsar, and the yearning of love in his eyes, even as he had turned from her with a gesture of disdain, and she pressed the advantage which she knew that she retained.

"Will the Majesty of Rome and the Terror of the Infidel be tutored and frightened by these designing priests and their unmanly superstitions? I know that they have put a bar between thee and me, and in their insolence have torn thee from the side of thy true and loving wife. What do these holy Eunuchs know of marriage, and of all the peace which the loving wife gives to the soul of the Lord who loves her? Is the Basileus of the World, too, a weakling—like the slaves who haunt his palace, and the priests who whine in his shrine?"

She saw how the Sovereign writhed and glowered at such unseemly words, and she shrieked forth—"What! do they insult me, too, do they seek to poison your mind, do they tell you that I am no true wife, that I have ceased to love you, would they see me not only abandoned by my Lord, but suspected of crime! Holy Mother, can they have dared such infamy? Cæsar, husband, lover, my hero, my saint, am I not your only love? Have I not forsaken all things for you, have I not made you Lord of the World, have I not loved you madly—do I not love you now more passionately than when I was first your slave and lover? Come to me again, let me wind my arms round you, and nurse you to rest after all that you have suffered. Nicephorus, hero, lover! I have borne many things for thee! I have risked my liberty, my honour, my life—even the lives of my sons—certainly their thrones! Thy enemies wait for thee. My enemies watch for me. Thou and I united can defy them. But divided we may both perish at their hands." And she stooped down again over him, like a crouching leopard over its prey, till the silken drapery almost slid from off her faultless and dazzling form, and he could feel the warmth of her skin and the perfume of her tresses. So fawning and almost purring over his motionless body, again she softly kissed his rugged brow—and then gently, like a beautiful sylph in the dim light, she stole away in silence, just whispering in tones of liquid tenderness and passion—"Come to me—my lover—come!"

Cæsar spoke no word, but when he knew himself to be alone, he rose, and, with a groan, he passed to the secret door in the panel which Theophano had left ajar. He gently but firmly closed it—it had

no bolt or fastening on that side within—and he paced the chamber in moody silence and grim contortion of face. Then he summoned an attendant.

"Place double guards at the portal of this chamber. Let none enter on pain of death. Leave me. I pass the night here, alone."

The attendant was preparing for the night the Imperial bed, when the Emperor broke forth on him.

"No—not there. I sleep in no bed; but as I have so long slept in my camp, on the floor. Place in this dark corner hard by beneath the image of Theotokos the panther's skin which I have had from my father whereon the hero was wont to sleep. Here, I say, give me my arms—at least my sword and dagger. Place them as of old, on the beast's skin."

"Will your Majesty choose to have them brought? Her Imperial Majesty bade them take sword and dagger to her own chamber, and they lie beside the great couch."

"Leave them! Leave me! Give me the consecrated cloak of the ancient Hermit. So! I will fold it round me, for it has powers to ward off evil. Go."

Folded in the consecrated robe of the Saint, Nicephorus flung himself again on the floor before the crucifix and sobbed forth in broken whisperings his last prayer.

"Son of God, who died for sinners, who now at the right hand of the Father seest the most secret things of every heart, look down into my tortured soul—and judge me in Thy Justice and Mercy! If I have loved an unworthy woman, it was in love and honour that I yielded myself to her power. Thou only knowest how false she is, and Thou knowest all that I have borne at her hands, that I have done her no wrong nor have sought to visit on her or hers my just indignation and wrath. If I still desire to live and to reign, Thou knowest that my life is given to maintain this Christian realm, to beat off the heathen who rage round it to destroy and pollute Thy people. If my life may yet help Thy Church and Thy realm, keep me alive still, albeit in agony and despair. If my death may advance Thy inscrutable purpose, O God, let my blood be shed for men even as was Thy own, though I be the vilest of Thy created beings. Thy will be done, Thy Kingdom come!"

Long in the dark hours of night, the Emperor wrestled in spirit with his Maker. And then, rolling round him the shaggy and tattered mantle of the Holy Man, he lay down upon the panther's hide on the floor and at last sunk exhausted in profound sleep.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

A STORM more fierce than any in that winter of storms was raging over the city and the Sacred Palace. Furious gusts from the North swept over the Euxine, and coursed down the Bosphorus laden with

sleet and snow, the waters round the Golden Horn were lashed into foam, and dashed in showers of spray against the battlements of the city. Amidst the roar of the wind against the casements and the creaking of doors and shutters, there were confused noises, hoarse whispers, and strange cries along the corridors and antechambers of the Palace. The Empress herself was seen from time to time gliding from chamber to chamber, her tigress eyes agleam with anxiety and eagerness, her lovely face more marble-like in its pallor than was usual, and her lips moving from time to time with uncontrolled emotion. She bent low and conferred in hurried whispers, first with one, then with another of her women.

The private apartments of the Empress consisted of an antechamber opening into a gorgeous bedchamber, in the centre of which stood a royal couch with purple hangings and surmounted by a golden eagle. Around it were vast chests and wardrobes filled with the robes and adornments of the Empress. Within the principal chamber, shut off by small doors, were two inner recesses, one a tiny chapel with a life-size painting of the Man-God upon the Cross standing high above the altar, which was covered with rare mountings and cloth—the other a bath and attiring recess, hung with the instruments for the royal ablutions.

A low but distinct knock was heard without, and at a nod from Theophano her aged nurse stealthily advanced to the door and led in a figure completely enveloped in one of the immense mourning cloaks that had been used in the funeral of that day. "Enter and approach, Master of the Eunuchs," said the Sovereign, "I have a charge for thee this night!" She motioned to the women to withdraw into the antechamber; as the old nurse, who alone had remained, led the veiled figure to the royal presence, and unbuckled the mantle which concealed both face and figure. "It is no work to-night for an Eunuch," she hissed, "but for a man, a soldier, a hero! Michael Bourtzes, glorious victor of Antioch, art thou ready to do the deed which shall avenge thee on thy persecutor and place thee at the head of Rome? Art thou ready, as I am ready, and these true men here?"

Michael Bourtzes, for it was indeed that illustrious chief in full armour, who had been disguised and introduced as Master of the Eunuchs, flung back the sable mantle and drawing from its sheath his dagger, with a look of fierce passion and proud disdain, kissed the white hand of his mistress, and murmured, "Royal lady, I am come to slay or to be slain." She glowed on him with cruel joy in her gleaming eyes, and led him smiling into the chapel. Then, raising the embroidered cloth over the altar, with the pathetic image of the Divine Mother worked on it in gold, "Here is your comrade," she said, and showed him concealed beneath the altar cloth, Balantes, the taxiarch, who had been hidden in his coat of mail, within the very altar itself. The iron nerves of Bourtzes, who had faced death on a hundred bloody fields, did not quail at so strange a device, and he silently obeyed the Empress when she bade him stand upon the

altar, and conceal himself behind the picture of the Redeemer that hung above it.

In a lull of the storm the low knock was heard again at the door, and again the aged nurse hastened to unloose the bolts. "Bring in my tiring women for the night!" called the Empress; and four maids in loose robes and of somewhat unusual stature and masculine air advanced into the centre of the bedchamber. "Welcome stout friends," fawned the Empress, "all goes well, and the hour of deliverance is at hand!"—as one by one the maids slipped off their woman's attire and stood forth stalwart men at arms, in full array for work and combat. "We want now but John Tzimisces himself; but the watchers expect him minute by minute."

The Empress had hardly uttered these words, when the unmistakable tramp of armed heels was heard along the corridor without. The four disguised bravos looked around with rage and fear, under a sudden impulse that they had been caught in a trap, and were about to be slain. Each man fingered his weapon uneasily; and had Theophano at that moment showed signs of conscious treachery, more than one dagger would have been planted in her heart. The crone rushed to the chamber door to secure the bolts—"Hold them in parley! whilst you may," hissed the Empress, "I will secure our friends!" "Stand close, and fear not," she whispered to the two chiefs in the Chapel, "Follow me, my men," she said to the four bravos, as she dragged them within the bathroom and closed the door from inside.

In the meantime, loud knocking and high words were heard in the antechamber, and voices of command rang through the private apartments. "Open at once in the name of our Sovereign Lord Nicephorus, Augustus ever-victorious. Here is the order to search every corner of this Palace for concealed traitors, countersigned by the Master of the Household! Open, or we force these doors!"

"Not the private chambers of Her August Majesty," screamed the crone, "and Her Sacred Person now within her couch."

"Yea! Her Majesty's chamber above all, and her bed if we choose," shouted the angry voice of the Captain of the Guard, striking the door with the hilt of his sword.

The noise without grew so loud that the terrified women opened the doors, and crouched aside like vixens caught in a trap. "A mysterious warning has just reached the Emperor that traitors lie this night concealed within the Palace, and our orders are peremptory to search every corner of it even to the Imperial bed and closet." Nor was this a vain threat. The Captain of the Guard, a man devoted to his master, whose life he had saved in the siege of Crete, ordered his men to ransack the anteroom, and then the chamber of the Empress. They were no novices at the work; every corner was probed; their daggers struck through every tapestry and curtain; each recess and chest, closet and niche, was tried and pierced through and through by sharp eyes and sharper knives. The coverlets of the Imperial couch were flung aside; and it being evident that Her Majesty was

not within it, the hangings, curtains and ornaments were separately examined by sight and by steel.

Nothing had been found. "Now open these two inner recesses, unless we are to break into them with our halberds!" said the Captain to the crone. "What! the shrine of Christ and his Mother?" shrieked the old woman, partially opening the door of the Chapel, and standing across it fiercely herself, "are you sacrilegious infidels about to profane the holy retreat of the Mother of God? Look, ye miscreant sons of Ishmael and Hagar, do ye see ought but our Blessed Redeemer and the Holy Virgin who bore Him?" The rude soldier and his men shrank from the sacrilege of disturbing the Christ and the Mother of Christ in their consecrated shrine. And they hesitated to pull aside the miraculous picture of the Crucified One behind which Bourtzes held his breath, nor did they venture to raise the altar cloth that concealed the mailed form and blanched face of Balantes, the taxiarch.

"Then open this," shouted the Captain, planting himself firmly before the closed door of the remaining recess. "What!" shrieked the crone, "you shameless brigand and foul dog, would you thrust your brutal limbs into the very bath of Her Sacred Majesty—and she at this moment within it, in the very act of bathing Her Inviolate Person? Our August Lord, the Autocrator, will know how to punish such brutality and insolence to his adored Consort!"

"I know my duty," said the Captain, "if we have any Empress here," he added, with a rude sneer, "she wears a beard and carries steel. Open, I say, or, by Saint Michael, this door comes down with a crash."

But here, to the unbounded astonishment of the Captain of the Guard, as he stood close against the entrance ready to force his way, the door was flung open from within; and there, in front of the bath, facing the soldier, stood the Empress herself in all her majesty of port and imperious pride. She stood there like Aphrodite as she rose out of the Paphian waves, as naked and as lovely as the Queen of Cyprus, the water of her bath still dripping from her rosy limbs, and the masses of her hyacinthine tresses curling around that form of Parian marble. She stood there, smiling a deadly smile of scorn and triumph, a vision as it were of the Cnidian statue of Praxiteles, or Phryne when she stepped forth from the billows on the shore of Eleusis.

"Back!" she called aloud, "Back! brutal hound, who would violate the sanctity of thy Sovereign's bed! He shall rebuke the outrage which you have offered to my person; the very eyes which have polluted my purity shall be burnt out with red-hot irons, and your manhood torn off and thrown to the dogs. Begone! till I can have thee made one who can never see woman more!" And she closed the door of the bath-room, which she had held half open, so as to conceal the four bravos behind it, having hastily covered them with the cloths and carpets by which the bath was provided.

Aghast at so terrible a threat, and struck dumb with so extraordinary an apparition, the Captain of the Guard withdrew with a sense of un-

pardonable crime, to which, in his innocence, he supposed that his duty had exposed him. He staggered down the corridor like a man who had seen the dead rise from a grave, perplexed and bewildered,—pondering if his best chance lay in seeking the Emperor in person or in making his own flight secure. If the Mother of God had spoken to him directly from her image he could not have been more amazed. And soon the tramp of the guards was heard to resound in the distance and at last died away in the corridors, echoing only with the moanings of the storm.

The Imperial chamber was hardly free from its intruding visitors when the Empress burst into it from the bath in a loose wrapper which she had flung over her limbs, radiant with the success of her stratagem, and on fire to begin the work of the night. She ordered the four bravos to keep close in the bathroom, and rushing to the Chapel she called to Balantes to come forth from the altar, and to Bourtzes to descend from behind the miracle-working picture of the Redeemer. The veteran thrust forth his huge form from behind the panel, but in so doing he burst it from its fastenings, and in his struggle to save himself from falling, he tore the sacred image from the wall, and it fell to the marble floor with a resounding crash. At the sound all started in dread—the women, the attendants, the soldiers in hiding, and the two generals, and dismay made the blood of the stoutest run chill. The Christ was broken in fragments—the embossed ornaments upon it and its heavy setting lay on the marble in confusion, and the Head of the Saviour, bleeding in its crown of thorns, rolled at the feet of Theophano herself.

Even the stout Bourtzes was aghast at the sight of the sacrilege of which he had been guilty, and the rest were cowering, as if the avenging God were about to consume them with His thunderbolt. Men who had never quailed before the sons of Ishmael were struck dumb with horror at the destruction of the miraculous Ikon. The women screamed and sobbed, and the bravos quivered like whipped hounds. Theophano sprang forwards, and, seizing a dagger from the trembling hand of a soldier, shouted to them, "What? Must a woman teach men to be firm? Are you scared like children by the noise of fallen furniture? Shall I reveal the plot this very instant to His Majesty, now sleeping behind this panel, and have you all blinded and mutilated by to-morrow's sun? Are you all priests or monks, to be frightened by a few broken bits of painted wood and stone. This is nothing but old lumber!" she shrieked, as she crushed with her heel the fragment at her feet, and stamped in derision on the face of the Saviour—"Go on," she cried, "if ye are men and warriors, and care to live another day—but where is the leader himself?—where is Tzimisces? Every instant may bring death to him—to us all—death and torture of the sharpest that can be devised by his Sacred Majesty, the Vice-gerent of Christ on Earth!"

With these words, in an agony of eagerness and excitement, she rushed to the anteroom, where the narrow window of a tower looked out upon the sea below. The storm was still howling along the Bos-

phorus, and the watchers, livid with anxiety, were straining their eyes through the darkness, if they could see any sign of a boat in the waters. "Nothing can float this night in such a gale," said Bourtzes, "it is idle to wait for John. Let us work this instant, for delay will cost us our lives!"

"Wait, I bid you," cried Theophano in fury, "wait for Tzimisces to lead—or I pass to the Emperor myself and denounce you as his murderers here!" Bourtzes looked doubtfully at Balantes, and Balantes looked at Bourtzes, but neither dared brave the woman at bay. Each hesitated and submitted to her will.

At this time a suppressed cry broke out from the watchers that a small ship could be descried battling with the billows and nearing the quay, where a tiny port admitted a boat to the very foot of the turret. The Empress flung herself into the embrasure, and, with the gesture of a Mænad, shouted a hoarse note of triumph, "It is he, my hero, my own John, my Saviour."

With wonderful skill and good fortune, the stout ship was driven into the small dock, and in the shelter of its quay was able to discharge its three passengers. The basket and tackle with its windlass that was often used for such ends was swiftly lowered from the window, and soon was drawn up swaying in the gale but deftly guided from below. And at length, with hair-breadth escapes and astonishing feats of strength and adroitness, John Tzimisces crept from the basket and was dragged into the narrow embrasure. He leapt into the room, and, as he was, all dripping with salt foam, chilled with the snow and in his coat of mail, he flung himself desperately into the open arms of the Empress. "My hero, my avenger, my Lord, my Sovereign that is to be!" fawned Theophano, pressing her lips to his in a torrent of wild kisses. "The hour is come, and the Man," she cried, "draw your weapons and follow me."

The private bed-chamber of the Emperor was silent and dark, dimly lit in one corner by the ceremonial lamp which ever burned with a dull veiled flame before the altar and image of Christ. The double doors and heavy tapestries which covered the exits to the corridor on one side and to the public hall of audience on the other side effectually shut out the sound of the guards who still kept watch without. The chamber seemed empty and completely closed. Stealthily and without a breath of sound, the small and secret panel in the recess through which the Empress had entered and retreated some hours before was gradually opened inch by inch; and an exquisite white hand, covered with rubies and pearls, could be seen to be holding it ajar. Silence followed, broken only by the moaning of the surf below, and then the lovely face of Theophano was stealthily thrust in the opening. She was pale as marble; but the transparence of her skin, and the absolute perfection of her features, made her the very image of Herê as figured by the hand of Scopas—but a Herê about to strike some profane intruder. The wonderful eyes of Theophano with their deep sapphire glow had never been seen so full of fire and life. It was no marble head of woman that men saw that night, but

the head of some lovely Gorgon—with the flashing eyes of the tigress calculating her spring. Assured at last that the weary Nicephorus was buried in sleep, she opened the narrow panel till it admitted the traitors one by one into the sombre chamber.

Bourtzes and Balantes passed in first, closely followed by John Tzimisces, and behind him stole into the darkness the four men at arms. All had their weapons drawn. At a sign from Tzimisces they surrounded the royal bed on all sides at once, and as the dim light seemed to betray the person of the Emperor beneath the coverlets, Bourtzes, Balantes, and John, at a sign from the latter, struck their daggers heavily into the pile of clothes. Thrice they struck in the dim light but not a thing moved, nor did they feel the stir of living being. The dagger of John had inflicted a flesh wound in the arm of Bourtzes, whose passion was fired at the sight of his own blood. They tore the coverlets aside and flung them on the floor. The bed was empty, and no sign of the Emperor's presence could be perceived.

The three traitors stared at each other with wild eyes; and, brave as they all were, they felt their hearts beat loud. "We are betrayed by this fiend," cried Bourtzes, in a hoarse whisper, "she has lured us here for her own evil purpose; let us slay her in her sin, even if it cost us our lives." And Bourtzes and Balantes glared upon Tzimisces, as if they would accuse him of being an accomplice of the woman in the plot to entrap them. Tzimisces himself was at a loss, and the four bravos stood livid with confusion, as furtive as rats in a trap. It seemed to all that they were on the verge of a desperate combat amongst themselves, or headlong flight by flinging themselves out into the sea and terrace below.

Then the panel door, behind which Theophano had been listening breathless, opened again, and the Empress passed in, moving swiftly and noiselessly in her bare feet, wrapped in a loose red mantle and dishevelled tresses, her eyes gleaming like coals of fire beneath her marble brow. She looked like some Maenad leading a mad rout of furious satyrs. She spoke no word, but she waved her bare arm and pointed across the chamber to the corner where on the panther's skin, and concealed under the shaggy mantle of the hermit, Nicephorus lay motionless in sleep.

Bourtzes and Balantes advanced with drawn swords and death in their eyes, followed by the men at arms, whilst John Tzimisces stood by the couch to give the word of command. "Strike the tyrant," he hissed in a hoarse whisper. Balantes, with a savage kick of his cavalry boot, struck the sleeping Emperor in the side. He started convulsively from the floor, and struggled on to his elbow, gazing fiercely at the assassins, as his cap fell from his head and disclosed in the dim light his white locks and beard. At that moment, with a horrid curse, the sword of Bourtzes descended on the brow of the veteran, gashing his nose and cheek and lips, and horribly mangling his face. He sank down blinded with the blood, and agonised with the wound, gasping out, "Mother of God—help—help!" The bravos seized him by the legs and sought to force the fainting body to kneel

before the Armenian, who sate on the couch in an attitude of mock judgment. But the mutilated hero sank prone on the floor which he bathed in its blood—faintly gasping out the words "Help! Mother of God!—Help!"

Tzimisces spurned him with his mailed foot, and all his pent-up rage and hatred burst forth in one cry of triumph. "Tyrant! traitor! miscreant! Why didst thou play me false? Thou owest to me thy glory, thy victories, thy throne! Without me thou wouldst be nothing. It is I who beat thy enemies, it is I who placed thee here, and set thee on the throne which thou hast disgraced. And all my services have been repaid by injuries, and my benefits answered by insults. Envy of a braver man, jealousy and suspicion have turned thee into a monster of ingratitude and a byeword of falseness and cruelty." With these words, John, in his rage, trampled on his fallen chief; and hoarse with passion, he tore handfuls from his beard, screaming aloud. "All loathe thee—thy people, thy comrades, thy servants—aye, and thy wife," he added, with a savage grin, stamping on the mangled and bloody face. "Mother!—Mother of God!" groaned the dying man, with his last gasp.

Maddened with rage and pent-up vengeance, the conspirators beat the unconscious body on the floor. They smashed his jaw, and broke in his teeth with the pommel of their swords, and hacked him limb by limb. Then John, sweeping once more aloft his dripping sword, smote him through the skull so that the brains poured forth.

The noise of the murder and the hoarse cries of the murderers at last penetrated to the guard in the corridors outside. They, not daring to break in without command, sent for help and orders to the main corps on guard in the outer court. These Varangians, wholly consisting of Northern soldiers, devoted to the person of the Emperor *de facto*, rushed forth to break into the Palace by the bronze portal, which they found barred by the conspirators. The rumour of a Palace intrigue ran through the city. Wild mobs, mixed with soldiers and priests, gathered round the Palace walls, and fierce cries were raised by the surging multitudes below. Leo, the brother of Nicephorus, was hastening to the gates with a band of Varangians, and followed by his partisans.

All at once a powerful light, cast by many torches, is seen by the mob below at the window of the Palace. John Tzimisces, already in the Imperial purple, and fully robed, appears before the crowd beneath, and as he withdraws from the confused shouts they send forth, Theodorus, his lieutenant, leapt into the window, and there brandishes in sight of all the mangled, bloody head of him who, but an hour before, was Emperor of the Roman world. The mob below uttered hoarse yells of different import—joy mingled with horror. But amazement and fear prevailed. The Varangian guardsmen stood to arms, impassive, waiting for orders from the Emperor. Neither politics, nor rights, nor dynasties troubled them. They were ready to die in defence of a living Autocrat; they would not avenge a dead one. Wulf, the son of Sigurd, their chief, cried out aloud—"When an

Emperor is crowned and gives the word, we will march and fight. We take no orders from a corpse!"

Seeing the Varangians stubbornly impassive, and the chief nobles bewildered, the vast crowd of the city became paralysed with fear, and gradually melted away. Black clouds laden with sleet from the Euxine swept across the turbid sky, and the storm howled round the gloomy battlements of the Sacred Palace. Snow now lay thick on the ground and covered the terraces below. The headless corpse of the mighty Lord of Rome, maimed, bloody, and crushed out of all resemblance to man, was flung from the Palace window in a heap, and lay all day a ghastly sight on the ground, staining the snow with its gore. And above it at the window dangled on a chain in the wind the mutilated head of Nicephorus, Ever-Victorious, that head of which the sight had so often struck terror into the ranks of the Saracens, and had so often, on many a wavering field, given new life to the warriors of Rome and of Christ.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Retribution.

The blood had hardly ceased to flow from the wounds of the murdered Emperor when the conspirators hurried from Boucoleon, the scene of their crime, to the great halls of the Sacred Palace in order to enthrone a new Autocrator in the person of John, the Armenian. All had been carefully prepared by the arts of Theophano and the skill of Tzimisces. His agents and ministers hurried about the throng of grandees and officials, loading some with gifts, some with offices, all with promises and seduction. Tzimisces was hastily robed in the Imperial purple, and adorned with the regal insignia—he was shod in the vermilion buskins, and crowned with the august diadem of high state. The venerable Patriarch had been summoned to his office, and serried ranks of chamberlains, officers, spathaires, priests, and Eunuchs were gathered together in the Golden Throne-room.

With a blare of trumpets and the chant of choristers in unison, Tzimisces advanced amidst his guards and officials, radiant with triumph, but still keen and anxious. The pompous ceremony was begun and hurried through by the eagerness and fear of all present, and amidst breathless interest a second cortège advanced, more beautiful, if less numerous, than the last: and Theophano appeared amidst her maidens and ladies of honour, smiling like Aphrodite when she entered the Circle of Olympus, more lovely than ever, radiant with pride and love. With pride, for she had achieved the most desperate of all her adventures and crushed her most hated enemy. With love, for she beamed on her new lover with all the self-abandonment of passion. She stepped through the gorgeous hall like the Goddess at once of Empire and of Love, and was about to take her place beside the throne of Tzimisces, on a couch which had been placed on the dais beside him.

"Holy and Venerable Patriarch," said John, in a voice of thunder, "your office to-day is two-fold. First you will unite me and this royal lady beside me in holy matrimony; and then you will pronounce us to the Roman world as anointed Augustus and Augusta."

"That shall never be," rang out the clear voice of the aged Patriarch. "We acknowledge thee Lord John Tzimisces, our Sovereign Autocrator, and I will anoint thee with the blessing of God and his Begotten Son. But never shall that woman be thy consort on the throne, nor will I join her in holy marriage to thee or any other man. She, the adulteress, the murderess, the profaner of the altar and the Church—she shall not pollute the Sacred Palace again. Drive her forth, in the name of Christ and His Mother, drive her forth from the Sacred Palace—or cease to pretend to it thyself. Choose between God and this woman, John, son of Theophilus. I have spoken in the name of the Saints who watch over us."

Theophano shrieked with rage, and John foamed at the mouth in his indignation and wrath. But, as he looked around him in the vast hall and closely scanned the looks of his officers and soldiers, he perceived but too clearly that the Patriarch had the whole audience in his power. Balantes thrust himself through the crowd of Grandees around the expectant Emperor, and whispered in a voice of intense excitement in the ear of Tzimisces. "John, son of Theophilus, listen to me—it is life or death to us both. The Patriarch has already suborned the most powerful of the nobles and officials about you; and he will anoint Bautzes as Autocrator if you refuse to put away the woman. Choose, then, between her, with a dungeon and mutilation to her portion, or the throne of Rome and the world. To hesitate is to be lost!"

As he spoke, Theophano could no longer be held back by the Eunuchs around her, and she forced her way to the side of Tzimisces. "John, my own hero, my love, my King, I have loved you wildly since my eyes first saw you. I have sacrificed my life, my soul, my children for you. If I have sinned, it was for love of you, that I might have you to myself, and be free from the monster who outraged us both at once, whom you can only torture any more, now that he is in hell, by letting him see me in your arms, and proving to him at last what is the real love of a woman. Save me, John, take me and hold me. You owe all to me, your life that I saved from his vengeance, your revenge which you have yet to complete, the throne of Rome, from which this wretched monk would debar you, the noblest Roman of them all. We have won it together. We will mount it and hold it together. Come to me, be the man, the hero that you are. Love me, and you shall see how I can love."

Again the Patriarch spoke in a voice of awful solemnity amidst the most profound silence in the vast hall. "John Tzimisces, thou shalt not pollute the consecrated throne of our Imperial line by dragging into it this unholy woman. Order her this instant into captivity in a convent to be dedicated to God for what remains to her of life on earth. Failing this, with the assent of the chief notables of Rome,

I consecrate another as Autocrator and Augustus, vice-gerent and tutor of Basil and Constantine, grandsons both of our venerated Constantine Porphyrogennetus. Priests of God and His Mother! Nobles and Soldiers of Rome! do I speak the words of Justice, of Rome, and of Holy Church?"

A deep murmur of assent rang through the Hall, and the keen eye of Tzimisces saw the inevitable sentence on the woman in the countenances of all around. The young Princes, Basil and Constantine, shrank from their mother's women, and took their place by the side of the Patriarch, as fully comprehending the nature of his threat. At that sight, Theophano sprang forward like a tigress, struck the child Basil twice across the mouth till his blood gushed forth over her royal robes, screaming, "Are ye all curs and traitors together? Mongrel priest, bastard child, false lover, slaves, Eunuchs, I defy ye all, I curse ye all!" And with these words, she fell forwards fainting in the arms of the black guards, who seized her, and held her in their unsparing grasp.

John Tzimisces heaved a deep groan, and at last, raising his hand high above his head, in a voice of subdued passion and fierce command, he cried, "Holy Patriarch! ye servants of the Most High! Chiefs, nobles, and soldiers of Rome! I acknowledge my sin in that I was seduced by the woman. Take her into strict imprisonment, and let her be immured in a convent in a distant island of the Euxine, so that she never again persuade man to evil, as she was about to persuade myself. Venerable Patriarch, do thy office as of right. Your words have triumphed. The evil one is put away from Rome for ever."

THE END.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THAMES BARRAGE.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—There are writers who show their interest in this scheme in many ways: some by asking questions—pertinent or otherwise; other by suggestions they think useful, or objections which appear to them more or less fatal; and others by inventing or deducing theories of their own as to what will happen to the Thames and its borders if the barrage becomes built.

Of the latter class, and easily first in it, must be placed the article in your last issue, signed by W. B. Woodgate,[1] who propounds certainly the most remarkable theories I have yet seen as to the tides and flow of the river. After describing shortly the project, its aims and advantages, he proceeds to demolish it with a theory that it is certain not one reader in fifty can have understood Put into plain language, it means that if the barrage is constructed, and, therefore, the tides no longer pass up and down the river, at low water there will be a considerable deficiency of water below the dam, because there will be no tidal water coming down to fill it up (although it has the whole German Ocean close to it), and he argues thence that the water below the barrage will fall so low that vessels will not be able to reach the dam at low water.

It need scarcely be said that this theory is wholly and solely the invention of its author, and absolutely unfounded. The Thames estuary below the dam will become an inlet or arm of the North Sea, and, owing to its great width as compared with its length, cannot possibly vary materially in its levels of high and low water from those of the North Sea itself under any circumstances.

The present variation in levels of tides between Gravesend and the North Sea is chiefly caused by the flow of the tides in the Thames, so that when these are cut off the range of variation must necessarily decrease.

Now, the rise of ordinary tides at Gravesend is fourteen feet, which is reduced further down the estuary to thirteen feet at Margate, thirteen feet at the Nore, ten and a-half feet at Maplin Sand and Foulness. Up the river the ordinary tides increase gradually in height to sixteen feet at London, due to the momentum of the tidal wave as it passes up the river, which gets narrower and shallower up to Teddington; so that we have the remarkable fact that, although the tides in the river are caused by the rise and fall of the North Sea, the sea water, in running up the river, reaches a higher level at high water at London, and, in running down again, a lower level at low water than at Gravesend. Obstructions in the river have been found to reduce the range of the tides above them, and conversely the removal of obstructions has increased the tidal range above them, in the former case by reducing the tidal wave and volume, and in the latter case by increasing it.

(1) Evidently the writer of an article in the *Field*, of Feb. 29th last, and of a letter signed W. B., in the same journal of the 12th March, to both of which the writer replied giving the engineering view of this question.

Now to apply this well-known principle to the estuary after building the dam. It has been shown above that the tidal range is now greater at Gravesend than lower down, due to the tidal wave passing up to fill the river. The removal, therefore, of a portion of the tidal volume of about one-twelfth, which follows from the closing of the river, causing a less volume of water to flow up the estuary from the North Sea, must necessarily reduce the tidal range at Gravesend, producing lower high-tides and higher low-tides than now, with a gradually decreasing current to the upper end of the estuary.

But Mr. Woodgate supposes that the water of the North Sea cannot fill the space below the dam without the help of the river, and yet all round our coasts we have many similar inlets or estuaries in none of which do the water levels vary much from those of the outside sea. To make comparisons between an upper Thames lasher—having a river below it which, with no tidal water, can only receive its water from above or run dry—and a Gravesend dam with the tidal sea just below it, is a most extraordinary line of argument. It is obvious that the North Sea can more easily and certainly fill up the estuary alone than it can fill the estuary plus the river.

Again, he entirely misunderstands the questions involved in the Clyde dredging to which he refers (p. 343). The Clyde has been gradually dredged from a low-water depth of about six feet to twenty feet, but, as this has increased the tidal volume, the tidal range has increased also, and thus about seven feet of this dredging has been lost in low-water depth, because the increased tidal range has lowered the low-water line to that extent The same result would accrue in the Thames if the dredging scheme were carried out. The normal tidal oscillation or range in the Clyde—as elsewhere—is governed by that of the outside sea, not by the river above it, which only modifies it; and the dredging, now necessary annually, is required chiefly to remove the silt and sand scoured into the dredged channel, which has been dredged down far below the curve of repose, which was its old form in 1760.

Mr. Woodgate then discusses the subject of silting above the dam. All the silt coming down from the upper river (which is depositable) will certainly, as he says, be deposited in the closed river. A calculation of the total suspended matter coming over the Weir at Teddington, and of that entering the river by the sewage effluents, including a large addition for other uncertain sources, shows that, if all of it is deposited evenly over the bottom of the lake, it will not amount to one-tenth of an inch per annum, which would not require dredging for one hundred years.

His next contention is that the tidal volume cut off by the dam (one-twelfth) will deplete the river just below the dam. This can only refer to the tidal current, which will certainly be slow at this point, but this has nothing to do with its rise and fall, though, by the slower current, there will naturally be a greater tendency to deposit, which the writer admitted, but which, if it occurs, can be dealt with by sluicing or dredging. Mr. Woodgate's description of the parts of the upper reaches where deposit now takes place is no doubt correct, but, having deposited most of its silt in the upper reaches, it is evident that it cannot deposit much lower down · the average quantity of suspended matter in the water coming over Teddington Weir is only one grain per gallon. But he does not seem to be aware that a clear, fresh water river, however slow its current, will remove its mud by bacterial action, and thus cleanse itself and

oxidise the sewage that runs into it, so long as it is not overtaxed with impurity.

The writer's statements on this point, as also those of the oxidation of different parts of the river and the relative values of salt and fresh water, are not his own, but those of the greatest river chemists, whose experience has extended over a lifetime, and are the results of many tests and experiments—not mere theories, as Mr. Woodgate improperly states; men, in fact, who are far above Mr. Woodgate's reach. Both Mr. Dibdin[1] and Mr. Clark[2] have repeatedly published and reported officially the facts as the writer stated them, and they have been confirmed by other expert chemists.

He also unfairly treats a general statement the writer made—"that there has never been any complaint of the condition of the upper waters as to sewage except on the ground of their use for towns' water supplies"—as though it applied historically to all time, though it is obviously meant to apply to recent times, the upper river sewage having nearly all been the subject of treatment of late years to remove the sludge from it, as is done with the London sewage.

To wade through the numerous minor blunders in Mr. Woodgate's article would be tedious and unpleasant, but it is impossible to avoid the conclusion—obvious enough to engineers—that Mr. Woodgate has not such an acquaintance with his subject as would warrant him in attempting a fair criticism of the details of the barrage scheme, or warrant any reader in putting the smallest faith in his extraordinary theories.

T. W. BARBER, M INST C.E.

(1) See *The Purification of Sewage and Water*, by R J Dibdin, F.I.C., F.C.S., &c., formerly Chemist to the London County Council and the Metropolitan Board of Works; also *Recent Improvements in Methods for the Bacterial Treatment of Sewage*, by the same author.

(2) Harry W Clark, Chemist to the Massachusetts State Board of Health. Report to the Committee of the Charles River Dam. Pp. 70.

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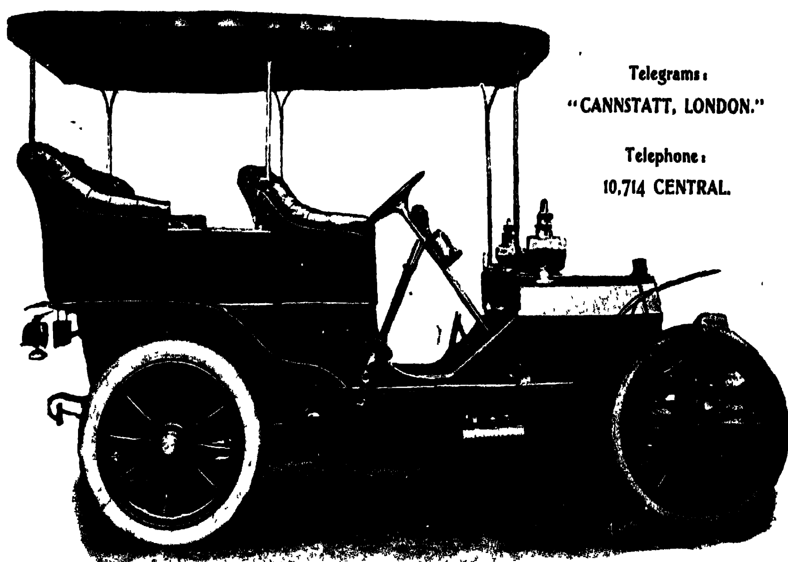
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ROME.

For twenty centuries Rome has been the storehouse of all that was beautiful; and surely in no other spot in the world does so much beauty survive.

She has created nothing, save perhaps a certain spirit of grandeur, a co-ordination of beautiful things; but the most magnificent moments of the earth clung to her so fondly, and displayed such energy during their sojourn, that on no other point of the globe have they left so many imperishable traces. Treading her soil, we tread the mutilated footprint of the goddess who reveals herself no longer to men.

Nature gave her the wonderful site, established her fitly for the races that passed beside on the peaks of history to let fall their jewels into the noblest cup ever opened beneath the sky. She was not unworthy to receive those marvels; she was already their equal. Beneath her limpid azure, the gloomy, obscure plants of the north still mate with southern foliage, inhaling their brightness and gladness. To the purest of her trees—the cypress that lifts its head like an ardent and sombre prayer, the stone-pine, into which the forest has whispered its gravest and sweetest thought, the massive evergreen oak, that adopts so willingly the graceful form of an archway—to these the tradition of ages has given a pride, a conscious solemnity, that they possess nowhere else in the world. None can forget them who once has seen them, and understood; or fail to recognise them from among kindred trees of a less sacred soil. They were the ornaments, they were the witnesses, of incomparable things. They are one with the scattered aqueducts, the discrowned mausoleums, the broken arches; one with the columns, heroic in their ruin, that array the deserted Campagna. They have assumed the

style of the eternal marbles, which they surround with respect and silence. Like these marbles, they also have two or three clear but mysterious lines to tell of the sorrow confessed by a plain that bears, without flinching, the wreck of its glory. They are, and know they are, Roman.

A circle of mountains, their sonorous names augustly familiar, their heads often charged with snow as dazzling as the memories which they evoke, create around the city that never can perish a precise and glorious horizon, which divides her from the world, but does not isolate from the sky. And in these desolate precincts, in the midst of the lifeless places where the flagstones, the steps, the porticos, multiply silence and absence; at all the cross-roads where some wounded statue is keeping guard in the void; among the basins, the capitals, the nymphs and the tritons, water is flowing, docile and luminous, obedient still to the orders received two thousand years ago; decking the immaculate solitude with its mobile fragrance, its garlands of dew and trophies of crystal, azure plumes and crowns of pearl. It is as though Time, among all the monuments that had hoped to brave it, respected only the fragile hours of what evaporates and flows away. . . .

Beauty, though always a borrowed beauty, has dwelt so long within these walls that go from the Janiculum to the Esquiline, it has so persistently taken root there, that the very spot, the air one breathes, the sky that covers it, the curves that define it, have acquired a prodigious power of appropriation and ennoblement. Rome, like a pyre, purifies all that the errors and caprices of men, their ignorance and extravagance, have been incessantly forcing upon her since her ruin. So far it has been impossible to disfigure her. One might almost believe that for any work to be carried out here, or to live, it first must cast off its original ugliness, it must cease to be vulgar. Whatever does not conform to the style of the seven hills is slowly effaced and rejected; it crumbles beneath the influence of the watchful genius that has fixed the æsthetic principles of the city on the horizons, the rocks, and the marble of the heights. Thus, for instance, the art of the Middle Ages and the Primitives must have been more active here than in any other city, since this was the heart of the Christian universe; and yet they have left but few distinctive traces, these even appearing, as it were, hidden and ashamed; enough, and no more, for the history of the world, of which this was the centre, not to be left incomplete. But when we turn to those artists whose spirit was naturally in harmony with that which presides over the destinies of the eternal city—Giulio Romano, the Carracci, and above all, Raphael and Michael Angelo—we find in their

work here a plenitude of power, a conviction, a kind of instinctive satisfaction, that they manifest in no other place. One feels they had not to create, but only to choose from among the unrevealed forms that thronged imperiously to them, from every side, clamouring to be born; to these the masters gave substance. A mistake was impossible; they did not paint, in the proper sense of the word, but merely uncovered the veiled images which haunted the saloons and arcades of the palaces. And so intimate, so indispensable, is the relation between their art, and the environment that gives it life, that when their works are exiled to the museums or churches of other cities they seem out of proportion, unduly vigorous and unduly decorative, with an arbitrary conception of life. It is for this reason that copies or photographs of the ceiling of the Sistine appear disconcerting, and almost incomprehensible. But to the traveller who does not enter the Vatican till he too has drunk in the mighty will-power that emanates from the thousand fragments of the temples and the public places—to him Michael Angelo's overpowering effort becomes magnificent, and natural. The prodigious vault, on which a people of giants hurtle together in a grave and harmonious orgy of enthusiasm and muscles, turns into an arch of the very sky, and reflects all the scenes of energy, all the burning virtues, the memories of which still are restless beneath the ruins of this passionate soil. So, too, as he stands before the "Conflagration of the Borgo," he will not feel as he would were he beholding the admirable fresco on the walls of the National Gallery or the Louvre; he will not say to himself, as Taine does, for instance, that these superb nude bodies are but vaguely concerned with the thing that is happening, that the flames which arise from the building in no wise disturb them, and that their one preoccupation is to pose as good models, and bring into value the curve of a hip or the anatomy of a thigh. No; the visitor who has submissively heeded the injunctions of all that surrounds him will require no telling that here, in these halls of the Vatican, as beneath the vault of the Sistine, he is contemplating the tardy but normal and logical development of an art that might have been that of Rome. He will realise that, different as the impression may be that these two great efforts produce, he discovers the formula there that the too positive genius of the Quirites had lacked the good fortune or the opportunity to disengage. For Rome, notwithstanding all her endeavours, could not, of her own initiative, give to the universe the essential image that she had promised. It was to the spoils of Greece that she owed her beauty; and her chief merit had been that she understood the beauty of Greek art, and eagerly amassed its treasures. Her endeavours to add to it resulted only

in deformity; she was unable to adapt its expression to her personal life. Her paintings and sculptures responded only by a kind of heresy, a vague approximateness, to the realities of her existence; and such feeble originality as her architecture possessed was due solely to its colossal proportions. One might almost imagine that old Buonarotti and the superb colourist of Urbino had but unearthed, after all the catastrophes, all the long silences and the seeming deaths of Rome, the latent, uninterrupted tradition that had unceasingly been in travail underground, and now emerged at last to culminate in their work, and declare to the world what the Empire had been powerless to say. For these men are more distinctively Roman, more truly representative, perhaps, of the unconscious and secret desire of that Latin earth, than was the Rome of the Cæsars. That Rome had failed in its image. She had remained artificially Hellenic; and Greece could not provide this infinitely vaster race, differing so widely from her, with the forms demanded by its ornamental consciousness. Greece could be only a sure and magnificent starting-point; but her delicate, precise statues and paintings, so nicely, almost minutely, proportioned, were out of place in that Forum, surcharged with immense monuments, as among the monstrous Thermæ and violent circuses, or under the sumptuous arches of the superposed basilicas. What if those frescoes of Michael Angelo were the answer to the call of the empty arches, that had waited a thousand years; what if they were the almost organic consequence of those imperial columns and marbles? And may we not ask ourselves too whether the ceiling, the pendentives and lunettes of the Farnesina and the Conflagration of the Borgo do not illustrate, better by far than the sculptures of Phidias or Praxiteles, better also than the best paintings of Pompeii or Herculaneum, the Metamorphoses of Ovid, Virgil's Aeneid, or the poems of Horace?



But all this, perhaps, is merely illusion, and due to the prestige of that appropriative power we have mentioned above. That power is such that whatever might, at the first glance, seem wholly opposed to the idea that reigns within these walls, not only does not contradict this idea, but serves to define and declare it. Even Bernini—rhetorical, exuberant, ubiquitous Bernini—as irreconcilable as it is possible to be with the primitive gravity and taciturnity of Rome, even he, so detestable elsewhere, seems here to be adopted, justified, by the genius of the city; and serves to explain and illustrate certain somewhat redundant and declamatory sides of Roman greatness.

Moreover, a city that possesses the Venus of the Capitol and

of the Vatican, the Sleeping Ariadne, the Meleager, and the Torso of Hercules, the countless marvels of museums as numerous almost as her palaces (think only of the treasures in a single one of these museums, the newest of all, the Nazionale!), a city whose every street, almost every house, conceals some fragment of marble or bronze which, did some new town contain it, would send pilgrims flocking; a city that can offer the Pantheon of Agrippa, certain columns in the Forum—in a word, so many treasures that baffled memory cannot keep pace with untiring admiration; a city that has among its wonders those cypress-girdled lawns of the Villa Borghese, those fountains, those eternal gardens; a city, indeed, which is the refuge of all that was best in the past of the only people who cultivated beauty as others cultivated corn, the olive or the vine; such a city opposes a resistance to vulgarity that, inactive though it be, is yet invincible, and she can tolerate all things without defilement. The immortal presence of an assembly of gods, so perfect that no mutilation can alter the rhythm of body or pose, protects her against the errors herself may commit, and prevents the new generations of men from having more empire upon her than time and the barbarians had on those very gods.

And these lead us back to the little cities of Hellas which discovered one day, and fixed for ever, the laws of human beauty. The beauty of earth, except for some spots that our sordid industries have ravaged, has altered but little since the days of Augustus and Pericles. The sea is infinite still, still inviolate. The forest, the plain, the harvest, the villages, rivers and streams, the mountains, the dawn and the evening, stars and the sky, vary as these all may according to climate and latitude, offer us still the same spectacles of grandeur and tenderness, the same soft, profound harmonies, the same fairy-like scenes of changing complexity, that they showed to the Athenian citizens and the people of Rome. Nature remains more or less as it was; and besides, we have grown more sensitive, and to-day can admire more freely. But when we turn to the beauty special to man, the beauty that is his own immediate aim, we find that, owing perhaps to our too great wealth or excessive application, to the scattering of our efforts, lack of concentration, or to the want of a certain goal and an incontestable starting-point, we appear to have lost almost all that the ancients had been able to establish and make their own. In all that regards purely human æsthetics, in what concerns our body, our gestures, our clothes, the objects we live with, our houses and gardens, our monuments, even our landscapes, we are groping so timidly, we display such confusion and inexperience, that one might truly believe our occupation of this planet to date but from yesterday, and that we are still at

the very beginning of the period of adaptation. For the work of our hands there exists no longer a common measure, an accepted rule or conviction. Our painters, our architects, our sculptors, our men of letters—and we in our homes, our cities—seek in a thousand different contradictory directions for the sure, the undeniable beauty that the ancients possessed so fully. Should one of us by any chance create, join together, or discover a few lines, a harmony of form or colour, that should incontestably prove that the mysterious, decisive point had been attained, it would be regarded as the merest hazard, as an isolated and precious phenomenon, and neither the author nor anyone else would be able to repeat it.

And yet, for a few happy years, man had mastered the laws of the beauty that is essentially and specifically human; and so great was his certitude that even to-day it still compels our conviction. In the beauty of his own body the Greek instinctively found the fixed standard that the Egyptians, the Assyrians, Persians, and all the anterior civilisations, had sought in vain among animals and flowers, rocks and mountains, monsters and chimeras; and the architecture of his temples and palaces, the style of his houses, the proportion and ornament of the things that he used in his daily life, were all derived from the beauty of this nude and perfect body. This people, among whom nudity with its natural consequence, the irreproachable harmony of limbs and muscles, was almost a religious and civic obligation, has taught us that the beauty of the human body is as diverse in its perfection, as spiritual, as mysterious, as the beauty of stars or sea. Every other ideal has misled, and must always mislead, the endeavours and efforts of man. In all the arts, intelligent races came the nearer to the true beauty in proportion as they came nearer to the habit of nudity; departing from this, they departed also from beauty. The beauty proper to Rome—in other words, the little original beauty she added to the spoils of Greece—was due to the last remains of this custom. For in Rome, as Taine tells us, "they also assembled together to swim, to be rubbed, to perspire, to wrestle and run; or at least, to watch the runners and wrestlers. For Rome, in this respect, is only an enlarged Athens; the same ways of life obtain, the same habits, the same instincts and pleasures; the only difference lies in the proportion and the moment. The city has swollen till it numbers masters by the hundred thousand and slaves by the million; but, from Xenophon to Marcus Aurelius, the gymnastic and rhetorical training has not altered; they have still the tastes of athletes and orators, and it is in this direction that one must work to please them; they are worshippers of the nude, they are connoisseurs of style, of con-

versation and ornament. We can no longer understand this pagan life of the body, that was so curious, and yet so idle; the climate has remained as it was, but man changed when he put on clothes and turned Christian."

It might more justly be said, perhaps, that Rome, at the period of which Taine speaks, was an intermittent and incomplete Athens. What was habitual there, and in some measure organic, becomes here only artificial and exceptional. They still cultivate and admire the human body, but it is almost always concealed by the toga; and the wearing of the toga blurs the pure, clear lines which a multitude of nude and living statues imposed upon the columns and pediments of the temples. The monuments grow larger and larger, lose their form, and little by little their human harmony. The golden standard is shrouded, and the veil shall be lifted only by a few artists of the Renaissance, which was the moment when positive beauty shed its last beams.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

Translated by ALFRED SUTRO.

FORECASTS AND FIRST-FRUITS.

It is twenty years since the Franchise Act of 1884 completed the democratic system in British politics. The period is a short one in the history of a nation, but long enough, perhaps, to justify us in asking what has happened thus far to the hopes and fears of those who prophesied concerning democracy. We are favourably situated for such an inquiry, since, in the middle years of the last century there issued an unceasing stream of warning and prediction from the eminent group of writers who concerned themselves with the theory and principles of politics. Their works are too many and voluminous for any detailed analysis in one article, but their general conclusions are few and simple, and can be briefly summarised without sacrificing much that is material.

Two works may fairly be taken as typical of the thought of this period. One is Bagehot's "Essays on Parliamentary Reform," published in 1860, the other Mill's "Representative Government," published in 1861. Mill was, in theory, a democrat, which Bagehot was not, and never pretended to be, Liberal though he called himself. But the two men had this at least in common, that they were both gravely concerned about the dangers of an extended franchise, unless accompanied by checks to secure the due representation of intelligence and property. Bagehot hit upon the singular idea of enfranchising the working-class in a few selected industrial constituencies (which he assumed would invariably elect members of the working-class), while excluding them from the privilege of voting in all other parts of the country. Mill, on the other hand, was for admitting everyone—man or woman—who was able to read, who was not a criminal, or pauper, and who contributed to taxation in some form or other, however exiguously. At the same time, lest the more intelligent portion of the community should be swamped by an ignorant majority, he also proposed a variety of expedients, beginning with "a plurality of votes in a rapidly ascending scale for persons of superior education," and ending with the Hare scheme of minority representation. It is not my purpose to enter into these schemes, except so far as they afford a clue to the fears of democracy which were entertained by the vast majority of the educated and propertied classes forty years ago. There was apparently complete agreement among the wise men of this period that to devise means for giving the franchise with one hand, while taking it back with the other, was the proper object of political philosophy. A vast

deal of their time and labour was accordingly spent in demolishing each other's plans for giving effect to this purpose, but that it was a necessary and desirable purpose was common ground to them all. Bagehot declares it to be essential "to withstand even the commencement of a democratic revolution"; Mill again and again insists that a democracy in which majorities would have undiluted power is the false kind of democracy which would give absolute power to a "single class, alike in biasses, prepossessions, and general modes of thinking," and which would, therefore, like all other forms of class-government, be "a government of privilege in favour of the numerical majority, who would alone possess any voice in the State."

Mill's argument is so familiar that it need not be repeated, but it is worth while to linger for a moment over Bagehot's Essays, which are less studied in these days. The object of the 1832 Reform Bill, he tells us, was "to transfer the predominant influence in the State from certain special classes to the general aggregate of fairly instructed men." The object of the next Reform Bill must be "to enlarge the influence of the growing parts of the nation as compared with the stationary; to augment the influence of the capitalist classes, but to withstand the pernicious theories which some of them for the moment advocate; to organise an expression for the desires of the lower orders, but to withstand even the commencement of a democratic revolution." It is throughout the thesis of this essay that democracy is to be resisted at all costs, and the pernicious theories of the capitalist class here alluded to are, we shall see presently, the democratic opinions of Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden. Bagehot admits that Parliament at this period had two defects, one "an undue bias towards the sentiments and interests of the landed interest"; the other that "too little weight is given to the growing parts of the country; too much to the stationary." That is to say, the new and populous neighbourhoods which have grown up since 1832 are under-represented. Subject, however, to these two defects, "the House of Commons coincides nearly—or sufficiently nearly—in habitual judgment with the fairly intelligent and reasonably educated part of the community," and "almost all persons, except the avowed holders of the democratic theory, would think that this is enough." Nevertheless, it is admitted to be a defect in Parliament, as a representative though not as a ruling institution, that it "does not provide any mode of expression for the sentiments of what are vaguely but intelligibly called the working-classes." There follows a long and interesting argument on what Bagehot rather oddly calls the eccentricity of working-class opinion. "Observers tell us," he says, "that those who live by manual labour

are more likely to be remarkable for originality than for modesty." They are self-taught, and self-taught men are "commonly characterised by a one-sided energy, and something of a self-sufficient disposition." Thus the more energetic of them suffer from "fervid ideas of unseasonable originality," and are "particularly liable to singular opinions." But the very fact that their opinions are "singular" is proof of the need of some expression of them in a representative House of Commons.

On the other hand, to give this opinion the weight that would be due to its numbers would be practically to disfranchise "the best classes." This leads to a vigorous rebuttal of the "democratic theory" which requires that Parliamentary representation should be proportioned to mere numbers. The true principle is that every person has a right to "*so much political power as he can exercise without impeding any other person who would more fitly exercise such power.*" The italics are Bagehot's, and he attaches the utmost importance to the formula. "Any such measure for enfranchising the lower orders as would overpower and consequently disfranchise the higher, should be resisted on the ground of 'abstract right.'" It wrongs the community by depriving it of a better government than that which you propose to give to it; it wrongs the already enfranchised by dethroning them from the position to which they are entitled by capacity. Justice, therefore, is on the side of "a graduated rule, in which all persons should have an influence proportioned to their political capacity," the working-class having *some* influence, but not a preponderant influence, the higher orders of society retaining the authority in matters of political opinion which is theirs by virtue of the leisure, the education, the more instructive pursuits, and the more instructive society which they enjoy. The idea that they will retain this authority under a democratic franchise is mentioned only to be dismissed as an error which experience has condemned. "History teaches that under a democratic government those who speak the feelings of the majority themselves have a greater chance of being chosen to rule, than any of the higher orders, who, under another form of government, would be admitted to be the better judges."

The object being thus defined as that of introducing enough working-class voters to allay discontent, and yet not so many as to swamp the higher orders, Bagehot comes to his own particular device of giving the working-class the run of a few selected constituencies. But he has also certain observations to make about the middle-class, which throw a curious sidelight upon the thought of this period.

He quotes Burke's saying, that the first East Indian Nabobs were "Jacobins almost to a man," because they did not find their

social position "proportionate to their new wealth," and suggests a similar explanation of the dangerously democratic tendencies of Mr. Bright and the Manchester School. "Such a symptom in the body politic is," he proceeds, "an indication of danger. So energetic a class as the creators of Manchester need to be conciliated; their active intelligence has rights which assuredly it will make heard. The great political want of our day is a *capitalist conservatism.* If we could enlist the intelligent creators of wealth in the ranks of those who would give their due influence to intelligence and property, we should have almost secured the stability of our constitution; we should have pacified its most dangerous assailants; we should count them among our most active allies." It is difficult for us living in these days to realise that there was a time when intelligent observers supposed the constitution to be threatened by insurgent capitalists, or spoke of a *capitalist conservatism* (the italics are Bagehot's) as the one thing wanting. Mr. Bright has had many critics from that time to this, but no one else probably ever compared him to an embittered Nabob whose social ambitions had been thwarted. Again, it is curious to note the reasons for which the Liberals are taken to task in the note which Bagehot appends to his "Essay on Parliamentary Reform." "They had a vague kind of abstract idea," he tells us, "that the franchise must be extended some time or other. *They would have been shocked to hear themselves called democrats,* but when they talked about reform, their language, so far as it had a meaning at all, had a democratic meaning." The italics are this time my own, and there is surely a world of meaning in them for those who would trace the phases of political thought. At the beginning of 1859, Mr. Bagehot is congratulating himself on the Liberal reaction against democracy, and, sure enough, all reform projects were stifled for that year, and until 1867, when a Conservative Government made short work of Whig warnings and philosophic doubts.

It would be easy to multiply instances from the voluminous literature of this period, or from the speeches of Tories and Adullamites on the Bill of 1867, but the anti-democratic argument may, I think, be compressed into three main propositions:—

(1) The working-class will vote together as a class in working-class interests.

(2) The upper and middle-classes will, therefore, be disfranchised for all practical purposes.

(3) Educated and intelligent opinion will, therefore, be swamped and the country given over to rash, heedless, and unjust legislation, in which property and law and order will suffer, and Parliament be vulgarised.

The first of these propositions is either openly asserted or tacitly assumed in all or nearly all the political writing of the mid-century. Bagehot, for instance, takes it for granted that the middle-class merchants and manufacturers will necessarily be "disfranchised" in the few constituencies which he proposes to open to the working-classes, and argues at great length that they must be prepared to accept this disability in the public interest. Mill, who is more democratic, yet fears a working-class preponderance over educated opinion, and proposes his minority vote and his educational franchises to correct the massed voting of the masses. It need not be said that the Tories of the period were overwhelmingly of the same opinion. The difference between the Tory and the philosophic Liberal of those days was, not that the one feared while the other trusted the democracy, but that the Tory looked to property and the Liberal to education and intelligence for its correction. Both, meanwhile, appeared to regard it as a foregone conclusion that, if the working-class were admitted without checks, they would combine to exclude those who represented the views of other classes, and elect to Parliament either men of their own class, or men who would faithfully reflect the views of that class.

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The great discovery of the years from 1868 until now has been that this assumption was baseless. After thirty-five years of household franchise, we seem to be farther than ever from the massed vote of the masses. Direct representatives of labour are still but a handful, and the difficulty of increasing their number is in the main a difficulty of inducing the working-class to accept them and support them. The idea widely entertained by men of both parties in 1868 and 1885, that the new extension of the franchise would give the Liberal Party a solid and compact body of democratic supporters, has equally proved a delusion. Within the House of Commons the chief change in the balance of power is that landed property has lost influence in favour not of the working-class but of the manufacturing, financial, and professional middle-class. The rule of the middle-class has apparently been as firmly established as in the days of Lord Palmerston, and in some notable respects there has even been a reaction from the democratic ideas of the earlier period. The House of Commons has not been swamped by the working-class vote, or the power of property in its widest sense in the least diminished. If the House has in any degree been vulgarised, the "lower orders" in Great Britain are not to blame for the process.

Yet it was perfectly natural that an observer in the 'fifties should entertain the contrary supposition. He remembered the

days of 1848 and had witnessed, as this generation has not, the organised upheavals of labour bent on revolution. He had seen all good citizens hastening to enrol themselves as Special Constables for the protection of London against the Chartists. He knew the staunch and formidable character of the long line of Radical leaders who had organised the movements of the unenfranchised working-class, and he imagined that what Attwood and the Birmingham Union had done in the pre-Reform days might be done on a far vaster scale by Socialist and Radical leaders, when their clients had the power of the vote. But what he failed to see was that the extension of the franchise was only one among many movements necessary to democratise the House of Commons in the manner anticipated. Payment of members and payment of election expenses out of the rates were at least equally important, if the door was to be opened to men without means. Payment of members, or, as they called it, "wages of attendance," had been part of the programme of the Chartists, but the philosophic Radicals looked coldly upon it, and official politicians have never—from that time to this—done more than flirt with it. The British House of Commons, therefore, still holds a unique position in Europe as an assembly which imposes a high property qualification upon its members while permitting an extended franchise to its electorate.

That this anomaly continues is, however, merely one sign among many that the enfranchised working-class is on the whole in agreement with the middle-class in its preference for propertied representatives. The influence and power of wealth among all classes, which the close of the nineteenth century revealed to us, is, indeed, an element in Anglo-Saxon life which the wisest of wise men failed to foresee in the early years of the century. De Tocqueville, as Mr. Bryce has pointed out, had no presentiment of the immense power which money was to exercise in the life and politics of the United States.[1] He conceived of America as a land of moderate fortune, evenly distributed, and assumed the condition to be more or less permanent. The writers of even forty years ago were equally incapable of predicting the scientific and industrial developments which have produced the modern millionaire and all that he implies. That is no blame to them, but their speculations are necessarily vitiated by the omission of a factor which has proved so immensely important in the sequel.

Another discovery we have made is that the working-class are in no special sense a political class. Political writers have a peculiar difficulty in realising the comparatively small part which politics and political agitation play in the everyday life of average men

(1) Bryce. Studies in History and Jurisprudence, Vol. 1, 427.

and women, and even when they concede it of other classes, they cling to the belief that working-class politics are intenser and more vehement than the politics of other classes. It has been another discovery of the last thirty years that the working-class is in this respect astonishingly like other classes, and that the very expression "working-class," in so far as it conveys the idea of common interests leading to common action, corresponds to no reality. The differences of temperament which make one man Conservative and another Liberal, the indifferences, the preoccupation with bread-getting and saving, the amusements, the social distinctions, the deference paid to power and wealth, are substantially the same among the working-class as among other classes, though their outward manifestation is different. The social distinctions of the East End are even more intricate and complicated than those of the West End, and have the same reactions upon average opinion. Bagehot once very truly observed that the extension of the franchise to a new class caused the class just above it to become Conservative. The Radicalism of the newly-enfranchised labourer causes a reaction towards Conservatism in the well-to-do mechanic. Finally, there is the immense influence of sport—at this moment the greatest of all competitors with politics for the leisure and thought of the working-class. One minority of human kind is political, another is religious; and, except in times of excitement, politics, like religion, makes an intense appeal only to the few. It is the same in all classes, and the fact, when stated, is so little surprising as to seem a truism. Nevertheless, many politicians have broken their hearts on the opposite assumption.

But if, next, we take a broader survey and follow the Anglo-Saxon to the new communities which he is building up across the seas, the tendency is strikingly different. In Australia, in New Zealand, and to some extent even in Canada, democracy has, roughly speaking, followed the course which the old Liberals predicted. Mr. Seddon stands vividly out as the defiant embodiment of their most dismal forebodings. State-insurance, State-labour, State-pensions, State-arbitration, combined with protectionism, exclusion of immigrants, and a vigorous militarism which responds to every Imperial appeal—all these things, which are the commonplaces of Australasian politics, would have appeared as the abomination of desolation to the philosophic Liberals. Whether they are in fact the evils that the wise men supposed them to be is quite another question. The free conditions of new countries have at least enabled them to be carried out without the spoliation of existing interests such as obstruct the path in old countries; and it may be that the British Colonies will yet prove

the possibility of an ordered and prosperous existence under semi-socialistic conditions. But in the meantime it is clear that the British working-class have not developed the energy required to clear the path for a similar policy in an old country, but have, on the contrary, shown an acquiescence in existing conditions which was not expected by any party forty years ago.

It is an interesting speculation whether the Colonial movement is not itself in some measure responsible for the comparative stagnation of English working-class politics. Emigration during the last half-century has, year by year, drawn off a considerable number of the ablest and most enterprising of the working-class. That most of the emigrants are very poor is nothing to the point. They are young and strong, and—since they have the energy to seek their fortune in a new world—they must so far be presumed to possess vitality and courage. We are constantly hearing of men of working-class origin who have won fortune or distinction in America or the Colonies. These are the men who, if they had remained in this country, would have been most likely to rebel against its Conservative conditions. The argument need not be pushed to the length of suggesting that those who remain are a survival of the least enterprising, but the permanent possibility of a career in other English-speaking countries, and the temptation which it offers to men of eager disposition, must to some extent weaken the progressive forces in this country. But equally and also emigration has helped to lay another of the spectres which haunted the political prophets of a former generation—the fear, namely, that population would so press on the margin of subsistence in a small country as to create great misery and corresponding discontent. If we have any fears on that subject in these days, it is rather lest the birth-rate should slacken to an extent that would menace prosperity. That is too long and difficult a subject to discuss here; my present point is that the Colonial movement has at one and the same time relieved the country of its surplus population, and provided a career for ambitions which, if thwarted, might have been dangerous to its Conservative ideals.

A practical unanimity of opinion and comparatively small areas of administration seem to be essentials of the socialistic order, and it is perhaps a sub-conscious perception of this fact which renders the Colonials so jealous of immigration, and so exclusive in their trade-policy. The dense population of Great Britain—dependent to a large extent on foreign trade and foreign food-supplies—must alone prevent her from pursuing the ideal of a small and self-contained State and, beyond all other causes, it is the immense complication of her commercial system and the

dependence of all classes upon it which has checked the development of labour politics on Australian lines. Democracy of the Colonial type is not likely to be realised speedily by the highly centralised Governments of old and populous countries. The way to it is by State legislatures controlling small areas, in which the progressive spirit will not constantly be checked by a remembrance of the immense interests committed to their charge. A municipality or a province can retrace a false step, and be the wiser for its experience; a nation retreats painfully and with heavy loss.

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Yet, though democracy has not so far produced the results in Great Britain that the sages and prophets predicted, it would be the greatest mistake to suppose that it has not profoundly influenced the conduct of affairs. Both political parties stand in a new relation to the public. They are like business houses which have passed from the old, steady, high-class, limited custom to become caterers for the million. Fresh departments must be opened, advertisement must now be on the largest scale, the wishes of customers must be anticipated. Organisation becomes immensely important; there is the liveliest competition between parties and even sections of parties to secure the best agent or the most experienced wire-puller. It is a singular fact that the Conservative Party should have grasped the new conditions much more promptly than the Liberal Party. The Primrose League rapidly reduced the popularising of politics to a fine art, while the Liberal, following his sober and serious tradition, looked on with a kind of mystified contempt, unable to realise that the classes threatened by democracy were organising a most ingenious and effective defensive movement. The old Liberals had feared and predicted a Radical demagogy which would threaten property and swamp educated opinion. It quickly became manifest that the most vigorous and active demagogues would be found on the Conservative side, which now plunged gaily into the work of flattering and conciliating the masses.

Then, simultaneously, the House of Commons has lost its unique position as the forum of the country. The newly-enfranchised classes could not only vote, but most of them could now read, and the growth of the cheap Press placed a vigorous and abundant discussion of public events daily within their reach. So the dependence of parties on the small number of public men who figure daily in the cheap Press, and who can speak with effect beyond the House of Commons to the masses of people, becomes yearly more complete, and is the source of much party trouble. Their number is very few, and some of them need great inducements

to come forward, yet a party must have them at all costs. Without them it is inarticulate, unable to advertise its intentions or criticise its opponents, and cut off from communication with the public, on whose favour it depends. The old-fashioned Minister really governed through Parliament, and his public speeches were infrequent and not very important episodes. The modern Minister has as many engagements as a public singer, and his speeches in the House are addressed even more to the reporters than to the Assembly. No amount of success as an administrator or as a debater within the House will compensate him for the catastrophe of losing his platform, and ceasing to be reported in the first person. The accumulation of business as the Empire expands and its interests become more complicated, operates simultaneously to limit the power of the House and to increase the power of the Executive. The immense centralisation of business means, in practice, the abdication of the assembly in favour of the Government. The same cause operates within the Government, and results in the abdication of the minor Minister in favour of one or two dominant individuals. Everything, therefore, tends to the glorification of a few successful leaders. It is nothing, or next to nothing, to be an average Minister in these days; it is everything to be one of the little cluster of stars whose brilliance is of the first magnitude. These alone establish a relation with the public, and are the real centres of Government and Opposition. Government under these conditions tends to be an oligarchy of the Inner Cabinet, depending on a direct relation with the public which a few eminent men and powerful speakers establish independently of the House of Commons.

The man of this movement, the man who above all others represents this order of ideas, is undoubtedly Mr. Chamberlain. Had he remained attached to the Liberal Party, and had he succeeded in the course of nature to Mr. Gladstone's leadership, he might have given an entirely different trend to the first years of the democratic period. No one so well as he understands the "grand high pressure of bustle and excitement," on which the popularity of politics depends; no one in our time has had such an immense instinct for publicity. Educated in the arts which the old Liberals most distrusted, he transferred the whole of his experience to the Conservative Party at the critical moment when the democratic process was complete. His characteristics and his career have been exactly typical of the new phase. None of the old political labels apply to him. Conservative he is not, Radical he cannot be; and all his life he has been at war with Liberalism as understood by the old Liberals. Almost alone among the more eminent of public men he stands confessed as the professional in politics. He

at all events is not reluctant to assert himself, nor does he affect a prior interest in art, sport, philosophy, or literature. He rejoices particularly in being the storm-centre of politics. His unrivalled power of picking up the current idea and throwing it into controversial form, converts each issue in turn into a ringing warfare between him and his opponents. It is a warfare in which no quarter is given or asked. His unqualified speech, his short, sharp, and decisive views, the transparency of his meaning, his avoidance of all that is obscure or subtle, commend him especially to busy people, who like their politics short and sharp. His method is the same whether he is handling a social programme, or negotiating with Mr. Kruger, or dealing with the delicate questions of high policy. It is essentially a platform method designed to produce the most striking effect before the largest audience, and irresistible when elections have to be won or political opponents summarily disposed of. Its weakness is that it assumes all problems to be governed by electioneering conditions, and works for the downfall or mortification of an opponent in some cases where it is essential to success that he should not appear to be worsted or mortified.

Mr. Chamberlain, then, has stood before us as the typical Anglo-Saxon in his pride and prosperity, and it is notable that the words and phrases commonly used about him are mostly quite neutral as regards political significance. He is "pushful," "business-like," "efficient," he "puts things through," he "hits the right nail on the head," not "he is a good Conservative, a good Liberal-Unionist, a reformer, or a reactionary." This gives us a rather significant clue to current modes of thought. For a time, at all events, Mr. Chamberlain succeeded in swamping the old political divisions by appealing boldly to instincts which have nothing to do with political divisions as formerly understood—to all that is most energetic and ambitious in the Anglo-Saxon temper, to the sense of rivalry with other nations, to the natural craving for wealth, prosperity, success, expansion. Lord Beaconsfield's vague and romantic imperialism had but a slight hold on the British public. Mr. Chamberlain, with his sure instinct for the practical, gave it fresh life and currency, when he presented it as a means of acquiring new markets. His perpetual habit of speaking as if domestic politics were a parochial pursuit unworthy of a great people promoted the same habit of thought, and vast numbers of people under his guidance came seriously to believe that the Liberal Party, with its sober preoccupation with home politics, and its habitual caution in Imperial affairs, was hopelessly out of date in this very modern world. The long absorption of political energies on the Liberal side in the heroic but unsuccessful campaign for Home Rule, had, in the meantime, paved the way for a glitter-

ing diversion from ordinary politics, and with the hour came the man.

The South African enterprise was, in its manner and method, the brief epitome of the tone and temper of the period, and its results are leading us back to a revival of the older kind of politics. But the period since the last Franchise Bill has thus far strikingly refuted those who prophesied concerning democracy. The middle and upper classes have not been swamped by the vote of the working-class. The working-class have not returned their own members to Parliament except in insignificant numbers. The Liberal and Radical Party has not been continuously in power, but on the contrary almost continuously out of it. The dominant ideals have been those of the wealthy middle-class, and the public have looked to Governments rather for manifestations of power and energy than for measures of social and political reform. Political principle, therefore, as formerly understood, has yielded to a frank opportunism. The dominant Conservative Party, conscious of the larger *clientèle* to which it must now appeal, has constructed social programmes and passed democratic measures, but less because they were actively demanded than because it seemed prudent to conciliate the working-class elector before he began to agitate. No fear of popular hostility has deterred the House of Lords from rejecting or amending similar measures when proposed by the Liberal Party. The indirect results of the enlargement of the electorate have no doubt, in this way, been considerable, but the Conservative classes are not seriously shaken in their belief that they have an effective option to yield or resist, according as may seem to them opportune. The one formidable democratic party which has arisen under the new franchise is the Irish Party, and that is held together by a sentiment which English parties are unable to develop. The effect of the Irish Party on the British party system is too important for me to attempt an analysis of it now, but this also was for the most part unforeseen by the political prophets. What emerges as the general result is that political divisions in this country are rather vertical than horizontal. They extend downwards through society, and divide the working-class as they divide other classes. So far as the more ardent members of the working-class tend to become Radical or Socialistic, their influence is constantly balanced by the reaction towards Conservatism of the substantial and propertied classes who, in their turn, influence the more dependent or indifferent members of the working-class. Action and reaction, resulting generally in compromise, has thus still, for the most part, been the law of English politics. The tone of English affairs, meanwhile, is governed much less by the demands of the poorer class of voters than by the material

condition and ambitions of the whole community. In times of prosperity and commercial expansion, the Government is expected to supply a policy which fits the general mood, and all who demur or criticise must expect to find themselves outside the main stream which, regardless of class distinctions, carries with it the educated, the uneducated, the squire, the merchant, and the working-man. It follows that none of the checks which the old Liberals proposed, whether property, education, or other fancy franchises, would have prevailed against the popular excitements which have affected policy. Under the wider as under the more limited franchise, Great Britain displays her characteristic failings and virtues, and her people of all classes appear to share the same qualities and defects.

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I have written thus far with as little reference as possible to the politics of the hour. But the revival of Protection as a political issue was so entirely in line with the order of ideas that Mr. Chamberlain represents, that its appearance in due course seems, on looking backwards, to have been absolutely predestined. In the hands of a skilful exponent it has every element of superficial attractiveness. It is highly combative and anti-foreign, it promises immediate material gains to large classes, it claims both to create employment and to mitigate competition. On the other hand, the answer to these direct appeals to the pocket can only be conveyed in an argument which, complete though it be, is necessarily elaborate and difficult, and which makes large demands on the reasoning faculties of the average elector. Here is certainly a severe test for democracy—a test to which neither the European nor the Colonial democracies have proved equal. Yet the course of the fiscal movement thus far encourages us to hope that democracy in Great Britain will bear the strain. The arguments on both sides have been listened to with serious attention, but promises of enrichment and any appeals whatever which wore the appearance of bribes have been received with the coolest incredulity. As the controversy has proceeded it has revealed an instinct for social justice and a capacity for divining the general welfare and opposing it to the particular interest which were scarcely expected by critics of the British people. There is, at all events, not the smallest reason to suppose that under an extended franchise we are more exposed to a reaction in this direction than we should have been if the working-class had been excluded from the polls. There are, indeed, a good many sound reasons for thinking the precise contrary.

I have on my list yet one more prophet—a man of considerable eminence in his day—whose teaching afflicted our parents with a

sort of despair which, I remember well, was reflected even in the schoolroom and the nursery. This is Mr. W. R. Greg, the author of "Rocks Ahead, or the Warnings of Cassandra," published in the year 1872, a work which, though at the time it caused this deep depression, is now, after thirty-two years, an unfailing source of comfort and encouragement. Mr. Greg, like Mr. Balfour, is gravely concerned about the "dynamics" of our industrial position. All may look well on the surface, but the tendencies must be considered. The coal supply is going, foreign nations are beginning to manufacture for themselves, and will shortly cease to take our goods, and then begin to drive us out of neutral markets. Mr. Greg anticipates and surpasses Mr. Chamberlain in his picture of woe. How, he asks, can we expect to compete with foreign countries, we with our trade unions and higher wages and shorter hours, with the long-suffering, hard-working, thrifty Continental labourer :—

About one-third of all our productive industry is, therefore, all that we can hope ultimately to keep going Two-thirds of our population, therefore, must cease to be—or to remain. That vast proportion of our imports, which is now paid for by our millions of exports, will have to be foregone, or to be purchased by other funds. To speak broadly, the population of these islands, which is now maintained by agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, will have to be maintained by agriculture and commerce almost alone. We shall, therefore, only be able to support 20,000,000 of people instead of 30,000,000, as at present. England will become a second Holland, greater, richer, more powerful than the first. But she may be a prosperous and happy Holland still, if only she sees her destiny in time, and girds up her loins to meet it as a great nation should. (*Rocks Ahead*, p. 106.)

"The girding up of the loins," it appears a little later, consists mainly in exporting the population :—

England and Scotland have now a population of 26,000,000, and, when the operation which Cassandra anticipates shall be complete, will not be able to support in comfort more than (say) 19,000,000. Moreover, the natural increase of population (the surplus of births over deaths) is 300,000 a year, and will be more, for neither marriage nor multiplication is likely to be checked, while the average length of life is in regular process of advance as sanitary improvements prevail. We have, therefore, within a certain number of years or generations—that is, between 1874 and that uncertain period when Great Britain shall have lost her manufacturing supremacy—to export not only our annual increase of about 350,000 souls, but by degrees a further number of about 7,000,000. No doubt this may be done. No doubt it must be done, if the contemplated metamorphosis—from a mainly manufacturing country to a commercial and agricultural one—is to pass over us without grievous suffering. If our people will emigrate as fast as they become redundant, the grinding wretchedness of gathering redundancy may be avoided. Thus we may escape the worst perils of the coming change. (Pp. 106—7.)

As manufacturers, says Mr. Greg, we shall be "reduced to the

supply of our home demand—possibly to secure even that market by recurrence to a Protectionist policy." In any case, the best that we can hope is a sort of "national euthanasia," for, to do Mr. Greg justice, it must be added that he is a Free Trader and has no faith in the revivalist power of Protection. All he expects from the Colonies is that they will "make a bargain" with us to "accept those able-bodied paupers whom we undertake to land *gratis* on their shores" (p. 107). Apparently, he anticipates no difficulty on this score.

It reads—does it not?—as if it were a wilful parody on the modern predictions of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour. And really it is in effect a very delightful satire, when we remember that it was all quite seriously written at the beginning of a period during which the national wealth was to increase by leaps and bounds, the population to rise to 40,000,000, instead of descending to 20,000,000, industry to be developed in all directions, workmen to enjoy still higher wages while working still shorter hours, and the whole movement to be helped and accelerated by the progress of foreign countries which Mr. Greg imagined would be our ruin. I do not think a single definite prediction can be found in this book, or at all events in the section called "The Economic Rock," which has not been signally falsified by the event. It need scarcely be added that Mr. Greg suffered also in the acutest form from the gloomy forebodings concerning democracy which, in his view, was likely to complete the general ruin by its unintelligence and its intolerance of property.

It has been said that the study of past prophecy is mainly valuable for the discouragement of present prophets. That is true, but it also helps us to present a bold front to the Jeremiahs of the present time.

J. A. SPENDER.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

THERE died five hundred years ago this autumn a man who, while not attaining to the first rank among either statesmen or ecclesiastics, by the institutions which he founded, so shaped and influenced English character and traditions as to be entitled to a place among the makers of England. For to William of Wykeham is due not only the establishment of our Public School system by the foundation of Winchester College, but also a memorable development of the Collegiate system as an integral feature of our English Universities by the erection at Oxford of his great "New College";—the very name which has clung to it ever since, though inappropriate now for many centuries, witnessing to the new element which, by the vastness and magnificence of its scale, and the completeness of its equipment, it introduced into the University. Now, whether we like or dislike Public Schools and the Collegiate system, there can be no doubt as to the potent influence which both have exercised on English character; and it seems, therefore, worth while seizing the opportunity of the occurrence of the 500th anniversary of his death to sketch briefly the features of the times in which Wykeham lived, and the circumstances of his career, and to attempt to estimate, in the last place, his character and attainments.

William of Wykeham was born in 1324, of humble parents, in the little Hampshire village of Wickham, or Wykeham, from which he took his name. At an early age, being apparently a boy of promise, his parents, or some benefactor, sent him to Winchester, and he obtained at the school there such an education as a provincial Grammar School of the fourteenth century could afford. From school he passed first into the service of the Constable of Winchester Castle, and later on into that of the King, the chivalrous, brilliant, and versatile Edward the Third. His introduction to the King is said, but on no very certain evidence, to have been due to the good offices of Edingdon Bishop of Winchester. Both by Constable and King he seems to have been employed in the capacity of an accountant or clerk, and his promotion in the Royal service was not at first specially rapid; but Edward the Third was a great builder, and it was the skill which William of Wykeham displayed as an architect, or clerk of the works, which commended him to the King. Mr. Leach and others have indeed raised a doubt whether Wykeham was not really a supervisor or clerk of the works rather than an architect; but probably the two functions

were in Edward the Third's time far less clearly discriminated than they are in our own day, and certainly all the works attached to Wykeham's name have so definitely the stamp of an individual genius that it seems hard to believe that they were not the offspring of a single mind. We may follow, then, the time-honoured tradition, and believe that it was by the skill he displayed in the restoration of Windsor and in the erection of other royal castles that Wykeham first attracted the attention of the King. Once started on his career, he grew rapidly in royal favour, and was promoted to many offices of trust and importance—surveyor of the royal castles, ranger of the royal forests south of the Trent, and, finally, a member of the Privy Council. Indeed, he became at last so greatly valued and trusted by the King that, as Froissart tells us, Edward would do nothing without consulting him.

As a reward for such services, since he had not been brought up to the profession of arms, ecclesiastical preferments were, according to the custom of the times, literally showered upon him. Two motives may have combined to reconcile his conscience to the concentration in his own hands of so many benefices. On the one hand, the ravages of the Black Death, which, during the years of Wykeham's rise into power was at its height, caused an unusual number of pieces of preferment to fall vacant, so that it must have been difficult to find suitable candidates to fill them all; and Wykeham may well have felt that it was better that many offices should be aggregated in his hands, as he would at least make a worthy use of them, than that they should pass to foreign adventurers or needy and servile favourites; on the other hand, he may have persuaded himself that in accepting these offices from the King he was doing a patriotic act, since he was thereby affirming in his own person, and at his own risk, the principle of the right of the King rather than the Pope to appoint to them, and was securing that they should be held by a native-born Englishman rather than by a needy foreigner. The matter, however, was not allowed by the Pope to pass without challenge. He complained, with good reason one would think, of so gross a case of pluralism—all the more, as in more than one instance the King's right of appointment was open to question—and he required Wykeham to furnish a complete list (and a very long one it was) of the offices and benefices actually held by him. With this demand Wykeham did not find himself in a position to refuse to comply, but was able to show that, of all the many offices he held, two only involved a cure of souls, and of these two, one, the rectory of Menheniot, in Cornwall, he at once resigned.

The quarrel thus for a time appeased broke out afresh a few years later, when, on the demise of Bishop Edingdon, the King

nominated Wykeham to the vacant See of Winchester. The Pope threw every possible obstacle in the way of the ratification of the Bishop's appointment, and though the King's wish, and Wykeham's own perseverance, at last prevailed, the Pope succeeded in deferring the ratification of the appointment, and keeping the see vacant for many months.

It was immediately after his consecration as Bishop of Winchester that Wykeham attained the highest elevation which a subject could reach, and was appointed by the King Lord High Chancellor. The Chancellor at this time occupied a position in some respects similar to that of Prime Minister at the present day, but with, of course, this difference: that the King was then still his own chief executive officer. The Chancellorship of Wykeham coincides with a disastrous turning-point in the history of the reign of Edward the Third. Hitherto the reign had been a period of almost uninterrupted success for the English arms; great things had been accomplished; great victories won; the larger part of France had been overrun. But from the peace of Bretigny, for the negotiating of which Wykeham had been, just before his elevation to the Chancellorship, one of the chief Commissioners, an entire change seemed to pass over the state of affairs. Henceforth ill-luck attended, at every turn, the English arms. Allies proved faithless; the Navy, largely the creation of the earlier years of Edward the Third, was again and again defeated, and could hardly keep the seas in face of the French and Spanish fleets now combined against it; provinces which seemed to have been finally subdued rose against their conquerors in rapid succession; the south of France, held by the Black Prince in person, succeeded in asserting its independence; while the Black Prince himself, now broken in health, was forced to return almost a fugitive to his native land. How far must we fix on Wykeham and his administration the responsibility for these accumulated disasters? Our answer must be, only to a very limited extent. The issue was mainly determined by causes wider and more potent than the ability, or want of ability, of any one individual or Ministry. England, in truth, in the conquest of France, had attempted an enterprise beyond her strength; she had neither the men, the money, nor the ships necessary to carry it through. So she inevitably paid the penalty of an over-vaulting ambition. Other subsidiary agencies of less importance contributed to bring about the same result: the impaired energy of the King, the sudden and fatal illness of the Black Prince, the absence of any commander adequate to supply his place. These rather than the weakness or incompetence of the clerical Ministry were the really determining causes. But, at the time, men, ever anxious to find a scapegoat on whom

to wreak their vengeance for the disasters which befell them, judged differently. Wykeham and his associates were driven somewhat ignominiously from office, and Parliament even went the length of petitioning the King to dismiss for the future clerical Ministers from his counsels, and to substitute laymen in their place. This was done; but Wykeham's lay successors proved no more successful in stemming the tide of disaster than he and his clerical colleagues had previously been; and the nation, repenting of what they considered an injustice to a faithful servant, showed their continued confidence in him by promoting him to various positions of trust and importance.

It was one of these which brought him into that personal conflict with the King's younger son, the famous John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, which filled up so large a part of the closing years of Edward the Third's reign. Taking advantage of the increasing infirmities of the ageing King, John of Gaunt attempted to establish himself in a position approaching that of a tyranny, and in particular tried to amass large sums for himself and his creatures by means of unauthorised exactions. This attempt was opposed by Parliament with firmness and spirit. Not only did they succeed in making Lancaster surrender some of his ill-gotten gains and in bringing to justice some of the most guilty of his adherents, but they appointed a Commission to see that their resolutions were carried out, and their decrees not set at defiance On this Commission Wykeham was appointed to serve, and his appointment on it brought him into collision with his formidable antagonist. In the struggle which followed, Wykeham had the support of the Black Prince as long as he lived, while Lancaster succeeded in ingratiating himself with the aged King. John of Gaunt's most effective move was to bring charges against Wykeham of dishonesty and peculation during the period of his administration. As ten years had now elapsed since the downfall of his Ministry, it was difficult to find rebutting evidence against such charges, though Wykeham always maintained that he could have done so had sufficient time been allowed him for the preparation of his defence. John of Gaunt managed, however, to get things hurried on; and after a hasty hearing Wykeham was condemned, was mulcted for a time of the temporalities of his see, and was forbidden to present himself in the neighbourhood of the Court. Theological animus may have played some part in procuring the decision, as John of Gaunt supported Wycliffe and his tenets, while in Wykeham the clergy recognised their most redoubtable champion. The latter took up warmly the cause of their leader, and refused to grant any subsidy to the King till Wykeham was restored to his rights and reinstated in his bishopric. Against such pressure, backed up

as it was by the feeling of London, Lancaster and the King were unable to hold out; Wykeham was reinstated in his see, and regained to some extent the royal favour which he had lost. The story that he owed his restoration to the favour of Alice Perrers, the King's mistress, obtained by unworthy means, is without a scrap of trustworthy evidence, and is now generally discredited. Wykeham, however, after the death of the Black Prince, seems to have felt his position so seriously shaken that he retired to a great extent from public life during the brief remainder of the reign, and busied himself with the affairs of his diocese and the foundation of his great college in Oxford, which he had designed some years previously, but the preparations for which his downfall had for a brief space interrupted.

Nor, immersed in this work, did he take any leading or decided part in the stirring events with which the new reign opened. This becomes all the more remarkable when we consider that he had been left by the Black Prince's will guardian to the youthful King. During this anxious time of the peasants' revolt he seems not to have visited London, or to have aided the young King in any way by his counsels. On the other hand, it is to be observed, that the fact that the revolt scarcely spread at all into his diocese, and that his own churches, castles, and manors remained almost wholly free from attack, while ecclesiastical property in many other parts of the country was so violently assailed and so ruthlessly pillaged, is no inconsiderable testimony to the confidence and goodwill of the peasantry which his administration of his diocese had secured. That Richard himself, at least in his earlier and better moments, valued and respected him highly is evident not only from the honourable and ample terms in which he confirmed, as one of the first acts of his reign, the pardon extended to Wykeham by his grandfather, but also from the number of the Commissions on which he appointed him to serve. That he should have made him for a second time Chancellor, whatever the exact motives which prompted the act may have been, is at any rate a further proof of the esteem in which he held him. Wykeham himself, mindful, we must believe, of the partial failure of his previous efforts, seems to have been genuinely unwilling to undertake the responsibilities thus thrust upon him, and could only be induced to resume them for a second year when secured by a full indemnity for all acts committed by him during his first year of office. On the whole, this second Chancellorship, though it marks nothing like an epoch in English history, must be pronounced distinctly more successful than the first. Wykeham's object during it seems to have been twofold. On the one hand, he sought to establish some harmony between the warring elements with which the Court and the

country were rent—elements which produced, later on, the Wars of the Roses—by including within his administration as many as possible of the chiefs of the rival camps; and in this he largely succeeded; on the other, to effect such moderate and practical reforms in the conduct of business as should secure that it should be better and more efficiently carried on in the future. And that his labours in this direction were not in vain is shown by the fact that some of the improvements introduced by him have remained almost to our own time.

After two years of office Wykeham finally resigned the Chancellorship, finding himself unable to control the extravagance of the King, or to direct his policy to any good purpose. Ill-health had begun now to trouble him, and he made this a reason for retiring definitely from public life. He indeed lived on into the reign of Henry the Fourth, but though cognisant, it would seem, of the measures which led to the deposition and death of Richard the Second, and the establishment of the House of Lancaster on the throne, he certainly took no active part in them, contenting himself with merely paying his respects to the incoming monarch. His closing years were mainly devoted to the concerns of his diocese, and the rebuilding of his cathedral at Winchester; while still engaged in this work he died on September 27th, 1404.

There is little in this history to mark William of Wykeham off very distinctly from the ecclesiastical statesmen of whom that age produced so rich a crop. Entering into Holy Orders comparatively late in life, he had, in virtue of his position, to make during the greater part of his active career the interests of his position in the Church subordinate to those of the King and State. For it was as the servant of the King and as a reward for services rendered to him, that Wykeham received the many ecclesiastical offices and preferments that he enjoyed. And this service to the State and King he rendered, on the whole, faithfully and well. While not attaining to the highest flights of statesmanship or inaugurating a new policy or fresh ideas, he proved himself throughout his career an honest, capable, and efficient administrator, carrying out with judgment and such success as was possible the policy on which King and Parliament had determined. But while public affairs had thus to take the first place in his thoughts, it does not seem as if, in Wykeham's case, at any rate, the affairs of his diocese were in any way neglected. While he made it his first care to put into thorough order the manor houses and manors belonging to the see, he was energetic from the outset in rooting out abuses, and in compelling the managers of charities to carry out faithfully the intentions of their founders. The pains he took to set the ancient charity of St.

Cross on a footing more consonant with the intentions of its founder, Henry of Blois, is a witness to his zeal in reforms of this kind. Indeed, in the preamble of his statutes of New College, he gives it as a reason why he had long hesitated to spend his wealth on the endowment of a college instead of distributing it among the poor, that he found the wishes and intentions of founders everywhere either totally neglected or imperfectly carried out. We find also that he took great pains in the disposal of his patronage, refusing, in the case of his own relations, to confer on them benefices for which he considered them unsuitable or unfit; above all, he seems to have been anxious for the supply and due training of his clergy, and it was in order to secure an adequate succession of secular priests for the cures of his diocese and of the Church at large, that he founded his colleges at Oxford and at Winchester.

For the question, how to obtain such a sufficient supply of well-instructed clergy was no less a burning one in the latter half of the fourteenth century than it is in our own day. While the ravages of the Black Death had carried off its thousands from every class of the community, it had pressed with especial severity on the parish clergy. In many parts of the country benefices remained vacant, often for a considerable term of years, because men could not be found to fill them. Hence more clergy were sadly needed. But it was not more clergy only that Wykeham sought by his colleges to provide, but a better instructed class of clergy as well. The doctrines of Wycliffe had already begun to be preached in the land, and Wykeham, though not averse to suppressing them by force if he had been able, perceived that they could only be effectually met by the creation of a body of clergy learned as well as zealous. It was in the hopes of producing such a body, while at the same time he did something for the cause of education generally in England, that his New College at Oxford was founded. The idea of founding a college was not indeed new; colleges existed already both at Oxford and at Cambridge; what was new in Wykeham's foundation was the scale on which the college was designed, the completeness of its equipment and the extent of the endowment with which it was furnished. A foundation which should include seventy scholars as well as an outside body of some thirty chaplains and choristers, was conceived on a scale which had had hitherto no parallel. And the buildings also were commensurate with the greatness of the foundation. The chapel and hall, the towers, the libraries, the cloisters, the kitchens, and the gardens, were planned on a scale the like of which neither Oxford nor Cambridge had yet seen; and though in after days they were surpassed in some respects by Magdalen and Christ Church in Oxford, and

by King's and Trinity in Cambridge, William of Wykeham's buildings furnished the model after which all these later foundations were shaped. The endowments necessary to support so great a foundation were derived from several distinct sources. From his own wealth, amassed partly from the numerous benefices which in his earlier life he had enjoyed, partly from the princely revenues of the See of Winchester, Wykeham drew large sums, particularly towards defraying the cost of the buildings. In some cases he got his friends to contribute. The King, again, or the Pope, or both combined, granted him the tithes which had hitherto belonged to alien priories; the tithe of Hornchurch and Romford, in Essex, were taken over in this way (Wykeham, however, in this instance, paying a small sum of money for them) from the hospice on the St. Bernard, while from other alien houses came the tithe of Writtle, near Chelmsford, and of Marshfield, on the borders of Gloucestershire. In other cases manors were purchased by the founder and handed over to the college; and, lastly, the properties of Mountjoy's Inn and Winchester Court, in the City of London, have proved among his most valuable gifts.

But while thus providing a noble home and a sufficient sustentation for the members of his foundation, Wykeham also was careful for their instruction and proficiency in learning. His scholars were by no means to be all of one type. While the ordinary arts course was, in the first instance, to be followed by all of them, and most of them were to study philosophy and theology; some were to take their degree in civil, others in canon law; some were to be doctors in medicine, and two instructed in astronomy. The width of the course and the variety of the studies thus indicated, bear testimony to the store set by Wykeham on learning of all kinds, and to his anxiety that his scholars should be well abreast of the knowledge of their time. Before leaving this part of our subject, there is one provision contained in Wykeham's statutes so surprising in itself, and the subject of so much discussion, that it is necessary to say a few words upon it—the provision, viz., that members of New College should not supplicate for a grace from the University in taking their degrees, a provision which was repeated in the sister foundation of King's College in Cambridge and which came, in later days, to amount to a claim on the part of the college to grant degrees to its own members. What was Wykeham's motive for enacting a provision so strange? Two explanations only have with any probability been suggested. Wykeham may have been alarmed at the spread of Lollardry within the precincts of the University, and wished to withdraw his scholars as far as possible from its influence; but it is more probable, as Dr. Rashdall has suggested, that the University had become extremely lax in grant-

ing dispensations from the statutory exercises and residence necessary for a degree, and that what Wykeham desired was that no scholar of New College should apply for such a dispensation. As time went on the University ceased to insist upon any serious requirements at all, and when, in the seventeenth century, as again in the nineteenth, there was a revival of University discipline, New College successfully claimed a supposed right of exemption from University examinations. Thus, as Dr. Rashdall has pointed out, "what had originally been intended as an exceptional disability, came to be looked upon as an exceptional privilege." The enactment, however, whatever the intentions of the Founder in passing it, worked prejudicially, as it tended in days of reform to make New College lag behind the University at large.

The foundation of Winchester came after New College, and to some extent the school was, in Wykeham's intention, subordinate to the college. The object of the college was, as we have seen, to augment, or keep up, the supply of secular clergy, fitted by learning, training, and ability to hold important cures in the south of England. Such cures Wykeham in not a few instances provided for them by entrusting to his college, together with the tithes, the chaplaincies which the alien Priories, dispossessed of their tithes for the benefit of New College, had hitherto provided men to serve. In a few cases, notably in those of Swalcliffe and Adderbury, Wykeham persuaded a friendly bishop to assign to his college advowson and endowment alike. Thus not only was the college to produce scholars adequate to fill the posts, but posts were also secured suitable for the scholars produced. Here, again, Wykeham's provision, though well meant, and apparently ingenious, was not altogether successful. The safe and, as times improved, even comfortable career, thus assured to his scholars quite early in life, removed from them the stimulus which ambition and competition undoubtedly supply; and many of them, once started on their course, sunk into sloth and apathy, and failed to realise the promise they had given at the outset. But in order that his ideal, whatever its value, might be carried out, it was obviously necessary that in the backward condition of education in the country his college should have some permanent source of supply on which it could draw. It was to furnish a permanent reservoir from which scholars fit to be educated at Oxford could be derived, that Winchester College was founded. And the school for 500 years has well fulfilled the purpose for which it was founded. It has sent up generation after generation of scholars well qualified to be trained at Oxford for the service of God in Church and State. And if there have been times when, to

quote the words of Archbishop Laud, men might marvel why it was "that scholars came from Winchester so good, and went away from New College so bad," the explanation is to be found partly in the condition of the University at these epochs, partly in the special circumstances of life at New College, some of which have been already indicated. Yet the times at which such a remark could have been made with truth have been, we believe, comparatively rare; and if Winchester and New College have failed between them to produce any large crop of men of marked and conspicuous individuality and ability, there has scarcely ever been a time when they have not turned out men of sound learning, filled with a high sense of duty, and anxious to make the best of such talents as they possessed. It was such men that the founder, we must remember, wished his colleges to produce.

There is one provision in the statutes of Winchester College on which it is necessary to dwell a little, as it proved especially fruitful in results. "We allow," Wykeham says in his statutes, "that the sons of noble and capable persons who are special friends to the said college be able, to the number of ten, to be instructed inside the said college in grammar, and be otherwise taught therein, being, however, no expense to it, provided that no prejudice, loss, or scandal arise or emerge therefrom in any way whatever to warden, priests, scholars, clerks, or any servants of the said college." By this provision—for the number of non-foundationers could not long be restricted to ten—a gate was opened for the admission of a wider class, and the benefits of the institution indefinitely extended. "Commoners" have remained an integral part of Winchester School from the days of the founder onwards; and the example set being followed later on at Eton, Winchester became the first of the Public Schools of England, and William of Wykeham the veritable inaugurator of our Public School system.

In the dearth of other evidence, the statutes of the two colleges on the passing of which he seems to have spent infinite pains, and which he continued to amend, often with his own hand, almost to the time of his death, furnish probably our safest guide towards estimating Wykeham's character. Judged by them, we should pronounce him to be a man of sincere, and, for his time, of not very narrow piety. The private prayers which he drew up for the use of his scholars in both colleges were simple and practical; and though the number of Masses and offices required may seem to us excessive, Wykeham was here conforming to the ideas of his time. We must remember, also, that to a large extent the performance of these was restricted to a class of officials specially set apart for this duty, while neither at Oxford nor at Winchester did

he wish that the religious duties required of his scholars should interfere with the main studies of the place.

Again, Wykeham was a Founder in the true sense of the word, a man of wide and far-reaching ideas. Spiritual forces, he apprehended, could be met only with spiritual weapons. If the spread of Lollardry was to be prevented at all it must be by the creation of a more learned and efficient, as well as a more numerous, clergy. Himself apparently not a man of much education, he still clearly recognised the value of learning, and that of no narrow and one-sided kind, but as wide at least as the outlook of the age permitted. And because he thus attached value to spiritual forces, and estimated learning at its true worth, therefore he has left his impress on the higher education of England, and did a considerable work in promoting it.

But it was, as we should expect from his whole history, in practical ability that Wykeham chiefly excelled, in the power of adapting his means to his ends. Just as in his architecture he combined great dignity and boldness of conception with an extraordinary attention to detail, and exhibited a quite unusual power of making these details carry out admirably the purpose they were intended to subserve, so was it, as it seems to me, with the framing of his statutes. Each detail in these was worked out with remarkable skill, and the enactments carried out in a masterly way the end at which they aimed. With what skill the statutes were framed we may judge by the fact that, under great changes of circumstances, the two colleges continued for almost 500 years to be mainly governed by them, and through their agency to be largely imbued with the spirit which their founder wished to prevail in them.

And that spirit was, to speak generally, a quiet and modest devotion to duty. If other foundations have sent out more brilliant and leading spirits, one may at least claim this for Wykeham's two foundations, that their sons have struggled according to their abilities to do their duty manfully and quietly, and to serve God faithfully in the different stations to which He has been pleased to call them.

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THE NEW TREATIES OF ARBITRATION AND DIPLOMACY.

THE first proposal of the Anglo-French Treaty of Arbitration, which has since been followed by the conclusion of identical treaties between this country and Italy, Spain, Germany, and Sweden and Norway, and between France and Italy and Spain, was made, on this side of the Channel, in the June, 1901, number of this REVIEW. In the article in question, the course, which has since been followed, of settling the existing points at issue between Great Britain and France, by a give-and-take arrangement, and of completing it by a treaty of arbitration for all future matters, was sketched out. The treaty of arbitration concluded, however, is a more limited one than was proposed in this REVIEW. From its operation matters involving "vital interests," or the "national honour" of either party are excluded. This exclusion of the very matters which seem the only ones capable of inflaming public opinion to a dangerous point, was, at first, the subject of some severe criticism. But what is a "vital interest"? The independence of a State itself is a vital interest. A deliberate breach in the established usage of nations of fundamental importance might be vital to one State and not to another. "Vital," of course, means something of such gravity that it cannot be settled by an award of damages, in which, in other words, there is no solution but reversion to the *status quo ante*. "National honour" is very like a "vital interest," but it generally arises out of the overheated discussion of some question which was originally a judicial one. Every question can become one of national honour in the hands of an unskilled diplomacy, and very often what is called national honour is merely the outcome of a one-sided view of a question in which honour plays very little part. On the other hand, does it much detract from the value of these new treaties that there is a loophole offered by which either nation can escape in an emergency from its obligations? Treaties between nations cannot be viewed in exactly the same light as contracts between individuals. The best we offer as their sanction is the sense of honour and justice between the contracting parties, and it will always be better to escape from a treaty through its own provisions than by violating them.

Be that as it may, with or without loopholes, an Anglo-French Treaty of Arbitration is entitled to its place in history as one of

the three greatest events in the development of International Arbitration.

The first was the Alabama case. In it two great countries submitted a question which involved the national honour of, at any rate, one of them, to the adjudication of a Court mainly composed of foreigners. This was the first time that an attempt was made to apply the methods of domestic judicature to international cases. The next great event was the creation of a permanent Court of Judicature on the same model, at the Hague, and the third is this new obligation entered into by Great Britain and France, and which has been so rapidly followed by others, to submit all their differences of a judicial order (the only cases, following domestic analogies, within the jurisdiction of a Court of Law) to this Court at the Hague.

These three events stand out as landmarks of progress towards that ideal of peaceable adjustment of differences, in the dealings of nations with each other, which has been the dream of every enlightened man who ever thought on the subject. The other varieties and incidents of arbitration are secondary to these three, which alone are in direct line of descent one from the other.

Many of the critics of the treaty have not understood this.[1] Nor have they understood what the practical effect of an obligatory treaty of arbitration is. Like many of their predecessors, they view a treaty of arbitration only in the light of a restraint placed upon the contracting Governments. They assume that Governments are bloodthirsty ogres, only too anxious to plunge their countries into fire and bloodshed, and that a muzzle has to be put upon them. "We wish to tie the hands of Governments so as to render them powerless for mischief," said Mr. Cremer, in support of his resolution in favour of an Anglo-American Treaty of Arbitration in the House of Commons in 1893, and this view has become, more or less, that of some extreme members of the Peace Party. They, in fact, assume that the contracting Governments only yield to pressure, and negotiate such treaties with reluctance. The same assumption vitiated criticism, by several important organs of the British Press, of the treaty of 1897 between Great Britain and the United States. Speaking at Glasgow, at the meeting of the International Law Association, on August 20th, 1902, Lord Alverstone contradicted it with considerable vigour. "No man," he said, "ever worked more heartily in the cause of international arbitration than Lord Salisbury did in the promotion of that treaty." It is, indeed, a grave mistake

(1) See *inter alia*, the otherwise judicious articles on the treaty by Prof. Merignhac, in *La Justice Internationale* (Nov., 1903, p. 237), and of M. Gabriel-Jaray, in *Questions Diplomatiques et Coloniales* (Nov., 1903, p. 661).

to think that democratic Governments, at the present day, can afford to view arbitration with distrust. Foreign offices and diplomatists may have misgivings about details, even very essential details, but they can have as little objection to pacific methods of any kind, for the settlement of international differences, as they can have to the whole protocol system of diplomacy. Diplomacy has no *raison d'être*, but that it is itself a pacific method, and its history has been one of constant adding of varieties to its provision of devices for the avoidance of dead-locks. Danger comes when the accredited agents of nations have exhausted their devices for keeping a question open. A permanent treaty of arbitration is an additional device in the hands of diplomacy for this purpose. It is not a shackle, impeding the free activity of the diplomatist, but an instrument in his hands by which he can make another last endeavour to settle any difficulty, when all his other instruments have proved unavailing. It is usual to speak of arbitration as applicable "when diplomacy has failed," as in the Hague Peace Convention, the treaty of 1897, &c., but it is evident that diplomacy must be the medium of negotiation for this further stage in pacific efforts. The *de facto* position, "when diplomacy has failed," is that the diplomatist is recalled by his Government, and there is then little hope of peace but in the mediation of an independent Government and its acceptance by the two parties. With a permanent treaty of arbitration in existence between the two parties, the danger of such a breakdown is, at any rate, postponed. The diplomatist is not recalled. The only difference is that negotiations are turned into a new channel, in accordance with the terms of the treaty.

The Anglo-American Treaty of 1897 provided for an *ipso facto* reference, without option for either Government to decline it, to one or another form of arbitration. Though it was left for diplomacy to agree or disagree as to which form should be applied, in the ultimate resort the parties were bound to accept the highest form of reference under the treaty, *i.e.*, a form in which there was to be no foreign arbitrator or umpire, but only six arbitrators belonging in equal numbers to the two parties, and in which a judgment was only to be binding against the defeated party where two out of the latter's three arbitrators sided with the other party.

The Anglo-French Treaty, and other such treaties since concluded, are on a different plan.[1]

(1) The Anglo-French Treaty is as follows :—

1. Differences of a judicial order, or relative to the interpretation of existing treaties between the two Contracting Parties, which may arise, and which it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy, shall be submitted to the permanent Court of Arbitration established by the Convention of July 29, 1899,

Under their provisions there will be a number of questions for diplomacy to settle. First of all, there is the question of whether any "vital interest" or "national honour" is involved, and, if not, and the question is determined to be of a judicial order, the exact subject of dispute will have to be settled—that is to say, the subject will have to be narrowed down to a precise issue, and even then the powers of the arbitrators and the details of procedure will have to be fixed. All this means machinery at the disposal of the diplomatist.

at The Hague, on condition, however, that neither the vital interests, nor the independence or honour of the two Contracting States, nor the interests of any State other than the two Contracting States, are involved.

2. In each particular case the High Contracting Parties, before addressing themselves to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, shall sign a special undertaking determining clearly the subject of dispute, the extent of the Arbitral powers, and the details to be observed in the constitution of the Arbitral Tribunal, and the procedure.

3. The present arrangement is concluded for a period of five years from the date of signature.

The negotiations for the treaty, it appears from a French yellow-book published last November, began with instructions to M. Cambon by M. Delcassé early in 1903, probably shortly after the general settlement negotiations had begun between Lord Lansdowne and M. Cambon, to seize the first opportunity of conferring with Lord Lansdowne of a possible treaty of arbitration with Great Britain These instructions were based on a powerful movement of public opinion, as shown, more particularly, by numerous resolutions of Chambers of Commerce. Such an opportunity was furnished by Mr. Ernest Beckett's question on May 11th. Mr. Beckett asked the Prime Minister whether his attention had been called to resolutions passed by Chambers of Commerce on both sides of the Channel in favour of the conclusion of a permanent treaty of conciliation between Great Britain and France, and, if so, whether in view of the friendly feeling now prevailing between the two countries, his Majesty's Government would consider the expediency of entering into the necessary preliminaries to the negotiation of such a treaty. Mr. Balfour replied: "As the House is aware, the Government have always been anxious that international disputes should, if possible, be decided and appeased by arbitral tribunals. My hon. friend uses the word 'conciliation,' which, I think, is not the word used by the Chambers of Commerce to which he refers. If we can do anything to further that general policy in connection with France, we should, of course, be glad to do so." Mr. Beckett said that in all recent resolutions of Chambers of Commerce, the word "conciliation" had been used. (*Times*, May 12, 1903.)

The confusion between "conciliation" and "arbitration" arose out of the fact that the later resolutions had, at my suggestion, been drawn to comprise both. Several were confined to conciliation as the more comprehensive term. My idea was to make the agitation tend to as comprehensive an arrangement as possible.

M. Cambon acted at once upon his instructions. M. Delcassé's overtures were favourably received by Lord Lansdowne, to whom a form of treaty, drawn up by M. Delcassé, was submitted. The differences between that project and the treaty ultimately signed were merely formal. We may now conclude that the delay in signing the treaty was due to the concurrent negotiations for the settlement of the pending questions, of which the arbitration treaty for future matters was the complement.

The publication of the treaty was accompanied by an official announcement stating that the agreement was the "outcome of the movement in both countries, in favour of affirming the general principle of recourse to arbitration, whenever that method can be safely and conveniently adopted."

In 1856, when the Treaty of Paris was under discussion, Mr. Gladstone, referring to the famous pious wish of the Plenipotentiaries that "States between which any serious misunderstanding may arise shall, before appealing to arms, have recourse, as far as circumstances will allow, to the good offices of a friendly Power," said he held that "no country ought to resort to arbitration until it had reduced its claims to what it thought the minimum, and brought them to that condition in which they were fit to be supported by force." It will be for the diplomatists under this treaty to reduce the respective claims of their Governments to their minimum, to bring them down to the essential point or points beyond which neither Government will give way. In many cases, probably, this whittling process will suggest solutions, as in private litigation, and they will be "settled out of Court."

On the other hand, it would be mere optimism to think the diplomatist in this further stage of negotiation will always be successful. There are diplomatists and diplomatists. There are diplomatists of the "new school," who like to carry on their business in the broad light of day, and think the hand-claps of an audience help them in their task. There are others—and, thank God! they are the majority—who prefer the more subtle, and, as history has proved, more successful methods by which diplomacy has earned an honourable and commendable meaning. Lord Dufferin once observed to the writer of this article that war, in his opinion, was generally an accident of diplomacy. To avoid such accidents, men trained in the courtesy of nations, and gifted with the necessary graces of mind and manner, and with resourcefulness, that most essential quality of the diplomatist, should, of course, be selected to fill, at any rate, the more delicate positions. Mistakes, inherent to things human, can be laid to the charge of most Governments in their choice of representatives; one of the advantages of permanent treaties of arbitration will be to make errors remediable. It is not, by the way, without its lesson that the United States Governments select their diplomatic representatives from among the men of the whole party who seem to the President, by their natural gifts and character, and experience and knowledge of their country's practical affairs, best adapted for each responsible post. It is certain that the United States have been able, in spite of certain shortcomings, through their diplomatic representatives, to make friends for their country over the whole world. The best engine can be driven inefficiently. The Anglo-French Treaty, in the hands of a skilled driver, is quite a storehouse of resources for the prolongation of negotiations. We may assume that when a difficulty arises the object of the one or

the other Government will be from the very first peace or war. If it be peace, they will have ample means of removing the subject from the danger of acute public controversy. National passions, like most other nervous maladies, are generally curable if left to the benign influence of time. To gain time in an emergency, as I pointed out in my previous article in this REVIEW, is generally the difficulty. The Anglo-French Treaty will certainly enable the Governments, if they wish to profit by it, to gain all the time they want.

In connection with the revived agitation in the United States for the conclusion of an Anglo-American Treaty, I am not sure that it would not be better to make an experimental effort on the same lines as the Anglo-French Treaty, than to try to carry through the American Senate a more comprehensive treaty on the lines of the abortive one of 1897. A treaty, after all, apart from the considerations which I have dwelt upon, is of no great account if it does not express the widespread feelings of the contracting nations. The treaty of 1897 was supported by a majority of forty-two votes, against a minority of twenty-six. This fell short by four votes of the constitutional two-thirds majority necessary to carry a treaty. If it had been carried, there would have been a strong minority opposed to it, and its working might, therefore, have been attended with friction. It is to be hoped that whatever treaty is signed between Great Britain and the United States will have practically the unanimous consent of the American people.

The alliance of the three great democracies of the world, for the employment of pacific methods in arranging their difficulties among themselves, will be a commanding event in their history, and is one of the greatest works with which statesmen can couple their names. "The greatest of British interests is peace"; at any rate, it is a "vital interest" of the democratic elements of every nation.

THOMAS BARCLAY.

THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF IRELAND.

It would be very easy for either a pessimist or an optimist to draw a picture of Ireland and her immediate future, which, though contradictory of each other, would yet be each true in its way.

The optimist could point to the long succession of victories gained by the Irish cause since the memorable hour when Michael Davitt stood on the site of the cottage in which he was born, and which he had seen as it was being burnt to the ground as, at four years of age, he left the shores of his native country. It was then and there that Davitt raised the standard of the Land League, and some months later Parnell, then a rising young Parliamentarian of uncertain future, rallied to the new movement, and brought it to the floor of the House of Commons. When Davitt and Parnell thus started the new campaign for the reconquest by the Celt of the land of Ireland, the tenant was still a serf. He could be evicted at the caprice of the landlord; he could have his rent raised; he could be driven to the poll to vote for his oppressor. At my own election in 1880 I saw a local landlord trying to intimidate his tenants into voting against their candidate. The representation of Ireland was still in the hands of a small minority of the people; and when Parnell raised the flag of the new movement in the House of Commons, he had not thirty members out of the entire one hundred and one who were ready to follow him. The local government of the country was still entirely in the hands of the landlord minority. In the court houses they formed, or they created the juries before which the war of classes between them and their tenants were tried. They had the entire local government of the counties in their hands. Now the representation of Ireland, election after election, five times within these twenty years, have returned more than eighty out of the one hundred and one to fight strenuously for Home Rule; the landlord has no power to evict or raise rent; he has been driven from every place of power; in the county councils which have taken his place as the governing body of the Irish counties, he has scarcely a representative outside one or two counties in the North-East of Ireland. Last year, finally deprived of social, of political, and of class power, the landlord got his final chance of giving up his last rights to the property he had so grossly and so cruelly mismanaged; and it is now in his power with the assent of his tenantry to draw on the British Treasury for all the money necessary to buy out his rights. The Celts have finally re-conquered the land of Ireland; the one

point in dispute—and that, though important, is not supreme—is the figure at which the landlord will make his final exit from Irish rural life. Here is a transformation and a revolution as complete as any in history; and all accomplished practically without loss of life, and within the small space of a quarter of a century. Those who took part in that fight have been too busy in watching the skirmishes and the battles to form a complete idea of the campaign; but now that it is over, it may well be regarded as one of the completest, most beneficent, and swiftest revolutions in history.

This is the picture of the optimist. Let us turn to the reply which the pessimist can bring. Taking the last point first, namely, the Land Purchase Act of last year, the pessimist can draw attention to the fact that the fight over the land cannot be said to be finished, so long as the amounts the landlords want to get and the tenants are ready to give, remain so wide apart as they are at the present moment. For some reason or other, the landlords have not received the new Act in the spirit which was expected. There was a moment when a policy of reason and conciliation seemed to animate, if not a majority, an influential minority of their ranks; at all events professions of a desire to adopt such a policy were abundant and frequent. The sincerity of these professions has become more than doubtful during the last few months; for some of those who were the loudest in making them have been the readiest to repudiate them when it came to dealings between themselves and their own tenants. But whether this minority was or was not reasonable some months ago, the fact is indisputable that at the present moment the landlords are in the worst of moods. Unfortunately, on some estates, the tenants have played into their hands, and we have as the astonishing result of the Land Purchase Act of last year, which gave the landlords the inducement of four or five years' additional purchase at the hands of the State, that the landlords, instead of lessening, have largely increased the number of years' purchase they demand for their holdings. There are cases where landlords have asked and have even got twenty-nine years' purchase—including the bonus—for land which, a few years ago, they were ready to sell for eighteen years' purchase. In short, something like a boom in land has been attempted, has in some cases been successful, and will go on for some time until circumstances and a sturdy and united resistance on the part of the tenants compel the landlords to adopt a more reasonable attitude.

And the pessimist can go on to point out that in spite of all those manifold and vast victories won by the tenants in the last quarter of a century, the last state of Ireland may seem to be

worse than the first. Lunacy is increasing; taxation is increasing; the marriage rate is lower in Ireland than in almost any country in Europe. High above and beyond all these things, which are symptoms of grave national decadence, there is the appalling fact that the drain of the population goes on continuously. Of course the emigration does not reach the proportions it attained in the terrible years which followed the famine of 1846; but then, the emigration is now drawn not from a population that was eight millions and a half, but from a population that is little more than half that. From eight and a half millions we came down to six and a half; from six and a half we have come down to four and a half; and still the emigration goes on. It looks almost as if no young man or young woman who could leave the shores of Ireland can be got to remain there.

Furthermore, the pessimist could point to the fact that in spite of the large reductions of rent, in spite of the purchase of their holdings by large numbers of tenants, the life of the Irish farmer has not made very great advances. Foreign competition, lowness of price, the disappearance of labour through emigration—these things have increased the difficulty to the farmer of making his living; and this is one of the reasons why so many of the representatives of the farmers have felt themselves compelled to raise such loud voices of protest against improvident bargains by the tenants now when the opportunity of buying their land presents itself to them.

And finally, still continuing his protest, the pessimist may call attention to the present condition of the Irish question in English public opinion. The demand of Ireland has no longer behind it the big, high tide of enthusiasm and remorse which once flowed so strongly in the English constituencies; there is no Gladstone to lash the tide into fury; there is no menacing movement in Ireland, led by a Parnell, to swell the tide of friendly emotion by the sense that prudence as well as good feeling demanded the settlement of the Irish question. And, in addition, it is undeniable that the Irish Party have been compelled by their convictions to do and say many things during the last few years which have had the inevitable effect of estranging many of those who, in olden days, were the warmest friends of the cause. The Irish as Catholics have had to take a position on the education question which is very offensive to the English Nonconformists—and English Nonconformity formed the backbone of the British movement in favour of Home Rule. Their strong hostility to a war they regarded as iniquitous, brought down on Irishmen the hatred of another section of the English people during the fight with the Boers. And finally Lord Rosebery—once the head of the Liberal

Party, and once a strong Home Ruler—has made speeches the main purpose of which seemed to be the abandonment of Home Rule by the Liberal Party.

The pessimist politician, looking ahead, and starting from these admitted facts, sees in the return of even a Liberal Ministry no ground for expecting a great change for the better in the position of Home Rule. He foresees a weak-kneed Government, dominated by Lord Rosebery and men of his type; and refusing to stir hand or foot in favour of Ireland. Or he sees a Ministry so involved in trying to satisfy the demands of the English Nonconformists on the education question, and therefore in such collision with the Irish Party as to be incapable, even if it had the desire, to benefit Ireland. Or he foresees a third alternative, namely, a Minister quite ready to propose a Home Rule Bill, but, at the same time, conscious that such a Bill would be rejected by the House of Lords, and that the British constituencies might support the Lords, and once more throw back Home Rule for another decade of years by establishing a big Unionist majority in the House of Commons.

So far I have stated the case of the pessimist; I have given it more space than that of the optimist; and I have put it quite strongly enough. And yet I am inclined to think that, on the whole, the optimist has the better reason on his side. First, with regard to the situation in Ireland, I cannot help thinking that the demands of the landlords will steadily go down with a change in circumstances. They have never been a wise body of politicians; they have always stuck to their exacting demands until they were swept away by some high tide of resentment they had themselves created; and when there is a change of Ministry in England—as after the next election there certainly will be—I expect to see the landlords once more in that state of panic into which they always fall when their own acts have brought the inevitable Nemesis.

The Irish people themselves are now very united. Faction has done its work. Like a desperate and malignant fever, it raged with terrific force while it lasted; and at one time it looked as if the patient could never recover in our time. But the fever wasted itself out in the end; and it has left behind a healthy hatred and dread of any new split; and no man in Ireland, in our time, will have the power to create another split. For the moment, the danger of the movement in Ireland, then, is not disunion, but rather apathy. We are at one of those moments of transition when it is very difficult to create enthusiasm. We are all in a condition of expectancy—that state of mind, which is always most unfavourable to enthusiasm, and to effective action. But I believe that this is only a temporary mood. The disappointment

and the resentment of the people have been aroused by the action of the landlords. Every man anxious for the future of Ireland, knows what a terrible peril it would be to the nation if the soil were bought back at a price which would lay upon the shoulders of the tenantry an impossible burden; and these sentiments are bound to find vent in strong and united action among the tenantry when, with a changed Government, they see a new and brighter prospect, and when they know their views will receive a more sympathetic hearing from the whole army of officials in Ireland. Not even in America, with so much of its administration depending on the choice of a ruler, are officials more eager and ready than they are in Ireland to respond to the changed spirit which is produced by change in the Ministry that governs the country.

Nor am I so hopeless as the pessimist critic with regard to the condition of political parties in England. The action of Lord Rosebery is resented as much by English Liberals of the right sort as it is by Irish Nationalists. It is quite true that a certain number of Liberals have grown luke-warm in their attitude towards Home Rule. We cannot expect—we ought not to expect the same enthusiasm for that movement as there was in the days of Gladstone and Parnell. But I have not found a single Liberal of any intelligence or tenacity of purpose—I have not found one who ever grasped the realities of the Irish question by his own independent thinking, and not as the servile item of a political leader and a political organisation—who is not as convinced now as he ever was that the satisfaction of Irish sentiment through Irish self-government means not only justice to Ireland, but benefit to the British Empire.

And, curiously enough, the *rapprochement* between the United States and Great Britain which has taken place in recent years is one of the factors which help to increase this sense of the necessity of Home Rule for the safeguarding of the Empire. There is not a sane Englishman who knows the United States and Ireland who does not realise what a standing menace it is to the good feeling between the United States and England, what a perpetual obstacle it is to a thorough good understanding between the two great nations, that all the millions of Irish blood in America should constantly have in their veins the fanatic hatred which the present condition of Ireland creates in their minds. I remember the time when State Legislature after State Legislature in the United States passed a resolution in favour of Irish Home Rule. These resolutions were either ignored or resented by English public opinion; I do not believe that any such consensus of American opinion in favour of Ireland now from America would meet the same reception. The favourable circumstances, the appointed

hour, the diplomatic tact and prudence requisite—all these things may create the situation at which a friendly and bold ruler of the United States, acting in concert with the wiseheads of this country, could offer a word of friendly counsel, and the trembling balance might be tipped thereby in favour of the cause of Ireland.

Finally, as to the prospects of English parties, I do not again take the same view as the pessimist I have created for the occasion. It is quite true that the next Liberal Administration will have great difficulties; and, candidly, if that Administration be a weak one, I think these difficulties will probably be insurmountable. I think the Liberal leaders themselves are so conscious of this fact that they will refuse to accept the responsibilities of office if there be no prospect of forming a strong Government. But will there be a weak Liberal Administration? I believe that the signs are clear that the next Liberal Administration will be powerful. Democracies rarely do things by halves; they do not return, as a rule, small majorities, but big; and I think that the Liberal majority at the next election is much more likely to be a big majority than a small one.

As to the composition of the next Liberal Government, I have not the same misgivings as the pessimist I have quoted. The majority of the Liberal Party is still sound on the Irish question; the majority of the Liberal leaders are still sound on it. The men who contemplate a great act of party apostasy and party betrayal are, indeed, always a minority in any political party, and especially in parties which represent progress. Every man who knows anything of the inside of the Liberal Party, knows that the recreants to Home Rule are few and far between, and that any attempt to build up a Liberal Administration on the abandonment of Home Rule would lead to a new and a greater division than any previous one in the ranks of Liberalism.

I have said nothing as to the particular manner in which a new Liberal Administration will approach the settlement of the Irish question. A good many people—partly in ignorance, and partly in bad faith—have represented the Irish Party as putting forward the Bills of Mr. Gladstone as the precise measure which they will demand from any new Liberal Government. If such a statement were thought out by those who make it, it would be seen to be self-contradictory. The Irish members could not demand the Home Rule Bill of 1886 *and* the Home Rule Bill of 1893 at one and the same time, for in essentials these two Bills were very different from one another. Among many points of difference I need only specify that which dealt with the representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament. In the first Bill, the Irish members were excluded from all share in Imperial business in the

House of Commons; in the second, they were admitted to a share in everything. These Bills were a special form of giving effect to the principle of self-government; but in some points they were not the best form for giving effect to the principle. It is the principle that is all-important; the manner in which it will be carried out is a subject for reasonable difference and arrangement.

A further purpose attributed to Irish members is to dictate the particular tactics which a Liberal Government would have to adopt in facing the obstruction of the House of Lords. No party in its senses ever does attempt to forecast the tactics of a campaign that is not yet begun, with an army not yet formed, with commanders not yet appointed. Suffice it to say that no Irish Party could consent to support a Government which did not regard the question of Irish self-government as an urgent one. With our population fleeing from our shores, after all our heart-breaking delays, with the desperate situation of our country, with six centuries behind us of struggle, of oppression, of waiting, we cannot allow any party to regard our demand as one of those vague ideals which men dream about and do not seek to realise.

Nor can we ever admit that anything short of the concession of a real executive subject to a real assembly will ever be taken by us as a satisfaction of the Irish demand. The reconciliation of these two principles with the tactics and necessities of the political hour ought not to be beyond the intelligence of a Liberal Government which consists of honest and resolute men, and which has behind it the support of a big majority elected by the constituencies of Great Britain. John Bull is often slow to make up his mind, but when he makes it up he does not as a rule go back. I have never seen the House of Lords that dared to oppose a big House of Commons' majority, and a resolute Liberal Ministry. And so, in my survey of the immediate future of Ireland, I lean to the optimist rather than the pessimist view. But a final word—the fight is not over, our forces cannot be disbanded; on the contrary, it is the hour of hours for union, for resolution, and for work in the Irish ranks.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

GRAZIA DELEDDA AND "CENERE."

UNDISCOVERED countries in the world of art are few. The painter's brush, the writer's pen, have brought even remote plains to our door, with varying success. True art, like love, can make as nought life's necessary spaces.

The majority of us, until lately, looked upon Sardinia as one of these "terre ignote." For the historian it was ever rich in promise; but in these hurried days which of us have leisure or inclination to become historians? To others, again, the symbolism of its first name, Ichnusa, the Footstep—of God?—appealed, while the "nuraghi," the Tombs of the Giants, the Perdas Longas (monoliths not of Celtic, but Phœnician origin), and other objects of definite archæological value, were significant to those who spoke the language of such silent witnesses. But to most of us, it was merely one amongst many battle-grounds of nations—a degree more picturesque than some, perhaps, because its victors and its vanquished were alike dramatic figures. And the dreamer longed to penetrate the mystery of this place, which had seen so much and suffered so greatly, as must happen to all places and persons as are desired of men. The power of the inanimate which shakes the foundations of a man's being could not but be a force to reckon with in an island whose soil had drunk the blood of so many races—Libyans, Canaanites,[1] Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Corsicans, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Saracens, Pisans, Genoese, Aragonese, Spaniards, and Austrians in turn.

So much for a past both picturesque and powerful; what of the present? Of what temperament, what character, were the children of these many centuries of warfare? In the growth of a nation, in the making of history, pioneers and settlers, soldiers and politicians play their several parts. But the writer's pen is the medium by which alone a country becomes vital to those whom circumstances or lack of inclination debar from nearer intimacy. For literature is the scalpel which lays bare to public view the heart of a people.

If Nature be a jealous mistress, how unsparingly she gives to her lovers! Born in Nuoro, a little town which lies between two valleys, one wild and rugged, the other fertile and fragrant, Grazia Deledda lived until she was twenty-five years old, within reach of those mountain passes where souls quicken in contact with eternal truths. Environment makes character, and so do

(1) So many of the Sarde idols are images of Moloch, Baal, and Ashtaroth, of Old Testament renown, that it is supposed that the Canaanites who were banished by the Israelites from "beyond Jordan" sought refuge in Sardinia.

circumstances. To the invisible forces she owes much of the spontaneity and freshness of her work—qualities seldom attained by those who toil in confined spaces and count the days till they can see the sky. They were the means which led her to strike out a new line of life. At fifteen years of age she made use of a foreign tongue[1] to write a short and tragic story called *Sangue Sardo*. It was accepted and published by a Roman journal. What the effort must have cost her it is hard for British critics, who have so generously welcomed women writers, to conceive. Even the Brontë's time is no true parallel. For Fanny Burney and Maria Edgeworth had already pointed the way when *Jane Eyre* was written; whereas Grazia Deledda was the first, the only woman writer in an island whose primitive and simple habits made its inhabitants look upon the least deviation from accustomed courses with suspicion.

It has been said of Grazia Deledda that she shows but one side of her people—that another and an equally faithful Sardinian writer might depict the island from a different aspect, and never touch upon her themes. Yet the sincerity of her work is the first quality which strikes us—therein lies her strength, her vigour in portraiture. Holding a mirror towards certain scenes, she shows their surroundings and their human interest. She turns the mirror towards them and away from herself, and so escapes the least reflection of her own image. "*L'auteur n'y est pour rien,*" says M. Haguenin, "*En lui et dans son œuvre il a laissé faire les choses; mais précisément là est le meilleur, le plus rare de son originalité . . . dans cette impartialité, dans cette passivité, pourrait-on dire, qui, loin d'impliquer le manque d'aucun des droits nécessaires au talent, suppose au contraire la surabondance de facultés qui constitue le génie.*" The leading actors in la Deledda's dramas are men and women of the people—a reason why she has been compared to Maxim Gorky. They are seldom, if ever, off the stage—other personages are purely subsidiary though characteristic. No side issues are allowed for a moment to lessen the value of the main theme. This may be consummate art; or, again, the purest simplicity. A Sardinian of Sardinia, Mme. Deledda is the voice of a people primitive and sincere even in their sins; her methods are consequently direct. She does not seek her stories—they seek her. Truth is to them what steam is to an engine—without it, they would not move. The reader never stops to ask himself why this is, or why that—granted the cause, the effects are inexorable. Each story is a circle: it comes back to the point from which it started, and joins neatly.

(1) The Sardinian tongue is pure dialect. Italian is only spoken between masters and pupils in schools, or in certain official households.

But it is with la Deledda's latest novel rather than with the general aspect of her work that we have now to deal. Concerning *Cenere*,[1] she told M. Herelle, to whose graceful translations of D'Annunzio and Grazia Deledda his countrymen owe so much: "*It is not my masterpiece, but if health and strength permit, I mean to write a masterpiece some day. . . . I am young, and many sides of life are still unknown to me. Sometimes I dare to hope that I have only just set my foot on the course, and what I have done seems indeed a slight thing in comparison with what I want to do. This may be ambition, or it may be vanity—at least, it is a good intention!*"

The story of *Cenere* might be told in a few words; it deals with an everyday problem. Oli,[2] the fifteen-year-old daughter of a Sardinian *cantoniere*, loves a peasant lad, Anania, who promises to marry her when he has found the hidden treasure of his dreams. To Oli, coming from a pitiful home where she is household drudge to her father, and nurse to two small brothers, these stolen meetings stand for the magic of life, and, dazzled by their spell, she follows her lover blindly to the gates of inevitable shame, in spite of her father's warnings that Anania is already married. When the truth can be no longer hidden, she is driven out into the night, and Anania finds shelter for her in a miserable hovel at Fonni, far away in the mountains, with a widowed relation whose husband, a brigand, was killed during one of his raids. Night after night, as her time draws near, the girl sits trembling by the hearthside, half stupefied by pain and remorse, watching the widow's emaciated fingers spin what seems to be the eternal thread of destiny, listening to stories of the past until the very rattling of the wind against the window-panes sounds like the tapping of dead fingers, and her companion's monotonous voice seems to enfold both her and the unborn child in the same terrible conclusion—"You will see worse things still, if you live. We are born to suffer. As a child, I laughed—then I cried. Now, all is over."

Such, then, are the conditions under which the little Anania comes to life, child of a moment's joy and months of bitterness. His life amongst the mountains with a small companion, Zuanne, his fears, his dreads, his temptations, his amusements, his occupations, his little songs, his shame at the name he is called by, his desire for the unknown father who lives so far away—all these are told with an unswerving realism which at times degenerates into unpleasantness. One November night, Oli awakens her boy and slips a chain to which a little green brocade bag is attached

(1) "Ashes." (2) Rosalia.

about his neck—it is a *rezetta*, for luck. Together they escape to Nuoro—through the cold of the winter dawn, the fatigues, the hunger and thirst of a long day. At Nuoro, Anania is shown a house—his father lives there : he is to go in, and say he is the son of "Oli Derios." The child does as he is bid. His father, aghast, comes with him to the door. But the street is empty. Oli has gone—no one knows where or how.

In the child's heart, at that moment, is sown the germ of the fruit which poisons his life. To be abandoned by an unknown father was bad—but to be left by the mother from whom he had never been parted is something serious and terrible. Children's tears are checked as easily as their laughter, however, and Anania settles down to his new life. Zio Tatana, his father's wife, cares for him tenderly; his condition is improved, but deep down in his heart, the resolve of his future quest never wavers. His mother must be found—by him : the world must know he has a mother, like other persons. Side by side with his romantic love for Margherita Carboni, the daughter of the richest man in the village, the proprietor of a mill rented by his father, the two great motives of his life move to their end, and as the years pass and he realises to what Oli has fallen, the longing to redeem her, less for her own sake than for his, struggles ever with his desire of human happiness with Margherita. Fate plays into his hands in some directions. He is good-looking and clever; Carboni sends him to study, first in Cagliari, then in Rome, and Margherita loves him. But try as he may to strangle the inward voice which bids him seek his mother he cannot succeed. By now it has become an obsession. It steals the thrill from his passion and poisons his success; it drives him as a straw in the storm. At Cagliari, at Rome, even in little villages, the forms of these piteous "*donne perdute*," seen but for a moment, become phantoms of an hourly dread, the eyes of one, the hair of another, a smile, a trick of gesture, haunt his dreams and companion his waking thoughts—could this tragic shape, or could *that*, have been his mother?

He goes at length to the Questura.

An hour went by. And little by little the student lost the recollection of Anania's mysterious trouble in enjoyment of the glorious scene before his eyes.

Above, the transparent sky was already tinged with the rosy approach of twilight, and from the Esquiline Piazza below, the lighted streets spread like some great fan set with yellow jewels. In the brilliant Piazza itself an endless panorama of people and carriages moved across a stage of unique proportions.

"After all," thought the student, "It's only an invisible wire which makes these puppets dance ! . . . They hurry, and disappear. . . . Each

(1) *Rezette* are little bags (or amulets) containing exorcisms or prayers written on leaves of paper, or grass, or flowers, plucked on S. John's Eve, or bits of coal, ashes, stones, or a splinter from the True Cross, &c.

one thinks himself the centre of the universe and fancies the world exists for his benefit alone. Instead of which, they're a mere handful of pigmies. Which of them is even capable of committing a crime? . . . I suppose they all have their little troubles—and yet—no, certainly not all of them. It's a lie to say that the whole of humanity suffers; the majority knows neither how to suffer nor enjoy. The crowd on the Pincio, for instance! Is that Anania?—Yes, here he comes; he looks a marionette, too, like Punchinello when he calls out, 'The die is cast!'"

And from the Olympian height of his mood, the student greeted his friend with a smile even a shade more ironical than usual.

"Is the die cast?" he demanded. . . .

"Yes," answered Anania, leaning against the wall. . . .

At the vanishing point of the central street . . . . he could distinguish Monte Mario, a far-off wall against a background of reddened silver. And he wondered vaguely why it recalled to him one evening when, as a tiny child, he had scaled the side of Gennagentu and shuddered at a terrifying sunset where the ghosts of banditti flitted across a sky of flame.

Again, on this very evening, a sense of mystery was in the atmosphere. And the vision of the city below, a forest of stone intersected by luminous paths, like rivers whose currents palpitate with the grief of humanity, stirred his soul with a mighty awe.

And now the struggle begins in earnest. The Questura knows of a certain woman from Nuoro, Maria Obinu, who came to Rome at fourteen years of age, and lived "a little irregularly" at first. For years now she has kept respectable lodgings in the Via del Seminario. There are obvious discrepancies in the story, and Anania is again a prey to doubt. A quarrel with his friend gives him the excuse to seek other lodgings; he meets Maria Obinu face to face, and hires a room in her house.

Is she, or is she not, his mother? If so, it were not so hard to forgive! He sees her humble little room, "long and straight, like a nun's cell." The wax tapers, the crucifix, the clusters of sacred medals which hang at the head of her bed, the lamp kept burning before a shrine of the Holy Souls, her fashion of dressing her hair, her simple black gown—these things touch him, and awaken in him all his latent tenderness. Maria's ways, her subdued voice, her melancholy, her large eyes—all seem familiar. At times he is sure that she is Oli. In delirium he calls her "mother," but he cannot break down her reticence. He returns to Nuoro, still uncertain.

At Fonni, in his old home, from the lips of Zio Grathia, he learns the truth. Oli has never left Sardinia. She has fallen from bad to worse; ill-treated, worn with fever and shame, she was old at thirty; her last lover, a street beggar, has now deserted her. And Anania singles out one from his group of pale phantoms the most miserable, the most degraded of all. He has seen her pass; he has shrunk from her in horror. He never even thought that one so obviously degraded could be his mother.

"What then is man? What is the human heart? What is

life worth, and mental gifts, and thought? . . . To-day, as Fate beat its inexorable black wings, and all these things shook in the sudden storm, he realised that humanity, that life, that love were alike deceit."

A man's soul stands revealed in the crises of life. Anania sends for his mother. His wavering thoughts have shaped themselves at last in bitterest hostility, almost in hatred. She is to live near Zio Grathia. More than this, she is to live near his young bride and him. Her in-goings and her out-goings are to be watched; she is to have a sufficiency of food and clothing; but his very recognition of her will be one of the four walls of her prison. She must realise how she has injured him, how he has suffered. Not a day of her infamy but she shall see for ever reflected in his eyes. When at length they meet "neither the one nor the other stretches out a hand, nor indeed do they greet each other at all. A world of sorrow and sin is between them; it separates them further than two mortal enemies."

"I have decided all," he says. "There can be no discussion. You will not move a step without my knowing it. . . . Bear my words in mind, as though they were those of the dead. If until now I have endured the dishonour, the grief of your shameless life, it was because I could not prevent it. . . . From to-day all is changed. If you ever dare to leave here I shall follow you —I shall kill both you and myself."

Then he writes to Margherita. His duty, as he conceives it, is to live with his mother. Margherita's heart is nearly broken, but her love triumphs. She agrees that Oli must not be left again; they will both work for her tenderly, but from a distance; no young wife, brought up as Margherita has been brought up, could live with Oli—it would not be right or natural. Anania destroys his betrothed's letter without even reading the last lines. "She herself is despicable! I will die before I see her again."

Summer comes, and with it a summons. Anania is to return at once—Oli is dying. Since his loss of Margherita he has tried to lead a life of pleasure, but it has not satisfied him. The old misgivings, the old doubts ever torment him—life is a riddle, and he does not even guess its answer. When he reaches Fonni it is night. The widow meets him. Her words are brief. "Oli's earthly penance is over."

He knows that in the silent room beyond another mystery awaits him.

"My son," whispered Grathia, almost inaudibly, "Don't let it frighten you."

He grew pale, and a thought hitherto formless and hideous as the trembling shadows on the wall began to shape itself in actual terror. . . .

"She——killed herself?"

"Yes."

"O God, how awful!"

He shrieked aloud . . . as he heard his own voice ring through the squalid silence of the cottage. . . .

On the pallet-bed where he had so often slept, he could see the dead woman's outline beneath the covering sheet. The fresh air of evening came through the open shutters, and the tiny flame of a candle burning by the bedside, flickered as though it wanted to escape into the fragrant night.

Anania went up to the bed, and gently, as if he were afraid of awakening her, uncovered the face of the corpse.

A bandage, splashed with already dried stains of blood, encircled her throat, and, passing beneath the chin and over the ears, was knotted among the thick tresses of the dead woman's hair. From this tragic frame, her ashen face stood out clearly, the poor mouth distorted by the last convulsion, and through the half-closed lids the glassy eyes were partially visible. . . .

"My God, how awful!" he cried again. . . . Look at the blood! . . . She has cut her throat! . . . Oh, what a failure I've been. . . . God! God! It was I who told her to kill herself. . . . She died in despair, I never gave her a single word of comfort. After all, she was my mother; she suffered in bringing me into the world. And I——I killed her, and I go on living!"

Never until that moment, confronted thus by death's terrible mystery, had he realised the force, the immensity of life.

To live! Was it not enough merely to live, and move, and hear the perfumed breeze whisper in the night—was not that in itself happiness? Life!—it was the most beautiful and sublime gift that Infinite and Eternal Wisdom could possibly create.

And he was still alive!—he, who owed his being to the unhappy creature who now lay motionless before him, robbed for ever of a sovereign joy.

Why had he never thought of this before? But, alas! he had been absolutely ignorant of the value of human life, because, until this moment, he had never recognised the horror and the sacrifice of death.

Now this had come to pass—and she had revealed to him, through the anguish of her own death, the supreme bliss of existence. At the cost of her life, she had brought him to this second birth. And the new life would be of incomparably greater moral value than the old. . . .

"I want to see something," he said. His voice faltered like a child's.

The widow took up the light, opened the door again to let the young man pass, and stood waiting. Gloomy and sorrowful, the antique iron lamp in her hand, she looked like some image of Death, watchful, expectant.

Anania went on tip-toe towards the little table, on which he had noticed his *rezetta* torn open, and lying on a glass plate.

For a moment he hesitated—then picked it up and emptied it. A small yellow pebble fell out—then ashes—ashes blackened by time.

Ashes!——

He took them up, sifting them slowly from one hand to another—those black ashes which were the only record of some tender remembrance of his mother—ashes which had lain on her bosom, vibrating with every breath she drew.

In that supreme hour of his life, an hour of which he knew he was yet to learn the full significance, he read a symbol of Fate into that small charred heap. Yes. Everything was ashes—Life, Death, Mankind. All were the fruit of Destiny.

Yet in that memorable hour, in the presence of all that was left of

the saddest of God's creatures, of one who had died for the good of others, after causing and suffering every possible form of evil—he realised that amongst the ashes there brooded a spark which would kindle later into a shining and a purifying flame. Hope came to him, and life was once more sweet.

Thus passes the last of a succession of pictures. Mme. Deledda writes rather of things she has seen than of things she has felt. So impersonal is she in her work that at the last we are uncertain how far she sympathises—or if, indeed, she sympathises at all—with a hero who, in the words of a famous Italian critic, "has taken a bath of Russian psychology."

Many defects are lost sight of in the prevailing colour and life of the book. Each character is convincing. Nanna and Efes Cau, the two drunkards, Zio Pera, the hunter—of cats!—Bustianeddu, the little lad who has no conscience, Maria Obinu's old servant—the outline of these are definite and strong. They are new types. New also is the setting of the scenes, and here again the almost photographic accuracy of la Deledda's work tells. Fonni, Nuoro, Cagliari—each stands out in turn, complete in minute details.

Grazia Deledda is barely thirty, and already famous. She has been widely translated and widely acclaimed. Her work appears serially not only in the leading reviews of Italy, but of France. Even our colder northern nation feels her power.

What of her future? Will her quick fame content her or will she rise even to better things? Some say that no great book was ever written, nor any great work done, by any but the truly great "mighty in mind, mighty in heart," as Ruskin has it. The writer needs a firmer faith in "the good, the beautiful, the true" than his fellow-men, since upon his own bruised wings he has to lift so many crippled beings to the skies. But the foremost Italian critic, Ruggero Bonghi, divined in Grazia Deledda this immortal power, and wrote thus to the young author, who was known to him only by her work:—

"You believe in this trinity, and you must continue to believe in it, unless you would have life bare and void of significance and aim, of harmony and hope. . . . The souls you paint are tender and honest, because of the tenderness and honesty of your own soul."

In her success we feel that Mme. Deledda must often turn to a letter, which takes an added pathos because it was the last that the dying critic ever wrote:—

"Farewell, dear child, and while you live remember the words of a tired old man, for whom twilight smiles while the dawn smiles for you."

MAY BATEMAN.

THE STATESMEN OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC.

In nearly all the obituary articles devoted to his memory, the foreign Press is unanimous in classing M. Waldeck-Rousseau among the most remarkable statesmen of the Third Republic: some have compared him with Gambetta; all have borne splendid witness to the services he rendered to his country. The occasion may lend interest to a brief review of the character and achievements of the statesmen who have played the leading *rôles* in the political history of France since 1871.

I.

I do not aim at any classification by order of merit, but the order of logic seems to demand that the first place should be given to those who were chiefly responsible for the establishment, the prosperity, and the prestige of the existing *régime*. They were five: Thiers, Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Carnot, and Delcassé. It was Thiers and Gambetta who in a measure created the Republic, a work meritorious and difficult in the extreme. For it was not enough to proclaim the Republic; the thing was to *make it work*, an end by no means facilitated by the disastrous experiences of 1792 and 1848. Thiers held in check the exaggerations of the reactionaries, and Gambetta the vehemence of the revolutionists. Both preached wisdom, moderation, patience. And they did more than preach; they practised those laudable virtues in circumstances the least favourable to their growth. They were alike in this, that each was to some extent bound by his past. Thiers, from a political point of view, was conspicuous by his attachment to the constitutional monarchy. As Minister of King Louis Philippe, he had always identified himself with this form of government, showing indeed occasional sympathy with Bonapartism, but none with the Republic. When he became President this past hampered his efforts to induce the Conservative Party to support the Republican *régime*. Gambetta, on the other hand, had been, under the Second Empire, one of the most prominent leaders of the Opposition. As such, he was committed to a programme the note of which was an exalted radicalism; the suppression of the standing army was one of its most cherished items. But after 1870 no sane person could dream that a country which had just paid so terribly dear for insufficient preparation in that department could be kept alive without a standing army. Only the pecuniary sacrifices demanded by the reorganisation of a powerful army were

so great as to necessitate delay in those social reforms to which Gambetta's party was pledged.

Such considerations were powerless over men inspired by so magnificent a patriotism. They did not hesitate to sacrifice their personal preferences to the great work—that of building on solid foundations the only form of government which now seemed permanently suited to the genius of France. There is no denying that they sometimes made mistakes. Thiers had a passion for meddling with everything and everybody, a trait which his Ministers found a little irritating. Gambetta's eloquence was apt to betray him into oratorical excesses of unnecessary violence. But the actions of both men were none the less determined by their conception of that which made for the well-being of their country, and they were rewarded for their self-abnegation. It was to them that the Republic owed its life.

In a few years, after the crisis of the 16th of May had effectually proved the impotence of the royalists, the Republic, now firmly established, found itself wealthy and powerful. What was to be done with all this wealth and power? What all Frenchmen desired was to spend it in preparing an immense vengeance against Germany. But that project was as unprofitable as it was chivalrous. It could only have led to another big war, which, the French army having become just as strong as the German army, must have ended in complete exhaustion on both sides with nothing to show for it. Still, what was to be done? Jules Ferry perceived the danger and with it the remedy—colonisation. To create a vast colonial empire in the place of that which had been lost through the disorders and defeats of Louis the Fifteenth's reign—it was a scheme in every way worthy of the genius of the French nation. Unfortunately, the colonies were at that time unpopular. Ignorant of its colonial history, the French people conceived that it lacked the qualities necessary to colonisation and that every undertaking of the kind was foredoomed to miserable failure. True, under the Second Empire expeditions to remote regions had been made, but it had been to protect the Christians under persecution as in Syria, to avenge an insult as in China, or to instal an emperor as in Mexico; never to develop old colonies or to found new ones. The empire took not the slightest interest either in Algiers or Madagascar or Senegal; it was almost by accident that any annexations were made, as, for instance, New Caledonia in 1853. Throughout this period, the country could not have forgotten how India, Canada, and Louisiana had been lost; but, feeling perhaps that more recently it had gained nothing but worry from its interfering with the Khedive Mehemet Ali and Pritchard the missionary's business, it was indifferent to the

extension of the empire in distant lands. After the war of 1870, this attitude was accentuated by the obligation felt by the nation to concentrate all its forces on the rebuilding of the metropolis.

Jules Ferry was neither alarmed nor hindered by this state of public opinion; and in this he proved that his place was in the foremost rank of statesmen of any race. It is but rarely indeed that a man succeeds in making his fellow-citizens follow a line they have no inclination to follow, and that solely by the persuasion of his speech and the ascendency of his will, without any tangible means of compulsion. Everybody knows how Gladstone failed in his Home Rule experiments, and how, on many occasions, Bismarck was forced to give in to the pressure of public opinion. This gives some notion of Jules Ferry's achievement, a task even more difficult than Mr. Chamberlain's similar enterprise at the present day.

This great man paid for the accomplishment of his vast designs with his person, one may even say with his life, since the heart affection from which he died was brought on by the anxieties and worries of his public life. And now the prospect of a colonial empire, second only in extent to that of England, is opened up before the French nation. At Tunis and Hanoi, the two points as to which the tenacity and sublime obstinacy of Jules Ferry prevailed over the opposition of his fellow-citizens, his statue is raised in just vindication of the memory of the first statesman of the Third Republic.

In 1887, at the time when Carnot was elected President, some deplorable things had happened at the Elysée; a scandal in the very family of the preceding President was not calculated to add to the glory of the first office in the State, which indeed at that moment needed all it could get. M. Thiers had been succeeded by Marshal MacMahon, who was, if one may say so, more Marshal than President; it was, at any rate, by his military title that he was chiefly known, and he himself preferred that it should be so. As it happened, the Marshal was not long in sending in his resignation. In 1879, Jules Grévy was elected for seven years, and re-elected in 1886. He thus passed nine years at the Elysée. These nine years were singularly monotonous; no receptions, no dinners, no travelling about. The President was intelligent, interested in public affairs, and he acquitted himself with discretion; but he detested the shows of office, his sole desire being to lead a petty *bourgeois* existence without tedium or ceremony. President Carnot at once perceived the necessity of raising the prestige of his office, so severely compromised by his predecessor, and for six years and a half he devoted himself to this task conscientiously and with consummate tact. It involved a risk of

awakening on every hand jealousy and distrust. The president of the Senate and the president of the Chamber of Deputies had gradually come to consider themselves almost as good as the President of the Republic. All that had to be changed. Only those who saw President Carnot at work can realise what patience, what smiling perseverance, what gentle but resolute determination, he brought to the task he had set himself. Even before Caserio's dagger-thrust gave such tragic magnificence to Carnot's figure, he commanded unqualified respect in his own country and the greatest consideration abroad. President Carnot applied himself to another and no less fruitful labour : the Franco-Russian *rapprochement*. He projected the bases of agreement with the Emperor Alexander III., and prepared the way for that "*rentrée de la France dans le monde*" of which our present Minister of Foreign Affairs has fully carried out the superb design.

Two years ago in this REVIEW I sketched both the workman and his work. Delcassé's place in this portrait gallery of statesmen is unique. He is the only man who has remained more than six consecutive years at the head of his department. This term, long enough under a monarchy, is altogether exceptional in a republic, where all political offices except that of the President either depend directly on popular caprice or are, at any rate, at the mercy of the changing mood of an Assembly. It may then be said that Delcassé had time in his favour. There is something in that; but it must be remembered that he had no sense of security, and time without security is but a feeble aid. Minister of Foreign Affairs in four successive Cabinets, he could never be certain that his portfolio would not at any moment be taken from him. He employed the only method which could be successful in these circumstances, a method which called for the very greatest tact and dexterity on his part. Instead of divulging all at once the vast plan that he had conceived, he divided it into sections, aiming at the realisation, first of one point, then of another, and so on. In order to appreciate the grandeur of the result we must call to mind the situation as it stood when Delcassé joined the Ministry. That is to say, it was 1898. Relations were very bad with England (the Fashoda affair had just come up), strained with Germany, not too cordial with Italy, and somewhat chilled with Russia. France had done nothing for Spain, though she had made so great an outcry against the United States that she had roused popular feeling against her on the other side of the Atlantic without acquiring any title to the gratitude of Spain. Lastly, in the East the prestige of the country was lowered. Everybody knows how Delcassé settled the Fashoda affair; how he interposed his good offices towards the re-establishment of peace between Spain and the

United States; how he brought the Tsar Nicholas to Compiègne, and the Italian flotilla to Toulon; how he made French power felt at Constantinople and Fez—all very considerable historical events, the importance of which will appear greater still when we can see them a little farther off. The Franco-English treaties mark the culminating point of enterprises which ten years ago would have been regarded as impossible. To-day the position of France in her foreign policy is so strong that we must go back to 1856 to find its parallel. Unfortunately, the irrational home policy of the last two years has, over and over again, prevented the work of Delcassé from bearing fruit, and through the absurd conflict with the Vatican has even done away with some of the good results already obtained.

II.

This is the work of M. Emile Combes, so that it would be hardly surprising if I omitted him from the list of statesmen. M. Combes is not in any sense a statesman. He is merely a politician of middling intelligence and of still more dubious scrupulosity, a man devoid of conscience and of will. His every act is based either on an order received from his party or from some Masonic lodge, or on some interest which he cannot avow but which he awkwardly dissimulates. Added to this, the quarter-deck airs which he adopts by way of creating the illusion of commanding authority give a touch of absurdity to a figure which would otherwise be odious.

But, as M. Combes has taken the power out of the hands of Waldeck-Rousseau and announced himself as prepared to carry on his work, it is not inappropriate to review briefly his predecessor's career. Waldeck-Rousseau had the gift of charm; he was a loyal and upright man, refined, cultivated, artistic, eloquent, faithful and devoted to his friends—in short, he was an almost perfect personality, or, at any rate, he would have been if he had had a little more ambition and a little less dilettantism. Ambition failed him on more than one occasion, but never so signally as after the abrupt resignation of President Casimir-Périer. All eyes were then turned towards Waldeck-Rousseau; he seemed so absolutely marked out for the Presidency. But he could not make up his mind to stand in the time required; he waited till the last minute, when many members were already pledged to vote for Félix Faure. In spite of all this he obtained an imposing minority.

At the age of thirty-three he was a member of Gambetta's Cabinet which only lasted two months—from November, 1881, to January, 1882. The following year he became the collaborator of

Jules Ferry, who remained in office till 1885. It was then that Waldeck-Rousseau made himself conspicuous by his famous law of syndicates which restored to workmen the right of association, suppressed by the Revolution. After that he withdrew into obscurity, abandoning politics almost entirely, and contentedly following his own profession as a barrister, a line in which nobody could surpass him. It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to re-enter Parliament; and still more unwillingly did he become Prime Minister in 1899. It was a time of crisis; the *affaire* Dreyfus was hardly settled: and herein appeared the radical error of Waldeck-Rousseau, an error for which France will yet have to pay dearly; an error which, though it does not in the least detract from the many fine qualities of the man, is none the less calculated to diminish considerably his political prestige. Waldeck-Rousseau over-estimated the importance of the *affaire* Dreyfus. He could not see that for the most part the great mass of the people were, if not indifferent to it, at least sufficiently insensible; that it was a picked intellectual majority alone that was so intensely and, it may be said, unreasonably disturbed. He thought that the country must be firmly shaken in order to free it from this nightmare; but at the same time he did not perceive the imprudence of letting loose that anti-clerical insanity which rages by fits in the French mind, and which is so difficult to curb once it has been roused. Now, it was easy to represent, to a country situated as France was then, the urgent necessity of making up for lost time, setting things on a business footing, utilising its colonial territories, developing its mercantile marine, and augmenting its trade. "Enough of words; let us get to work," was as good and reasonable a motto as "The monks are a danger to the Republic; have at the monks!" The more so as the danger to the Republic was not really very serious.

As a rule, statesmen who are in the habit of throwing formulas about disguised as programmes fall victims to their own imprudence. Gambetta all but experienced this fate when, on the very *début* of the Republic, he permitted himself to say: "*Le clericalisme, voilà l'ennemi!*" Happily for him, that motto did not inspire his acts. The men who have served France best since 1870 are those who, without the least respect for formulas and almost without attaching themselves to any definite party, have simply devoted all their energies to procuring for their country some one good thing. Of this number are most certainly men like Dufaure, Jules Simon, and, above all, Waddington. Dufaure in 1876 was head of the first Cabinet formed after the Republican form of government had become out of question. Up till that time its organisation had been merely provisional. It was upon him again,

after the deplorable and clumsy experiment of the 16th of May, that there devolved the task of restoring order and forming a Cabinet on constitutional lines. Dufaure was one of those Frenchmen who, after much reflection on the events of their age, arrived at one conclusion : that for France the actual form of government is no longer anything but a secondary interest. However personally more sympathetic to the Monarchy, they adhered none the less loyally to the Republic from the moment when they saw that a Republic was more adapted to the necessities of the moment.

Waddington was of the same opinion. Few men have had the opportunity of rendering more services to their country in so short a time. A member of Dufaure's Cabinet, afterwards in Jules Simon's; Minister, first of Public Instruction, then of Foreign Affairs, he became Premier in 1879, and it was in this capacity that he represented France at the Congress of Berlin. Later on, he fulfilled a remarkable function at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander III., and was for many years Ambassador in London. A senator and a member of the Institute, Waddington was distinctly one of the most fully endowed men that you could meet. His intellect and judgment were eminently French, but his outward appearance had a touch of something foreign that interfered with his popularity. He was, moreover, singularly modest and discreet. His attitude at the Congress of Berlin, where he prepared our advance upon Tunisia, proved that he knew how on occasion to combine subtlety and skill with that straightforward frankness which was his invariable characteristic.

The character of Jules Simon is too well known to need description here. As Minister of Public Instruction he advanced many useful reforms; later on, when Jules Ferry determined to attack the congregations, he energetically defended the cause of liberty, just as he defended, no less energetically, that of the Republic against the Boulangists. Never in any circumstance of his life was Jules Simon in the least concerned about his own interest, but simply and solely about his duty. His was a great and noble character, combined with a superb literary and oratorical talent, but as a thinker perhaps he was more inspired than precise. It was as Premier that he was least successful; he did not sufficiently possess the governing sense, and his rule was too lax, not to say vacillating.

By the side of Jules Simon we may place Ribot, the present head of the Liberal Opposition, a man of prodigious eloquence and of great nobility of character, who also has rendered fine services to his country, and will no doubt render more. All the same, his transference to the presidency of the Ministerial Council did not justify the great expectations that were formed of him. It is but

justice to add that Ribot exercised this very difficult function at a terrible moment, the crisis of the Panama affair—a crisis of which the Boulangists and the majority of the Monarchists took advantage in the most scandalous and unpatriotic fashion, in order to intimidate public opinion and thus bring about the fall of the Republic. Looking back upon this painful time, we cannot but admire the courage with which Ribot breasted the storm and bore the shock of it.

III.

Among the statesmen of the Third Republic there are some who did not know how to profit by their opportunities for proving their real talents, and others again to whom Fate, as it were, sold those opportunities too cheaply. Of the former type, Casimir-Périer and Léon Bourgeois are the most remarkable instances. President of the Chamber in 1893, Prime Minister at the end of the same year, and President of the Republic six months later, in three years Casimir-Périer occupied the three highest positions in the State. Never was promotion so rapid; nor did it seem unmerited, so high was the opinion formed of him. He was the grandson of Louis Philippe's great Minister, and the son of one of Thiers' Ministers; he had received the most elaborate education; he was the possessor of a considerable fortune; he became early in life one of the recognised heads of the Republican Party, and that without breaking his family connection with the highest French society. The stability of the Presidency was assured to him for seven years, and Casimir-Périer had before him one of the finest careers that could well be hoped for. Everybody knows how in January, 1899, he abruptly resigned, withdrawing into private life with an eagerness that gave rise to much comment. There has been no subsequent indication that he regretted his action; doubtless it will be long before the precise motives of his decision are known, but everything suggests that he simply yielded to the temptation of withdrawing from the difficulty and tedium of an official life which was uncongenial to him.

As for Léon Bourgeois, he was Minister of Justice, Minister of Public Instruction, President of the Council in 1896, then President of the Chamber, representing France at the Conference of the Hague; it was terrible domestic troubles that compelled him, naturally, to withdraw from public life. Some day, possibly, he will enter it again. It is not his withdrawal from it that is so surprising, but his inability to make use of his extraordinary opportunities when there. A brilliant talker, Parisian to his finger-tips, witty, with the gift of making many friends even among his political antagonists, a man of keen intelligence and a sufficiently

hard worker, Léon Bourgeois might have become one of the most important figures of the Third Republic, but that such a position demands will-power and, before all, convictions, both of which he lacked. He was to be seen lightly oscillating between groups and parties, proposing measures by turns violent and moderate; now leading some movement or championing some idea, and now sinking suddenly out of sight. In short, though he must always hold a place in the front rank, Léon Bourgeois does not inspire absolute confidence—he cannot be taken very seriously.

Nobody, on the contrary, could be more fitted to inspire perfect confidence than Gambetta's faithful disciple and friend, Spuller. Many men of our day own Gambetta as their political sponsor; he was the first to encourage Delcassé himself when Delcassé was a very young man. But nobody could be regarded in a greater degree than Spuller as the inheritor of his ideas and the continuator of his policy. So when Spuller (who had already been made Minister of Public Instruction in 1887, and Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1889) again received the portfolio of Public Instruction from Casimir-Périer in 1893, when he formulated his theory of the *Esprit nouveau*, his voice was as the voice of Gambetta delivering a message from beyond the grave. The theory amounted to this: The Republic being now incontestably established, and its duration no longer admitting of any doubt, it becomes statesmen to throw all its doors wide open, and to hasten the universal dominion of the spirit of tolerance and perfect Liberalism. This fine conception of their great opportunities was not grasped by those concerned. Need we say that at the present hour it is less understood than ever, and that if Gambetta could come back to us now, we should be justified, from what we know of his character and ideas, in supposing that he would be the leader of the Nationalists, and that he would go farther in that line than was ever contemplated by the more controlled and deliberate mind of Spuller. Spuller, naturally discouraged by this check, retired from politics, and died shortly afterwards.

Another politician whom Fate kept from coming to his own was Auguste Burdeau, who died President of the Chamber in 1894, having been previously Minister of Marine. Burdeau was a self-made man, who made his *début* at the age of eighteen as a volunteer in the war of 1870, when he greatly distinguished himself by his brilliant service. A democrat by conviction, a man of large heart and lofty intelligence, he ought to have achieved eminence, for he never ceased in his efforts to learn and to perfect himself But his health was frail; besides, the unworthy and calumnious charges of corruption which were brought against him—though there was grain of truth in them—by the celebrated Anti-Semite

Drumont preyed upon his mind. He died of grief, unappeased even by the well-merited condemnation pronounced against his calumniator.

IV.

This rapid survey has already included no less than fourteen statesmen, and those taken only from among the most conspicuous. No mention has yet been made of names as well known as those of MM. de Freycinet, Goblet, Léon Say, le Duc Decazes, Challemel-Lacour, Charles Dupuy, Rouvier. None the less, nobody has been more closely associated with the political history of our time than Charles de Freycinet. If he has failed to play a very distinguished part as Minister of Foreign Affairs, it is still impossible to forget the great services he rendered in 1878 when he brought forward the famous scheme of public works which bears his name. That scheme had for object the perfecting of the material appliances of the country, the network of railroads and canals so necessary to its active existence. He applied himself with greater success still to his work as Minister of War; he had done already something of the kind at the time of the National Defence; he devoted himself entirely to it from 1888 to 1892 with the support of General de Miribel, the man whom Gambetta had desired to make head of the État-Major General, in spite of the somewhat anti-Republican sentiments with which that officer was credited.

The value of Léon Say as an economist, as of Maurice Rouvier, the present Minister of Finance, is indisputable; the former was for some time President of the Senate, the latter Prime Minister in 1887. Both possessed remarkable knowledge and ability in dealing with such things as taxes and budgets. René Goblet is chiefly known by his uncompromising Liberalism (though he calls himself a Radical, there is nothing Radical about him but his name), also for his courage in saying what he thinks, quite crudely, in any circumstances. He rendered great services as Minister of Foreign Affairs, above all as Minister of Public Instruction, his most notable achievement being the reorganisation of the universities, which, since the ruin that overtook them under the Revolution, had remained in a state of stagnation, to the great injury both of science and the country. The Duc Decazes was for four years Minister of Foreign Affairs at the beginning of the Republic; to him was entrusted the delicate mission of planning out our political future among the Powers, and of compelling the European monarchies to recognise the Republican *régime*. Of all our Ministers of Foreign Affairs he and Delcassé are the two who had the hardest task laid upon them, and who fulfilled it the best. M. Challemel-Lacour, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and

afterwards President of the Senate, was a man of marked distinction; not the best fitted, perhaps, for an ambassador, as he proved during his brief residence in London, but quick enough to grasp the necessities of government and a safe man at its wheel: a little too literary, allowing his private studies to take up too much of his time, to the detriment of the public service. As for Charles Dupuy, he was several times President of the Council; it was, however, chiefly as President of the Chamber that he achieved celebrity, in 1893, when Vaillant the Anarchist sent his bomb flying among the deputies. Dupuy got up, signed to his colleagues not to stir, and addressed the Chamber thus: "*Messieurs, la séance continue.*" It was an act worthy of some hero of antiquity, and he might safely rest his claim to glory on it alone, but apart from that he displayed very considerable governing capacity.

There yet remain Jules Méline, Charles Floquet, and Henri Brisson, all three Presidents of the Chamber and Prime Ministers; also Félix Faure, who was Minister of Marine and President of the Republic; the Duc de Broglie, and Barthélemy St. Hilaire, the one Prime Minister, the other Minister of Foreign Affairs; Emile Loubet, who was Minister of the Interior and President of the Senate before he became head of the State; Tirard, who was also Prime Minister in the year of the Exhibition of 1889; Constans, Minister of the Interior at the same time, when he scored off the Boulangists. And Jules Roche, Yves Guyot, Lockroy, Cavaignac, and Jonnart, now Governor-General of Algeria; and Paul Deschanel, the late President of the Chamber, whose youth gives all the promise of a brilliant future; Eugene Etienne, and Paul Doumer, who seem both marked eventually for the Premiership; de Lanessan, and Pierre Baudin.

The truth is that it was the great good fortune of the Third Republic to possess an unusually large number of clever subordinates who seconded, completed, or prepared the work accomplished by Thiers, Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Carnot, and Delcassé. As for Jules Ferry and Delcassé, they were altogether exceptional men, men of whom any age or any empire might be proud. If, in spite of that, more ground has not been covered and more success achieved, it is because the conditions were extremely hard; because, owing to the severe shocks sustained by her Government for a century, France has been broken up into practically two parties in morals—believers and non-believers; and three parties in politics—Monarchists, Liberals, and Jacobins, with whom we have still to reckon.

PIERRE DE COUBERTIN.

THE ORIGINS OF THE ALPHABET.

THE origins of our Alphabet have now probably been discovered; that is, the elements, the signs, from which it was developed, are known with apparent certainty. But how, when, where, and by whom, scratches of certain shapes were chosen to be letters, from among pre-existing multitudes of similar scratches, remains a dark question. "No one would choose the present time to make a pronouncement on so confused a subject," says Mr. Flinders Petrie, reviewing a little popular book, "The Story of the Alphabet," by Mr. Edward Clodd.[1] On this confused subject, it is not my design to "make a pronouncement," but to array a few facts, not all of which occur in recent English works on the topic. It seems usually to be thought that, to quote a phrase of Mr. Clodd's, "the pictograph is the parent of the Alphabet." This means that most early peoples convey information by a series of rude linear pictures of events, as the Red Indians do. They make a sketch of a man with his hand to his mouth, this means that the artist is hungry; they draw three suns, or a sun with three strokes under it; this means that he has had no food for three days; they scratch X's with closed tops, and a dot on each top, to represent three prisoners taken alive (with their heads, the dots, still on), other X's with closed tops and no dots imply so many men slain. Going a step further, a calumet or pipe means "peace," a hearth means "a family," or hearth-circle, a rude figure spreading out its arms, means "no," and so forth.

Again, the figure of an owl may mean first, an owl, then the *sound* "owl"; "his 'owls was horgans," says Mrs. Gamp, and John Knox writes about the "owlings" of Queen Mary. Thus the skeleton design of an owl, with another of a hump (say "a camel with a *hump* upon his back," and a third of a horse (pronounce "'oss"), gives "Oul-ump-os," "Olympus." These three signs, owl, camel, and horse, would be "phonograms representing syllables," and are themselves represented in the Egyptian hieroglyphs, among other sorts of characters, most of them still clearly and obviously pictures of objects in nature. You know the owl, the crane, the hand, the seated human figure, and the rest, when you see them. *These* pictures were never conventionalised into anything like our alphabetic characters. But it is clear that the pictographs of more savage peoples, say the Red Indians, elementary skeleton sketches like what a very young

(1) Newnes: London.

child draws on a slate, are already nearer akin, sometimes, to alphabetic letters, than are the hieroglyphs of Egypt. The X with a closed top, meaning a dead man, is very like any other X.[1]

If we look at the "writing" delicately incised on hard wooden tablets by the natives of Easter Island, we see a very interesting thing, namely, minute conventionalised pictures of men, fishes, axes, and so on, turning into alphabetiform characters before our very eyes. In an Easter Island inscription some signs will retain their pictorial character: we recognise a man erect, with arms raised, and legs extended, or a fish, or an axe. Another character will resemble nothing in nature or art, but seems a familiar I, or E, or O, or U. A third sort will look, at first sight, like a capital R, but reflection shows that it is a conventionalised design of a man climbing a tree. Other Easter Island characters rather remind us of the linear Cretan script, discovered by Mr. Arthur Evans in the palace of Knôsos. Thus in the significant marks, resembling writing, of the lonely, mysterious isle of the Pacific, we seem to see the potential alphabet in every stage of evolution.[2]

The point on which I feel very uncertain is this: are *all* alphabetic characters derived, and descended, from rude linear sketches of real objects? Are some not, in origin, arbitrary marks, without any model in nature? That these marks are very widely diffused, and of enormous antiquity, I shall show later, and it does seem strange that men of all races, ages, and climes should have produced identical signs by conventionalising pictures of different real objects.

For some twenty-five or thirty years, it was generally, though not universally, believed that the Egyptian hieroglyphs, obvious pictographs of real objects, were actually the parents, at a distance of a few degrees, of our own modern alphabet. The discovery was made by an eminent scholar, the late Vicomte de Rougé. The process was, first, the Egyptian picture-hieroglyph, incised on stone: then that picture debased and conventionalised into the fat, black, leech-like characters of the Egyptian "hieratic" script, painted in very thick, treacly ink on papyrus: then the oldest Phoenician letters, modified by the Semitic people from the hieratic Egyptian script: then the archaic Greek alphabets, slightly modified from the Phoenician, and, lastly, the completed Greek alphabet, and the Roman.

(1) On examining American, Australian, and other rock paintings, I find very few marks like any known letters, and these are isolated. Occasionally they are to be totem marks.

(2) See *Man*, for January, 1904.

Several objections, one always obvious, the others recently observed, apply to this ingenious system. The first is that the Phoenician letters are often very unlike the hieratic characters, to which we must now add that the Phoenician and Greek letters are exactly like signs far older than even the hieroglyphs of Egypt, and of almost world-wide diffusion. Thus the Phoenician Aleph, our A, is not at all like the hieratic corresponding character, which, with good will, might be taken for a consumptive black swan. On the other hand, the Phoenician Aleph is very like a linear sketch of an ox's head and horns, and Aleph does mean an ox. Next, a very gracefully delineated Aleph occurs, with a sign like a blunt Greek Lambda (Λ, our L), on an implement of reindeer horn, from the cave of Gourdan, in France.[1] (Fig. 1.) This object is an incalculable number of thousands of years old, and the two characters on it, with an indistinct third, may perhaps have been the owner's mark. That his initials were equivalent to our A. L. I am not maintaining!



Fig. 1.

The subsidiary question, did both palaeolithic man and the Phoenicians produce the same Aleph by conventionalising a sketch of an ox's head and horns, cannot confidently be answered, and there remains the possibility that the Phoenicians merely picked up this sign, our A, out of a multitude of similar signs current in the Levant, and called it Aleph (ox), because it reminded them of an ox's head. On that theory, palaeolithic man knew the sign A, and etched it so elegantly that it might be used for a lady's monogram. Had he conventionalised this A out of his own free and realistic designs of the heads of bovine animals? This I doubt. But Mr. Arthur Evans publishes an engraved prehistoric Cretan whorl, with a rudely designed ox accompanied by

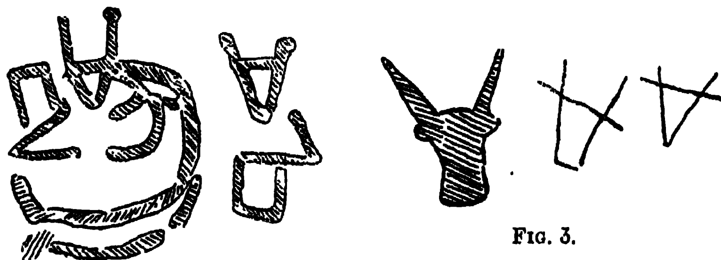


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

a symbol like a Greek Π on one side, while on the other side "the same symbol recurs in immediate juxtaposition to what appears to be the bull's or ox's head reduced to a linear form,"

(1) Piette, "L'Anthropologie," Vol. VII.

making an A upside down. (Figs. 2 and 3.) "The A is thus brought into connection with the bull or ox," in Crete, before the beginning of Phoenician influence. The Phoenicians, perhaps, picked up this A in Crete or elsewhere, made it a letter, and preserved its bovine associations in its name, Aleph, ox (Alpha).[1] In pre-historic Crete the character A was probably a sign, not a letter, though it may have stood for a syllable. But I still want to know how palaeolithic man, unknown thousands of years earlier, evolved *his* A, as in Figure 1.

In any case, Aleph is absolutely unlike the corresponding Egyptian hieratic character, derived from a hieroglyphic picture of an eagle. Once more the Phoenician H, a three-stepped ladder, or a three-barred field-gate in aspect, is absolutely unlike the corresponding hieratic character (which rather resembles two ducks' eggs), while the Phoenician H naturally recalls a scaliform, or ladder-like, sign, on another piece of palaeolithic reindeer horn from the Lorthet cave, and also resembles prehistoric Cretan and Egyptian signs, discovered on seals and pottery by Mr. Arthur Evans and Mr. Flinders Petrie. One might give other examples, but it may suffice to say that characters of a conspicuously alphabetiform kind are found on hundreds of Egyptian potsherds, which, in Mr. Flinders Petrie's opinion, constituted "a great signary . . . in use all over the Mediterranean 5000 B.C." (Letter of Mr. Flinders Petrie's, cited by Mr. Clodd.) On these extremely ancient fragments of pottery there is no alphabetic writing, but there are alphabetiform signs, recurring in certain frequent combinations. Their recurrence in combinations of two or three or four signs, implies that they really had a meaning, and were not random scratches. Other linear signs which do not occur in known alphabets are also common on the prehistoric Egyptian pots. But a child who knew the Roman, Greek, and Runic characters could pick them, or rather, signs like them, out of the pages on which Mr. Flinders Petrie produces these prehistoric Egyptian marks, in his "Royal Tombs of the First Dynasty" (Part I., 1900).

Other such signs were found by Mr. Arthur Evans on Cretan and Mycenaean seals, pots, stones, and walls, of date prior to the rise of Phoenician commerce, and they occur as far west as the Iberian Peninsula, Spain and Portugal. It is most curious to note these signs, and to observe that they occur, like masons' marks, on Mycenaean walls of about 1700 B.C. For they also appear on the walls of our mediæval abbeys and other buildings, while, apparently by direct descent, they are found as owner's marks on

1. "Cretan Pictographs and Prae-Phoenician Script," pp. 284, 364, 366. 1895.

the steel tools of our masons of to-day. They do not engrave their initials on their tools, or not usually, but employ these ancient marks. I examined lately the tools of some workmen engaged on Professor Purdie's new laboratory at St. Andrews, and picked out signs not only analogous to, but identical with, some signs on Mr. Flinders Petrie's potsherds of 5000 B.C. One of the workmen told me that he had read all about this curious matter "in a book." Among the signs common to prehistoric Egypt and St. Andrews, were an N and a Δ united by a transverse line. Human history, on this point, is singularly continuous.

Here, then, was this "signary," or body of signs (how developed, and for what purposes used, it is not easy to guess), common to many of the various peoples of the Mediterranean shores, and even of Asia. In the collection of signs, scarcely any one of which recognisably represented any object in nature or art, lay the elements of the alphabet, if any one had the wit to select twenty or thirty marks, and make them stand for sounds. It occurred to me, on reading the works of Mr. Flinders Petrie and Mr. Arthur Evans, that savages, or barbaric tribes, all over the world, must also have developed the signs, whether by conventionalising childish linear pictures, or otherwise. I found one example in the "writing" of a modern neolithic people, the natives of the lonely and remote Easter Island, "where is the navel of the seas." In this case, as we have seen, the marks are certainly significant, and are not mere decoration; they tremble on the verge of actual writing. As mere decoration, probably, though they may perhaps have some kind of meaning, I found several of the signs in the tattoo markings of the Motu women of New Guinea. Mr. Haddon, in his "Evolution in Art" (p. 43), publishes a picture of a tattooed Motu girl. On her right shoulder are Λ O ⋊, and I N N I I M I I E. H adorns her right arm. ⊥ and T are on the backs of her shoulders, and, on her left shoulder ⋊ ◇ Λ. "The rigid conservatism of the native mind" warrants us in believing that the marks are not borrowed from our own or the Greek alphabet, and I do not feel sure that they are conventionalised out of pictures of real objects. Other Motu marks also occur in the archaic Mediterranean signary.

Skipping from the Motu of New Guinea to the Chiriquis, an extinct neolithic gold-working and pottery-making people of Panama, we again find elements of the signary. Of these the oddest and least expected are five Runic characters (I mean marks that happen to coincide in aspect with five Runic characters), on the handle of an "alligator vase." The close resemblance is purely a chance coincidence, necessarily. More really important is a vase with a decorative zone containing, within lozenges, twelve

signs which are practically identical with signs on Mr. Flinders Petrie's prehistoric Egyptian potsherds. (Figs. 4, 5.)

Mr. Holmes, who publishes the vase in *Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, pp. 185, 186 (1884-1885), writes, "Although we are unable to show that any of these characters had other than a purely decorative use, we see how richly the ancient peoples were supplied, through the conventionalising agencies of art, with devices that could have been applied as ideograms and letters, where such were needed. . . ."



FIG 4

Apparently it only required people of genius to make an

FIG. 5.

alphabet almost anywhere, if a signary were lying about convenient, and in many places it did lie convenient. Mr. Flinders Petrie writes, in a letter published by Mr. Clodd (September 2nd, 1899), "This linear signary" (of the Mediterranean peoples) "was developed variously, but retained much in common in various countries. It was first systematised by the numerical values asigned to it by Phoenician traders, who carried it into Greece, whereby the Greek signary was delimited to an alphabet. But the fuller form of the signary survived in Karia with thirty-six signs, and seven more in Iberia, thus giving values to forty-three [signs]. This connection of the Iberian with the Karian is striking; so is that of the Egyptian with the West, rather than the East. Signs found in Egypt have thirteen in common with the early Arabian, fifteen in common with the Phoenician, and thirty-three in common with Karian and Kelt-Iberian"—my Chiriqui friends are omitted. Elsewhere, Mr. Petrie writes that, "In the early stages," the Mediterranean signs were probably not used for purposes of actual writing down of spelled words, but had "a more or less generally understood meaning." The regularly alphabetic use by the Phoenicians of a selection from the set of signs "is apparently a relatively late outcome of the systematising due to Phoenician mmerce."

These remarks convey no very definite meaning to my mind. What in the world *was* the collection of signs, the "signary"? What did it mean? Did the signs stand for syllables, not for letters? Is there anywhere an actual inscription of several words written in the signs, or are they trade-marks, or artists' or owners' marks? Is it meant that the Phoenicians assigned to the marks the same sort of "numerical values" as the Arabic numerals now possess, and did this help the marks to develop into alphabetic values? It is clear that if the Phoenician inscriptions from bronze vessels out of the Temple of Baal Lebanon are of the eleventh century B.C., they are older than any Greek inscription which we possess. Again, the letters in these inscriptions are designed with a firmness and purpose which seem to imply that, in the eleventh century B.C., the Phoenicians were no novices in the art of writing in alphabetic characters. We cannot say as much, from actual knowledge, for the Greeks, since, though Mr. Evans found linear writings much older than the eleventh century in Crete, the writings could not be called alphabetic, nor can we be quite sure that they were written by the ancestors of the Greeks of history. All this suggests on the whole that, though the signary existed before the rise of Phoenician influence, it was from the Phoenicians that the ancestors of the *historical* Greeks learned the alphabetic use of the signs selected out of the signary. They had many traditions or myths about the origin of letters, but usually ascribed them to the Phoenicians or "Cadmeians." There was, indeed, a Cretan tradition, reported by Diodorus, that the Phoenicians did not invent writing, but altered (or transposed?) the forms of some pre-existing characters.[1] As for such alphabetiform characters themselves, savages, as I hope to have proved, can evolve them, but genius was needed to give to them *alphabetic* values. If the Phoenicians did not do that, who did? We shall meet a reply to this question later.

One statement of Mr. Flinders Petrie's views has been quoted, another may be given. In this exposition, he seems to suppose that the widely diffused signs had alphabetic values before the Phoenicians took them up. He writes: "The only conclusion seems to be that a great body of signs—or *signary*—was in use around the Mediterranean for several thousand years. Whether these signs were ideographic" (stood for an idea, as a calumet

(1) Diodorus, Book V, Chap. 74. *φασὶ οἱ Κρῆτες τοὺς Φοίνικας οὐκ ἐξ ἀρχῆς εὑρεῖν ἀλλὰ τοὺς τύπους τῶν γραμμάτων μεταθεῖναι μόνον.*

M. Reinach also cites this interesting tradition. Did the Phoenicians "change" or merely "transpose" the types of the characters? It seems that the Phoenicians retained, with little *change*, pre-existing signs; if they merely transposed the order of the signs, then they dealt with a pre-existing alphabet.

stands for "peace") "or syllabic, or alphabetic in the early stages we do not know; certainly they were alphabetic in the later stage. And the identity of most of the signs in Asia Minor and Spain shows them to have belonged to a system with commonly received values in the later times." Mr. Flinders Petrie gives the Spanish signs, but does not mention his authorities for them, or the date of "the later times," when the characters had "commonly received values." To the signs in early Spain and Portugal I shall return. Mr. Flinders Petrie goes on: "What then becomes of the Phoenician legend of the alphabet? Certainly the so-called Phoenician letters were familiar long before the rise of the Phoenician influence.[1] What is really due to the Phoenicians seems to have been the selection of a short series (only half the amount of the surviving alphabets) for numerical purposes, as A=1, E=5, I=10, &c. This usage would soon render these signs as invariable in order as our own numbers, and force the use of them on all countries with which the Phoenicians traded. Hence before long these signs drove out of use all others, except in the less changed civilisations of Asia Minor and Spain. This exactly explains the phenomena of the early Greek alphabets; many in variety, and so diverse, that each has to be learned separately, and yet entirely uniform in order. Each tribe had its own signs for certain sounds, varying a good deal; yet all had to follow a fixed numerical system. Certainly all did not learn their forms from an independent Phoenician alphabet, unknown to them before it appeared as a whole. The history of the alphabet is as old as civilisation."[2] Here Mr. Flinders Petrie seems to mean that the tribes not only had the signs (of world-wide diffusion, perhaps), but employed them in alphabetic writing, to denote sounds, before the rise of Phoenician influence, say 1500 B.C. Now, before that rise of Phoenician influence, the Cretans, for example, certainly had linear writing, not alphabetic, and, as Mr. Evans found, had even (as signs, *not* as letters) many characters of the later Greek alphabet etched on fish-shaped pieces of bone used in inlaying. They had Δ. Λ. H. N. Ξ. Π. P. Y. +. and ∃. .˥. ⋲.[3]

But the Cretans are not shown as yet to have used *these* marks for purposes of writing. I am disposed, therefore, to think that, before the Phoenicians, the Mycenaean dwellers in Greek lands had writing, but that Greeks did not adopt the Phoenician, or, perhaps, any alphabet, till after the Mycenaean culture had been ruined by the Dorian invaders. After culture began to revive

(1) In that case the Phoenicians did not change the *forms* of the letters, but altered their order.

(2) "Royal Tombs of the First Dynasty," Part I., pp. 31, 32.

(3) "The Annual of the British School at Athens," pp. 118, 119 (1900-1901).

they adopted modified forms of the Phoenician alphabet, with some of the Phoenician names for the letters, such as Aleph (Alpha) Beth (Beta), and so on. But, in adapting Phoenician letters, they may have been influenced (as Mr. Evans puts it) by "a possible survival and eventual reaction on the imported Semitic letter forms" of the early signs on the fish-shaped bones of Knôsos, and of other early signs, which, originally, had not been of alphabetic values. The various Greek tribes, as represented by early cities, may have had very various signs; if they used these, in each place, in modifying the Semitic alphabet, the great diversities of local archaic Greek alphabets would be explained, without supposing that, before the Phoenician innovation, Greeks had genuine alphabetic writing. If all this be correct, the honour of first evolving true alphabetic writing would still be the glory of the Phoenicians. Acquainted as they were with Egyptian hieroglyphic and hieratic writing, and with cuneiform writing, they made the decisive step of assigning values in sounds to a selection out of the pre-existing signary, and the Alphabet was born, and was accepted, with modification of the types of characters, by the Greeks. Of course later discoveries may yield Prae-Phoenician Greek alphabetic writing, as distinguished from syllabic writing, but at present it looks as if the Phoenicians "have the honour."

There remains a curious point, which I do not pretend to understand. A claim to the invention, or evolution, of alphabetic writing has been made for the pre-historic Portuguese or Iberians. On this matter I have not all the necessary books. Mr. Flinders Petrie, we saw, does not name his authorities for his table of Iberian characters. In "Portugalia," a Portuguese archæological serial (I. IV. p. 47, 1903), Don Ricardo Severo gives a table with Iberian characters, "Delgado and Berlanga, &c.," being his sources. I have not Delgado and Berlanga, but I have the late Don Estaçio da Veiga's "Antiguedades Monumentaes do Algarve" (see especially Vol. IV., Lisbon, 1891). Don da Veiga, publishing in 1891, was ignorant of the discoveries of Mr. Arthur Evans, and of Mr. Flinders Petrie, as, of course, was Mr. Holmes, in his remarkable second-sighted view of their ideas, suggested to him by the signs of the Chiriquis of Panama.

Let me begin, however, with M. Cartailhac, who, in 1886, published "Les Ages Préhistoriques de l'Espagne et du Portugal." He gives, from a MS. of Bishop Manuel de Cenacolo, of 1791, a number of Iberian epitaphs from gravestones excavated at Colla. The coffins were stone cists, of five or seven stones, beneath small tumuli. The epitaphs, written within bounding lines, were unmistakably alphabetic. Don Estaçio da Veiga, working in the same district, found before 1886 seventeen similar graves, and

published similar inscriptions. The Germans could make nothing of them, which disposes of the rather wild theory that they are Runic, and posterior to the historical invasion by the Visigoths! The contents of the tombs exhibited fragments of bronze and copper, of pottery, and of glass beads. M. Cartailhac did not think it safe to date these inscriptions in the age of bronze, though there were no vestiges of iron, still they "are not inconsistent with a date relatively pre-historic." Now had the Phoenicians dealings with the Peninsula "at a date relatively prehistoric"? I do not know, but, if not, here in Portugal is genuine Prae-Phoenician alphabetic writing, including several characters not found in the Phoenician alphabet, but found in the Mediterranean signary. This looks like "one up" for Portugal, or for the Peninsula, at all events.

Don da Veiga was very patriotic, and that must be allowed for when he tells us that, by archæological demonstration, the Peninsula possesses many epigraphic monuments, some belonging to the earliest age of iron, some to the age of bronze, and "one precious relic of written language from the latest neolithic age." ("Antiguedades," IV., pp. 284-285.) How remote in years the age of polished stone implements made by Iberian men ignorant of the metals may be, no one would venture to compute, but it must be far indeed behind the rise of Phoenician commerce. Yet, in 1868, Don Manuel de Gongora y Medinez published, in "Antiguedades Préhistoricas de Andalusia," not only examples of the Mediterranean signary, but also (page 40, figure 24) a potsherd incised with three or four characters of what Don da Veiga asserts to be Iberian alphabetic writing, within bounding lines, from an undeniably neolithic site, the Cave of los Murciélagos. (Fig. 6.) To myself, "speaking as a fool," it seems that Don da Veiga is right, that here we have Iberian alphabetic writing of the neolithic age, the oldest known alphabetic writing in the world. I happened to read Don Gongora's book of 1868 before I read that of Don da Veiga, and instantly recognised the characters, which Don da Veiga says that he did not do at first, not till after he had found

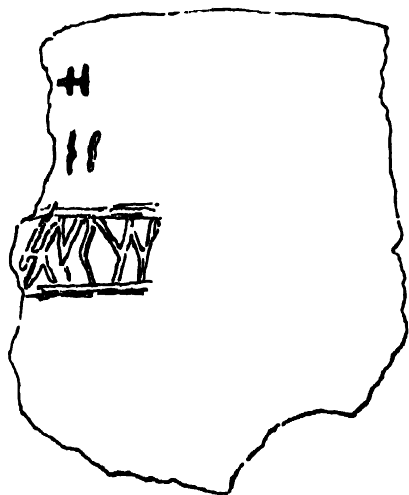


FIG. 6.

his own inscriptions "of the age of bronze." He then compared these inscriptions with this most precious of potsherds, and identified the characters. Distrusting himself, he consulted Don João Bonança, who confirmed his opinion that the characters on the neolithic potsherd were identical with those of the Iberian inscriptions of the ages of bronze and early iron.

There the matter stood, till, at Christmas, 1894, and early in 1895, two parish priests, Fathers Raphael Rodrigues and José Brenha, unearthed, under the pavement of a semi-ruinous megalithic dolmen, in a remote and rural part of Traz os Montes, a small museum of grotesquely carved faces and female figures in stone, with other rude figures of animals, stones scratched with infantile designs of deer, and other beasts, and several perforated stone amulets, or *pendeloques*, some of them inscribed with Iberian characters, others bearing cup and duct marks. These latter were already known on Portuguese neolithic work, and resemble the finds of Mr. W. H. Donnelly and Mr. Bruce, in a fort and in two pile structures on and in the estuary of the Clyde. The genuine character of the Clyde finds has for years been disputed; if they are forgeries, their author, or a predecessor of his with similar ideas, has been at work in Traz os Montes.

Till scholars pronounce on the authenticity of the Traz os Montes *trouvailles*, I have nothing to say but this: (1) They confirm, if authentic, Don da Veiga's belief in late neolithic alphabetic writing in the Peninsula. (2) If forged, they can only have been forged by a learned person, who, in a remote and illiterate region, deliberately produced scores of objects in hard stone, some of them of unexampled nature, others with analogues in the babyish neolithic art of other countries, introducing among them *pendeloques*, with inscriptions in Iberian characters. The motive would be to back up da Veiga's theory of very early writing in Portugal. Now the only known local and learned antiquary is Father Rodrigues. Be it far from me to suspect him of an archæological forgery, on a scale so needlessly extensive.

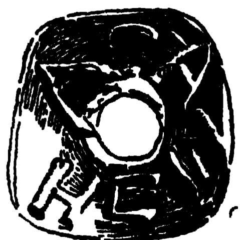
The outline drawings of his *trouvailles* in "Portugalia" (where Father Brenha and Don Ricardo Severo describe and discuss the finds) are not good; Don J. Leite de Vasconcellos published a better reproduction of one of the beasts in stone, in "Religiões da Lusitania," Vol. I. (1897). Don de Vasconcellos, like the late Don da Veiga, is a most distinguished archæologist, and it would be decidedly premature for English antiquaries, who have not seen the objects, to cry "Forgery!" if Portuguese archæologists, who have seen and handled the finds, accept them as genuine. Almost everything of a character hitherto unobserved, in archæology, has at first been hailed as an imposture by the impetuosity of the learned.

Meanwhile the specimens of the Mediterranean signary, found by M. Piette on painted pebbles at Mas d'Azil, show that twelve or fifteen of the Mediterranean signs were known, at an epoch uncertain, but exceedingly remote, at a considerable distance from the Mediterranean.[1] For what purpose the signs were painted on small pebbles must be matter of conjecture.

The precise stage in culture of the Mas d'Azil deposit of pebbles inscribed with an alphabetiform character on each, or two or three, is disputed. It may be early neolithic, or mesolithic, "betwixt and between" palaeolithic and neolithic. In any case the signs, whatever their origin and meaning, are amazingly old. Nobody, out of southern France, will argue that the Phoenicians borrowed the alphabet from the Mas d'Azil people. But, for all that I can see, they may, much later, have met alphabetic writing in the Peninsula; writing may there first have been evolved out of the prehistoric signary. Much turns on the precious potsherd, and much on the finds of Fathers Brenha and Rodrigues, which have still to run the gauntlet of criticism.

ANDREW LANG.

(1) "L'Anthropologie," Vol VII., pp 412–417. 1896.



EARLY CRETAN WRITING.

MANŒUVRES AND THE MAN.

It is related that a few years ago the Director of the annual military manœuvres, which on that occasion had been carried out on exceptionally favourable ground, thus summed up the qualities of the opposed commanders :—" General A. is slow without being sure; General B. is rough and usually wrong." On the two distinguished soldiers who commanded the contending armies in this year's evolutions—performed in a very difficult country—assuredly no similar verdict will be passed. General French's most striking achievement, the midnight dash on Colchester, was carried out with a brilliant combination of swiftness and accuracy. If General Wynne seemed to err on the side of over-caution, the failing was attributable rather to the circumstances of the moment than to constitutional temperament. That extreme caution is not characteristic of this year's Red Commander is suggested by the authentic anecdote of an incident of Lord Wolseley's Nile Relief Expedition, of which General—then Colonel—Wynne was the subject. It happened that a dangerous rapid had to be negotiated by a steamer. An officer of the Naval Brigade, whose aid was sought, declared that if he ran the vessel against the rocks he should be court-martialled. "I'll navigate her, then," said Wynne, "I shall not be court-martialled"; and navigate her he did with complete success.

General French's expedition inland from the coast met with an outburst of censure. It was argued that to launch his men without supplies, in the dark, through a strange country, and against a force of unknown strength, was contrary alike to the rules of warfare and to the dictates of common-sense. On the other hand, it may be said that General French's occupation of his objective was gained, not by the fluke of meeting with weak opposition, but by superior strategy in defeating that opposition whenever met. Moreover, it is not to be forgotten that Sir John French is essentially one of the few generals who, accepting the risk as well as the responsibility of their decision, do not hesitate to "deliver" men when occasion demands, nor shrink from a great sacrifice when a supreme object is within view. There is all the difference in the world (and the rank and file are the first to recognise it) between the leader who, treating his men as mere automata, subjects them to unnecessary inconvenience, exertion, or loss, and the leader who expects of, but at the same time

shares with, his soldiers a measure of hardship when the issue between success and failure is really at stake.

General French's vigorous initiative won enthusiastic approval from the foreign military attachés, who, while admitting the consummate skill usually displayed by the British Commanders in the task of defence, deny to most of them the possession of the inventive faculty essential to offensive tactics. Yet, while he in this respect stands out pre-eminent amongst his fellows, Sir John French can show himself equally formidable in defence—witness the specially interesting fight at Weeley when he was effecting his retirement on the sea. Here he took up the one impregnable line open to him, with either flank of his force resting on a marsh —whose centre, moreover, the Red Brigade of Guards, superbly handled by Colonel Dawson, though inexplicably unsupported, wholly failed to pierce.

It must in fairness be borne in mind—and Sir John French himself was forward to acknowledge the fact—that the Blue force, besides being vastly superior in numbers to its opponents, had been formed in camp, trained in the field, and exercised in preliminary manœuvres under its Commander's eye; while General Wynne's comparative numerical weakness during the earlier stages of the operations, and his unfamiliarity with the men under his command, were disadvantages not to be balanced by the Red Commander's supposed superiority in detailed topographical knowledge.

A good deal of uninformed, though none the less "cocksure," newspaper criticism was daily expended on the military operations in Essex by writers who appeared entirely to misunderstand the aim of Army manœuvres, and who affected to ignore the rigid limitations within which they were of necessity confined. Destructive criticism of the shallow kind is not a very difficult art, and the sneer is a commodity which can always be enjoyed at a very cheap rate.

Manœuvres are not intended simply as an exhibition of skill on the part of two distinguished duellists, nor even, primarily, as a display of arms on the part of two competing forces. They are to the Army what an annual stock-taking is to a well-established and resourceful business-house, and the exact measure of their utility lies in the valuation of men, methods, and materials, which they are calculated to facilitate.

It is unfortunate, if hardly unnatural, that the ridicule freely cast by amateur critics on the plan of campaign was appropriated by the troops as apparently reflecting on their own work, into which, at any rate, no element of "make-believe" entered. For the junior officers and for the rank and file manœuvres present

many of the discomforts of warfare without any of its possible glory. In the presence of the enemy the humblest soldier shares with the Commander-in-Chief the opportunities of fame; but in the counterfeit presentment of war any public tribute of praise is sure to be restricted to the leaders. In the light of this consideration the keenness shown in the ranks becomes the more admirable, and in this keenness lies the secret of every military good quality.

The British soldier is as averse to pity as he is to ridicule, and he resents, hardly less acutely than the unjust sneers, the sensational or apocryphal stories of his privations and sufferings. The real mischief done by the purveyors of this sort of news lies in the check which it may conceivably give to the recruiting of H.M. Forces. A large body of troops cannot be collected in a specified area without a considerable stimulus being given to join the colours, and it is eminently satisfactory to know that in the case of a single battalion of the Guards not less than 60 recruits proffered their services. That this excellent feeling should be discouraged in order to give a little extra colour to journalistic "copy" is matter for regret.

Beginning with the extraordinary promptitude displayed by the King's Dragoon Guards, who, though they only received warning at Aldershot at 1.45 p.m. on a Sunday, within twenty-four hours completed two marches, and were on board their transport at Southampton with their equipment complete—down to the feat of re-embarkation performed by the 26th Battery, which was on board within twenty-three minutes from the moment of reaching the beach—the zeal shown throughout by the men of all ranks has been in the highest degree praiseworthy.

To a far greater extent than ever before there is now observable, especially perhaps in the Brigade of Guards, a close bond of sympathy between officers and men.[1] The old sneers and jeers at the Army as a profession for Society idlers have lost their point. The officers nowadays show as intense a desire to instruct their men on every possible subject as their men do to learn. Last month it was observed that the man who was generally most in request among his friends was not so much the possessor of eatables or newspapers as the owner of a map. The Essex manœuvres have not, anyhow, failed to indicate a marked improvement in the quality of the men, who, morally and for the most part physically, exhibit a great advance on the standard of a few years ago.

"Make-believe" warfare is, in some quarters, condemned as

(1) An officer in the Guards was met after a long march by a friend in a motor-car, who offered him a drink. "No, thanks," he said, "my men are going without it."

responsible for alternate moods of apathy and recklessness wholly inconsistent with the "real thing." But it is not yet forgotten that apathy and recklessness were not wholly disconnected with several of the "regrettable incidents" of the Boer War.

Probably in no country in the world are manœuvres organised under greater difficulties than in this island. Probably also in Great Britain itself there does not exist a more difficult field of operation than the theatre of last month's miniature war. Essex stands almost alone in the antiquity of its agriculture, and, as a consequence, in the frequency and solidity of its hedgerows. The agricultural features of the country present conditions which preclude the execution of any peace tactics likely to interfere with the rights of the landed proprietors. Under the limitations imposed, the operations of cavalry were hindered to the verge of prohibition, though doubtless the excellent Essex roads were intensely appreciated by the ubiquitous chauffeur. The rights of the farmer were everywhere scrupulously respected. The orchard and the cabbage-garden were treated as sacred ground. While the officers religiously observed limits which, sometimes to an exasperating degree, deprived them of all chance of deploying their men, the private soldiers were no less admirably punctilious in resisting every temptation to wander out of bounds.

This protection of the farmer is, of course, thoroughly justifiable. There is less to be said for sundry vexatious regulations laid down to secure immunity from invasion to various well-to-do sporting estates. For the genuine sportsman who dreads the disturbance of his game, even in the cause of patriotism, one can feel a certain sympathy. But it is difficult to extend sympathy to those whose mercenary objection can be traced to the prospect of a decreased rental derived from that particular type of plutocrat who fondly believes that the slaughter of a computed number of tame pheasants will suffice to invest him with the character of an English country gentleman.

The many and serious hindrances to the land operations being taken into account, it is probably not far beside the mark to assume that the bulk of the money devoted to embarkation and disembarkation was well laid out, while the far less considerable sum extended on the intervening series of route marches might have been judiciously saved.

The co-operative work of the two Services, which was the chief object-lesson furnished by the occasion, met with high commendation from expert authorities, as the evident fruit of much technical skill, considerable foresight, and, in some matters, of an infinite capacity for taking pains which amounted almost to genius. The delays in landing the baggage and in re-embarking the whole Blue force, which, as usual, exceeded previous calculation, can be

attributed less to the perversity of the elements than to the over-sanguine minimising beforehand of the amount of labour involved, and to the fact that the horse-floats were inadequate in size and the tugs deficient in power.

It was abundantly proved that we have in England a compact, handy, fully-equipped, effective military force, in combination with adequate means of landing it under the protection of the Fleet at any required point on an enemy's coast in forty-eight hours, provided there be no opposition. But sorry, indeed, would appear to be the chances of an invading army if its landing were in any way opposed, or if it were compelled to make its *début* in a country like Essex, where guns and men are almost impossible to locate.

The features of the country caused the work of the cavalry, tactically regarded, to be of a very pale order, and the few offensive movements, such as the rush of two squadrons of Household Cavalry to secure a position at Weeley, were not too lucky in the decisions awarded by the umpires. A novel and happily-conceived feature was the use made of the County Yeomanry, whose local knowledge was calculated to be of considerable advantage to the Red Force, and whose work was in many respects of a high order. But familiarity with the country in some cases bred an undue contempt for its invaders, and the ardour of some of these military aborigines brought them into almost chronic captivity.

General Baden-Powell, who followed the proceedings as a spectator, expressed himself well satisfied with the appearance of the horses at the end of their work. To the artillery must certainly be awarded the palm for horsemastership, and it is understood that their example in many directions, such as the close supervision by officers of watering as well as of feeding, is being followed throughout the Cavalry.

The Inspector-General of Cavalry has just brought back from France a very high estimate of the work extracted from the wiry but weedy horses employed during some recent French cavalry exercises. The weight of the men and their accoutrements was nearly the equivalent of our own. The riding was distinctly inferior. The work was of a very arduous character, and General Baden-Powell is disposed to credit the excellent condition of the animals in a marked degree to the system of long-distance rides which our new allies, who now take these matters very seriously, are freely adopting. It is to be hoped that this particular form of training may be considerably developed here, although at present the supreme authorities deprecate anything in the nature of a long-distance contest. If, however, the contest is made to depend for its merits less on the distance traversed than on the condition of the horses throughout, the sacrifice of horseflesh can

be minimised, while a maximum in the matter of increased intelligence, independence, and initiative on the part of the men would be obtained.

In these qualities, indeed, lies the crux not only of manœuvres, but of the morale of the army. It is abundantly evident that if the spirit of intelligent initiative is to be fostered, the Army must in future be rendered attractive to a higher class of recruit. Account must be taken not only of the need for assured numbers, but also of the modern requirement in a soldier of increased intelligence and a larger faculty of initiative. An army nowadays is more than a machine whose several parts are adapted to perform combined movements to order, with clockwork regularity. The individual soldier is now taught and expected to think and act for himself in various circumstances. But a soldier of this type must needs be a man of superior intelligence and education.

To obtain this improved quality of material, increase of pay is by no means the sole requisite. The whole status of the soldier must be raised. To attract such recruits as those mentioned, employment in the Army must be made a serious, a creditable, and, especially, a provident trade, in which a man will not only be retained for a long period, but will also be trained and equipped for some other walk in life after his time of service has expired.

There is every hope that, with the improved moral and physical condition of the soldier, with increased pay and with further civil privileges, it will be possible to find the alternative to conscription in the attraction of recruits from a higher social stratum. If the recruit be further developed by instruction, if he be encouraged to take an interest in the public questions of the day, to study elementary military history, to become proficient in various exercises, he will in the prime of life be just as capable of active work in the Army as his superior officer.

A great deal, physical, moral, and intellectual, is even now being done for the Army; the soldier—perhaps especially the cavalry-soldier—is no longer dragooned into being part of a cohesive and frequently clogged machine. An education of a thorough character is now open to almost every man. He already is, and in future he is to be still further, encouraged not only to verse himself in the routine of the barrack-yard, but to make himself an adept in every detail of his profession. The aim should be not only to render him an efficient public servant, but to fit him for work demanding intelligence and individuality when he retires, so that what he learns in the Army should go far to enhance his value hereafter as a citizen.

George Arthur.

THE WAR AND INTERNATIONAL OPINION.

In connection with the Russo-Japanese war there is nothing so striking as the complete change which has come over public opinion in the outside world with regard to the combatants. Before the war, and even in the early days of the struggle, the most friendly and optimistic nations could not rid themselves of the idea that Japan could not stand up against the Colossus of the North, and even the early Japanese naval victories did not dispel this idea to any great extent. In many ways this feeling produced a wave of sympathy in favour of Japan; but it was sympathy such as an audience would give to a light-weight boxer pitted against a champion heavy-weight. And it was impossible to convince the public that Japan was not a little country, and that her soldiers were the most perfectly trained in the world, without further demonstration. So long had we lain under the fear of Russia, for no very apparent reason, that nothing could persuade us that every other nation should not be under the same obsession of fear, and Japan's courage in entering into the war was regarded more as foolhardiness than as knowledge of her own strength. This was the case in the beginning, especially in America. What is the situation to-day? The victories of the Japanese arms, incessantly repeated and uninterrupted by disaster, to a degree never witnessed before in the annals of war, have changed public opinion absolutely. Now the Japanese are thought able to accomplish the most impossible things, which no military commander in Europe would think of asking his men to attempt, though to do the Japanese justice they have time and time again done these things. The length to which this change of opinion has gone cannot be better illustrated than by a brief consideration of the criticisms of the battle of Liao-yang. So convinced were the public of the proficiency of the Japanese that the popular belief in their intention of surrounding Kuropatkin's army, and the annihilation thereof, had grown wonderfully strong. The magnitude of the task was not considered at all. That at Sedan the Germans had every advantage in the way of roads, railways, and troops, while at Liao-yang there are no roads, half a railway, and an enemy in a magnificently entrenched position were facts not taken into account. So the really wonderful battle of Liao-yang, in which the Russian troops were forced from their positions and driven in retreat, was largely regarded as a Japanese failure rather than a brilliant military achievement. The Japanese are un-

doubtedly suffering from this revulsion of public opinion as to their military capabilities. It is not an exaggeration to say that no other troops in the world would have taken Liao-yang as they did. Assault after assault, without food, rest, or any encouragement save from within, where are there to be found soldiers capable of such endurance or such valour? Those who have been present on both the battlefields of the Tugela and of the Yalu possess a deep-rooted wonder as to why the Japanese were able to force so immensely strong a natural position against almost equal forces of Russians, or why the British troops were for so long unable to wrest the possession of the much less formidable Natal hills from the hands of the Boers. It is a question worth considering carefully, for Liao-yang was a ten times harder nut to crack than was the Yalu. In their field hospitals the Japanese treat dysentery as an infectious disease and isolate the cases; they cannot, they say, afford to waste their soldiers by so simple a neglect of precaution; yet when it comes down to fighting they are prepared, and the men themselves are prepared, to spend their lives freely for victory. Wire entanglements on the slopes of defences are overcome by being piled with dead soldiers, and, when these do not suffice, many a time wounded men have thrown themselves down on top of their dead comrades that the storming parties might pass on freely over their bodies. This free-handed spending of humanity to attain an object is magnificent, but it needs special soldiers to accomplish it. At Liao-yang there were four grand assaults within fifty hours. It seems quite incredible that human flesh and blood should be able to support it, or that human spirit could bear to traverse time and time again the bloody wreckage which once was soldiers and comrades. No mere fanatics could do this; fanatic do not charge in little groups of twelve men; they need the moral support of an elbow to elbow charge, which in itself writes a death-warrant on any hope of success under modern conditions of warfare. The Japanese are far removed from fanaticism, and triumph by reason of their splendid moral courage, shared equally by officers and men alike. The fact that during all the days of the bombardment of the Russian positions at Liao-yang there was never a real shortage of ammunition for the guns or rifles is a wonderful testimony to another side of the Japanese military forces, which must not be overlooked in reckoning up their potency. The bravery of the Japanese soldiers is an immense asset, but it would be of but little avail without a full supply of ammunition and other stores. And the fact that these are always forthcoming marks the superiority of the Japanese armies as much as does their military and moral enthusiasm. But paradoxical as it may seem, Japan's

successes have come to constitute a drawback to herself, because the nations of the world begin to look askance at her, and wonder what she may not accomplish now that she has found her strength.

Especially is this the case with Germany; but it is not absent from the people of America and Great Britain, whose interests are the interests of Japan, and whose battle Japan is fighting. There is no enemy so dangerous as a friend who has grown to fear one, and there is a decided tendency for Japan's friends to transfer much of their original fear of Russia to her. This is a new form of the yellow peril crusade, which is, if anything, more insidious than the blatant yellowphobia of the German Emperor. Failing to convince the world that Japan was preparing to lead the Asiatic races against Europe, or at least against European possessions in Asia, the friends of Russia have now adopted the plan of holding up Japan herself as a great peril fraught with enormous potentialities for the European interests in Asia. There are stories about protective tariff walls around Korea and Manchuria, of Japanese inspired resistance in China to the dismembering of her carcase, by friendly vultures, all of which are designed to take advantage of the evident tendency to revulsion of feeling produced by Japan's victories and Russia's defeats. It even is not inconceivable that some people will advocate the giving up by Great Britain of the alliance with Japan because of her very successes. Instead of the alliance producing a feeling of satisfaction that we have the friendship and support of a nation which has proved itself superior in organisation to all the rest of the world, the very illogical and unreasoning fear of anything newly successful may lead people to the other extreme. The fact is that our international position without the alliance would be perilous in the extreme. If there is one factor which more than any other has made possible the successful European policy of Lord Lansdowne, it is that Japan and Great Britain have been allied. The backing of Japan strengthened every diplomatic argument enormously. And its effect before the war cannot compare to its present weight now that the world has been forced to recognise Japan's efficiency. But so lukewarm has Great Britain become towards her ally in the hour of her success that there is quite a considerable resentment amongst the Japanese people at the lack of practical sympathy shown. This resentment is not confined to the lower classes of Japanese alone; there are many officials holding high office who share it equally with their less enlightened brethren. That this should be so is most regrettable, and is a fresh demonstration of the skill of those pro-Russian elements in Europe who have been able to work so great an effect upon Japan's allies as to blind them to the most apparent advantages and even the most necessary

decencies of the situation. The Japanese statesmen recognised the impossibility of allowing even one regiment of Chinese soldiers to assist them in the present campaign, because, they said, China would then convince herself that it was really that regiment which had brought about success. Absolutely lacking in perspective and sense of proportion as such an argument on the part of China would be, it is little more ludicrous than the self-satisfaction which this country feels over the paltry loan of £5,000,000 to Japan. That sum does not compare with the amounts given, not lent, in the Napoleonic wars to the European nations to enable them to prosecute the war against a common danger! And how many times five million pounds have not been lent to debt-burdened, irresponsible Australian States or South American Republics? France has raised money for Russia, and Germany will do the same; but the supreme effort of Great Britain on behalf of her ally, who is fighting for the security of India and the peace of Europe, as well as for the salvation of China and the open door in Korea and Manchuria, is five million pounds! And so grudgingly was this given, that it is doubtful whether Japan would not rather raise money, if more were necessary, in any other country than in Great Britain. The British nation, steeped in tradition, lacks a sense of proportion in international matters, and although the prime factor in bringing about the Anglo-Japanese alliance was Russophobia, the moment that Russia is wiped off the slate as a possible peril, the *raison d'être* of the treaty is forgotten, and our deliverer is overlooked. This is shown in many little ways. After solemnly assuring the Japanese authorities that it was quite impossible to grant the Order of the Garter to the Emperor of Japan, because only European monarchs could receive it, the British Government bestowed the order upon the Shah of Persia! These are perhaps little things, but straws show the direction of the wind, and there is need for a strenuous effort on our part to recognise that the time has come for a readjustment of our international point of view. Since the international ideas of the British seem to be formed by the colouring of the atlases they use as children, let steps be taken to re-colour the maps, so that the idea may be stamped out that an arbitrary geographical line of colour pitilessly decrees that so much territory shall be Asia and so much Europe. Nothing more hopelessly misleading than the white, uncoloured fringes on our maps can be imagined; the feeling that all territories outside the coloured portions are disconnected, and have no significance there, is inevitable. What is wanted is less insularity and more common sense in the teaching of geography and the colouring of maps. It would be a difficult matter to say how

many chances we have lost in the politics of the world because of our atlases; but our policy is only a little removed from that of the Chinese, whose maps depict everything outside China as "foreign barbarous peoples." Too much insistence cannot be laid upon this point, and the example of our ally, Japan, is so eminently a case in point that it was difficult to touch on the attitude of Great Britain in the war and ignore the reason for it.

Ignorance is the worst of international failings, and the fact that so little is known of far distant countries leads people to imagine impossible complications. Take the instance of the absurd rumour that Japan intends to erect tariff walls around Korea and Manchuria. After going to war to secure the open door, Japan, say her enemies, is going to shut it. Nothing could be further from the truth, although it must be confessed that why if Russia was allowed to shut up Manchuria with a tariff and discriminatory railway rates, it should be criminal for Japan to do the same is difficult of comprehension. Be that as it may, Japan is determined to keep a fair field and let all nations have open competition. Her advantages come from her nearness to the market; her better understanding of the needs of the peoples; she feels that if she was able to preserve her own country from the foreigner and build up a foreign trade, there is no reason why she should not more than hold her own with the open door. Similarly the alarmist cries of the awakening of China by Japan arise from pure ignorance. China is looked upon as the greatest of Japan's markets, and it is inconceivable that Japan should deliberately set to work to not only destroy this market, but also to raise up a competitor in every line of commercial life. No! Japan knows too much about her gigantic but inert neighbour to do anything so foolish. In 1902 the volume of Japanese trade with China amounted to over 87 million yen, of which 47 million yen represented exports. And this trade is growing every year. Is it likely that Japan will sacrifice this as blithely as would an ignorant European nation which thinks no more of implanting the deadly virus of militarism in China than of taking Chinese territory? Japanese influence on China will tend towards maintaining the integrity of that Empire, and not towards the raising up of a progressive and competing power. Japan has shown herself able to cope with European nations single handed, and therefore there is not even the temptation of gaining military support to encourage her to awaken China.

As regards Korea, the whole of the Japanese policy towards that country has been placed in the hands of Marquis Ito, who may be trusted not to do anything rash or contrary to the

comity of nations. The customs of Korea will remain under Mr. McLeavy Brown, just as those of Manchuria will return to Sir Robert Hart's supervision. To Ito is due the fact that a foreign adviser is to be appointed to the Korean Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This arrangement is far from popular in Japan, where they would prefer to see the post tenable by either a foreigner or a Japanese. The present adviser, Mr. Stevens, is a most excellent choice, and Japan has no feeling against him, but it is the fear of complications when the time comes to appoint later advisers which bothers the critics of Marquis Ito's policy. The idea of the veteran statesman was excellent, and aimed for the reassuring of the world as to the maintenance of Korea as an independent factor. With Mr. Stevens, an American, in the Foreign Office; Mr. McLeavy Brown, a British subject, in the Customs; and Mr. Megata, a Japanese, in the Finance Department, a delightfully strong hand is displayed with the most approved groupings of the Powers. That the original state of things in Korea was considered impossible by the Japanese I showed in my article of July. The abolition of the duplicate cabinet system invented by the Emperor was one of the most important steps towards reform, and the reorganisation of the finances was another. The future of Korea is in safe hands, and Japan will assist in every way possible the development of the country, by her own and foreign capital, especially British and American.

Kuropatkin has gained laurels for himself by his tactics at Liao-yang, but the fact remains that the Russians are beaten hopelessly. They may have another campaign, very probably they will; they may gather fresh forces and dispatch them to Manchuria or Siberia, but these cannot affect the result. Russia is beaten; when she will acknowledge it depends upon the wisdom of her men in authority. As one Russian put it: "We can send any number of soldiers but they will be the same kind of soldiers as have gone before, we can supply quantity but not quality." And quality cannot be produced in a few months! In fifty or a hundred years matters may be different, but during the present war the supply of Russian soldiers is all of one brand. Those who talk about the European regiments of the Russian army as being superior to the Siberian regiments are very much on a level with those who admired the Russian cavalry and compared it with the Japanese, quite ignoring the fact that there were no European cavalry horses possible in Manchuria. As a matter of fact, the Siberian regiments have done better than the European troops, and this in itself is eloquent of the future. The Russian troops have shown themselves unable to hold the finest entrenchments, studded with guns and approached through barbed wire entangle-

ments and stake-lined ditches. At Kulienchen, at Nan-shan, and finally at Liao-yang, they have failed to withstand the assault of the Japanese soldiers. Even in the counter-attack on General Kuroki, when the Japanese were practically without entrenchments and outnumbered, the Russians were not able to score any distinct success. It is no particular discredit to the Russian soldiers that this is so, and it is probable that they did better than most other troops would do, but it is a fact, nevertheless. The Japanese fighting men out-class any others that we know of, and Japan has an ample stock to draw upon. Already they are prepared to send another 100,000 men and two hundred guns as reinforcements, and contemplate calling up yet another 400,000 men if necessary. Japan has this great advantage, that she does not need troops at home to maintain order, whereas many of Russia's best troops cannot be spared from home. Man for man, Japan can put greater numbers of better quality into the field in Manchuria than Russia can. She can feed them and care for them, which Russia cannot do, and so it may be said that the military part of the campaign is already settled. If the Russians reach Harbin, and until they are driven from that important junction, they can do nothing to retrieve matters without advancing against Japanese entrenchments. And the men who could not hold entrenchments are not those to take them. On the Yalu, at Feng-huang-cheng, and all along the line of advance, the Japanese have constructed entrenchments of great strength, and it would be far from an easy task for the Russians to advance south even were there none to be overcome. The main idea of the military campaign is settled; the details are yet to be developed. Port Arthur ceased to be an object of immediate consequence when the Russian fleet was crushed, and the Japanese returned to their original idea of using it as a magnet for the Russian forces in the north. Hunger and disease, combined with the ceaseless cannonade and relentless sapping of the Japanese investing force, will bear their result in good time. The stories of enormous Japanese losses rest practically on the authority of the Port Arthur paper, the *Novi Krai*, which was never famous for accuracy even before the war broke out. Winter will not bring cessation of the campaign, because in that season the roads of Manchuria are more passable than at any other time. There is little snow, and the Japanese will push on their advance with vigour. When the appointed position which is to mark the limit of their advance has been reached, they will entrench themselves and hold Manchuria against the Russians. This will probably be north-west of Harbin, possibly further south. But it would not be at all surprising if the Manchurian provinces, as they are cleared of

Russians, were to be handed over to China for administration. It is easy to imagine that Chinese garrisons in Mukden and Liao-yang might be awkward nuts to crack should the Russians ever break through the Japanese lines and gain the southern road.

Mediation seems to be quite out of the question; neither party wishes it, or, if they do, they dare not say so. Germany would not be averse to mediate, but Japan would never accept the "good offices" of Russia's semi-ally. France and England can do nothing; America might, but will not, knowing how hopeless such an attempt would be. Germany's isolation has been advanced another step by the new good feeling between Austria and the Balkan States, brought about by King Edward. The reception of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria in Vienna opens up a new vista, and bars the way to Constantinople and to Asia Minor, to Germany and to Russia. It is of interest to note that the *Times* and other London papers at last thought it expedient to call attention to the apparent understanding between Russia and Germany with regard to the sortie of the Port Arthur fleet towards Kiao-chau. Quotations are not necessary, as this question was dealt with in my last article. There is reason to believe that the German Emperor is not without friendly warnings as to the danger he is in in his policy of playing with fire. Japan knows Germany as her enemy, and other nations, if not so frank, have very much the same sentiment. If at the close of the war Germany seeks to repeat her action of 1895, she will find many more difficulties in the way. It is well to remember that whereas Japan, if victorious at the end of the war, might agree to very reasonable terms if dealing with Russia alone, she would consider it quite a different matter if Germany stood with Russia. The very presence of Germany in the council chamber might well recall that provision in the treaty of Shimonoseki, which Russia, Germany, and France, forced Japan to strike out. There seems so very little idea as to what territory was ceded under that clause by China to Japan, and it might have so much bearing on the future, that it is well to give it here. The general impression seems to be that it was only a cession of the small piece of land later leased by Russia, but that this is not the case is shown by the following:—

China cedes to Japan in perpetuity and full sovereignty the following territories, together with all fortifications, arsenals, and public property thereon:—The southern portion of the province of Feng-tien within the following boundaries: The line of demarcation begins at the mouth of the River Yalu and ascends that stream to the mouth of the River Anping; from thence the line runs to Feng-huang; from thence to Hai-cheng; from thence to Yinkou, forming a line which describes the southern portion of the territory. The places above named are included in the ceded territory. When the line reaches the river Liao at Yinkou, it

follows the course of that stream to its mouth, where it terminates. The mid-channel of the river Liao shall be taken as the line of demarcation. This cession also includes all islands appertaining or belonging to the province of Feng-tien situated in the eastern portion of the bay of Liao-tung, and in the northern part of the Yellow Sea.

If, for any reason, Japan decided, with China's agreement, to stand by the original cession, she would be able to run a railway line joining her Korean railway with Newchwang, and thus bring Fusan into direct connection with Peking—a thing of considerable value from the point of view of influence. I am far from saying that there is any likelihood or possibility of this taking place, but it might be well for Germany to consider possible consequences before doing anything rash at the close of the war.

But when will be the close of the war? Japan has now in her grasp all that she is fighting for; Russia cannot do anything to wrest it from her. When will fighting cease and diplomatic negotiations begin? The Japanese talk cheerfully of a three years' conflict, so they are evidently not alarmed even at such a prospect. But by being prepared for three years of war, much may be done to shorten the actual war. The cost of the war to Japan is estimated at £3,000,000 a month, covering military and naval expenditures. The fall of Port Arthur will mean a reduction of the naval expenses, and a military occupation of northern Manchuria would reduce the military cost. Thus some £36,000,000 a year will amply suffice Japan for the carrying on of the war. With so small a sum as this there can be no question of financial exhaustion, even if money has to be raised at high rates of interest abroad. Until well on in 1905 there is no need to borrow more money, and the fact that the rice-crop of 1904 has been an exceptionally good one will prevent the draining of the country's gold into foreign purses. Over £11,000,000 of the money necessary for the war has been obtained by increased taxation, retrenchment, and postponement of public works. The increased taxation will bring in still more revenue in the future than at present, and so the Japanese Government can look forward with confidence to receiving at least one-third of the total war expenditure without recourse to loans. In 1900 the total taxation, national and local, only amounted to about 11s. per head of the population, and the public debts to 25s., so that there is still considerable possibility of increase. As to the possibility of additional internal loans being issued, Mr. Soyeda, the president of the Industrial Bank of Japan, writes :—

It is clear that ample room is left for the further issue of internal loans, and when we consider that Japan, with her population and resources, has not more than about five hundred millions yen debts, of which those placed

in London are less than 200,000,000 yen, it is evident that external financial aid can safely be given, in case she requires it for the fulfilment of her desires, which are nothing else than her own preservation, the peace of the Orient, and the extension of international trade.

As to foreign loans also, Japan's position is very excellent. Possessed of abundant resources and a growing commerce and industrial activity, she could always raise money with good security. I hope to deal more fully with the question of Japan's resources in another article, but it may be briefly noted that before the Japanese have to give way for lack of funds they can draw upon the following resources to give in pledge. They have over 1,100 miles of Government railway earning yearly nearly £900,000 in profits, and 3,000 miles of private railways earning £2,000,000 yearly. They possess a merchant fleet of 919,968 tons, comprising many fine and modern vessels. In 1899, already there were nearly eight thousand companies with a paid up capital of £70,000,000. The revenue from the customs was in 1902-3 nearly £2,000,000. The ordinary revenue of the State in 1903 was £24,000,000, and the extraordinary £2,000,000, with a surplus of over £900,000.

Success in the field and hopes of ultimate victory should all facilitate the raising of loans abroad should this be necessary. Even in France there is a decided desire among bankers to have the placing of a Japanese loan. Of course, there would have to be a certain amount of manipulation of the Parisian Press; but, granted that, it would not be extraordinary if a loan were obtainable at very good terms by Japan in Paris. Be that as it may, Japan will carry on the war till the end, and will have money for it. To quote Mr. Soyeda again :—

The final outcome of the war is difficult to foretell. But this much is certain, that Japan is ready to fight out the war by herself till she brings Russia to reason, and gets sufficient guarantees for the integrity of China and the safety of Korea, as well as the "open door" for the commerce of the world. Much time, life, and money may be required before the desired result is arrived at. For this Japan is not only fully prepared in respect not only of military and naval forces, but also financial requirements. Thanks to her having obtained supremacy on the sea, her trade, foreign and domestic, is carried on as usual. Therefore, however long the war may drag on, she has nothing to fear. Not only that, but both her Government and people are devoting their attention to retrenchment of expenses on one side and expansion of productive power on the other.

Perhaps the most significant expression of opinion on the duration and end of the war was the following, attributed to Viscount Hayashi by the *Matin* of Paris :—

So long as Russia fights we shall continue to fight. We shall not lay down our arms until we are certain that the invaders will not or cannot cause us any further uneasiness.

Before the war we demanded the recognition by Russia of China's suzerainty in Manchuria. But now, after our victories, our expenditure, and our losses in money and men, we can no longer be contented with that. If we emerge victorious from this war our terms will depend upon the losses which the war has cost us, and its duration. If we are not, it will be a relentless war which will exhaust both countries.

Japan can fight as long as Russia. The next battle will probably take place at Tie-ling. Hostilities will not be suspended in winter. Port Arthur will not be taken by assault, and we have renounced the idea. We shall bring about its capitulation by means of starvation.

The peace terms which Japan is reported in various quarters as being willing to accept add nothing new to what has already been published.

In Russia there are expenses in the field three times as great to be met, an enormous amount of corruption to be paid for, internal troubles and poverty, and a divided nation. Enormous as Russian resources are, they are not developed sufficiently to yield an immediate return. The zemstvos are already petitioning for Government assistance to deal with the starving families in the provinces. The rich merchants show a disinclination to contribute unless some degree of progressive government be ensured them. The appointment of the successor to Plehve was the battle-ground between reaction and progress. A compromise was effected, with some concession to Witte's policy. As outlined last month, Witte's programme is radical enough to meet with the approval of the revolutionaries. Prince Sviatopolk Mirski, as Minister of the Interior, is supposed to be prepared to take the first step towards reform, and his appointment has created a good impression amongst the thinking classes. That some such relief was necessary is evident from the fact that the police regulations had recently been enforced in the Russian cities. It is, however, only too probable that the new Minister, who has a most charming personality, will be unable to develop sufficient strength of individuality to initiate or strike or maintain a new line of progress. Whereas, formerly, the extreme police precautions were employed only for the Tsar or the foremost representatives of the autocracy, and only in St. Petersburg or Moscow, on August 24th stringent regulations were instituted throughout the country on behalf of the Tsar, Court celebrities, Cabinet Ministers, and Governor Generals. Three hours before any notable procession passes all doors, windows, balconies on the line of march must be closed. Garrets and other openings in the roofs must be nailed. Nobody is allowed to enter the streets without a police authority, and householders are bound to report, three days in advance, the names, ages, professions, and political predilections of all inhabitants. No guests may be

received in any house during the three days previous to the procession without special police permission. These are the most remarkable police regulations ever known in Europe, and exceed in stringency those enforced in Constantinople in connection with great Imperial solemnities.

Russia's resources are great, but so are her difficulties, and it is probable that a loan will have to be raised in Germany, in which case it is certain that the German Shylock will have his pound of flesh in the most vital part. In fact, Russia's position is not an enviable one, Germany, her sole friend, taking advantage of every opening to gain a foothold along the path of her Weltpolitik policy, regardless of later disadvantages to Russia. The question of the duration of the war resolves itself into one of how long Russia will consent to bleed herself or how long her friend may think it well to let her bleed.

ALFRED STEAD.

THE PAPACY SINCE THE EVENTS OF 1870.

THIRTY-THREE years ago the entry of "the Italians" into Rome, and the declaration of the dogma of Papal Infallibility inaugurated a new era for the papacy and provided it with a fresh setting, the effect of which well merits, though it has not received, attention. It is a sufficiently remarkable chapter of history that at the moment when the loss of the temporal power was preparing—of that framework in which the papacy had operated for centuries—the Roman Church was evolving a most portentous change within; it was raising an invisible fortress to replace its visible out-works, and substituting for the earthly crown the spiritual halo of infallibility. Eight years after these events the papacy of the Middle Ages passed away with the death of Pius IX.; and on February 7th, 1878, Leo XIII., who in a few brief days was to assume a *rôle* at once more circumscribed and wider than had fallen to the lot of any of his predecessors, stood over the body of Pius to establish his identity and decease. There was a fitness in the unusual coincidence which had made it his duty as Chamberlain of the Roman Church to ascertain, as it were, the demise of the ancient *régime*, and destroy the Ring of the Fisherman—the sign-manual of its authority. "You are the past, and you are dead."

An old-world air, indeed, had always surrounded Pius. He belonged to the period when the report that a corpse had remained *palpabile*, that the head of real hair on a huge crucifix was growing apace, would bring all Rome or all Siena together as to a sanctuary. If Pius fell through the floor when inaugurating the restoration of a suburban basilica, Peter and Paul appeared in the skies to save him like another Leo the Great. His *zucchetti*, or little white skull caps, were greedily distributed when he died, and his night-shirts torn to bits as relics, while in the popular mind canonisation was the only possible ending to his career. This old-world air was the more accentuated after the sombre reaction to illiberalism and obscurantism in the latter years of the pontificate. It is strange, in the light of the *Syllabus*, to realise that the young Count Giovanni Mastai-Ferretti had once seemed, in contrast with a Gregory XVI., to belong to the new world, to have in him the making of a modern pioneer. When, therefore, Pecci succeeded him, and at once made overtures to socialism, to democracy, to the claims of the old faith in the new world, it seemed to have come true that a new era had dawned and that Leo really intended to oppose "we can do all things" to the *non possumus* of Pius.

Yet the hope was illusory; Leo was never free from the cerements which bound his predecessor; the past was dead, the era was new, but not the man. The burden of protest, the *rôle* of pretender, which he assumed, closed him within the hundred walls of the Vatican, and it may well have seemed a fitting symbol to the outside world that the first man to don the tiara of an infallible pontiff became, *ipso facto*, a human pariah, one cut off from consort with humanity.

How, then, have these changes in the outer and inner circumstance of the Church—which appeared at the time to possess very different values—affected the position of the papacy? The loss of the temporal power touched the Holy See in its relations with the world without; the doctrine of Infallibility, on the other hand, was of prime importance for the Catholic world. In the result, nevertheless, these two events changed places. The spiritual dogma at once became the touchstone *par excellence* of communion for Anglicans and Greeks, while the revindication of the temporal power is the touchstone of fidelity for the faithful at home. Together they have become the cardinal points of the Church's position, the dogmas *stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ et fidei*. It seems clear that the natural bent of Leo was in the direction of accentuating his spiritual office and finding in its intangible preeminence the proper consolation both in his own eyes and in those of the faithful for the loss of *Roma intangibile*, and I remember his first papal utterance was received in this sense. Yet four or five years sufficed to make it half a heresy to suspect that Leo was not as good a "temporalist" as the Curia and the Ultramontane faithful. The person who hinted it hinted at his own unsoundness; for from the outset faithless and unbelieving Catholics of the straitest sect of the Ultramontanes had opined that papal importance and influence would virtually disappear when shorn of their temporal accessories. The extreme Christian simplicity of Pius X. should suggest to the world that a still more radical loss of such accessories could be sustained by the Roman pontiffs without any diminution of their real dignity. But it is a sufficient answer to point to two patent facts which affect the Catholic and non-Catholic world: the exchequer of Pius IX. was larger after the loss of Rome than before; the prestige of the Holy See was greater under Leo than under Pius. At one time, however, had it been possible to define that the enjoyment of the temporal power was "of faith," another dogma might have been added to that of 1870; and as it is, the motives and sanctions for this belief among Ultramontane Catholics differ imperceptibly from those attaching to a dogma.

The papal protest against the spoliation of the Holy See in fact

ran through the whole twenty-five years' pontificate. It is the points of view which have varied. In March, 1902, a Catholic demonstration in Vienna acclaimed a resolution that temporal independence alone could guarantee the liberty of the Catholic religion. The substitution of the word "independence" for "power," marks a stage in the controversy. A month later the Pope made a notable address to Italian pilgrims in which he declared that their presence removed the reproach, which some had tried to fasten on them, of indifference to the rights of St. Peter; and *le giustizie di san Pietro* became the watchword of newspaper articles and Ultramontane associations, the convenient formula covering, as we shall see, an entirely new phase of the *Quistione romana*. It was during these same festivities for his papal jubilee that Leo described the pontiff's situation as "intolerable." It was pointed out at the time that the ambassadors who were then presenting the congratulations of their Governments either did not perceive, or thought it well not to notice, this intolerable condition of things, which if accurately described in the Vatican organs would make the existence of these smiling congratulatory embassies nothing less than an atrocious irony. It is, however, certain that the recrudescence of the temporalist cry in 1902 was due precisely to the obvious fact that the Catholic powers had abandoned it. In that year a deliberate attempt was made to put the revindication of the lost temporal power definitely and exclusively in the forefront—to make it clear that if you gave your body to be burned and had not "temporalism" it would profit you nothing. Now, this recrudescence implied no mistaken calculation of political possibilities, even on the part of curialists—of this there can be no doubt—it was brought about to achieve a second object of the Vatican. If the Holy Father was never to "come to his own again," the next best thing was a permanent conflict. The personal callousness of Pius IX., and the callousness of Leo's curia to the religion of Italians, admits of no denial; it is the ugliest side of that political machinery which for half a century has cynically disregarded the spiritual concerns of Italy, and used Italian Catholicism as a piece upon the board of the political situation. It is certain that not only the curia but men of mark and ability outside it agree in believing that the *status quo*, the present conflict and tension, had better last as long as possible, and that the papacy can only change it for the worse.

The papal speech in the spring of 1902 had not dropped "from the blue." It had been carefully prepared by months of writing up in the Vatican organs. We had been told that "the intellectual and moral degeneration" of the Italian people was due to the "licentious doctrinairism" of the opponents of the temporal

power; that Italian "primacy in crime" was the bitter fruit of the bondage in which the Church is held "by liberalism"; and that a speedy solution of the Roman question was the remedy. Indulgence in the temptation to prove too much always helps or always should help to clear an argument. No one who knows anything of history, ancient or modern, will agree for a moment that the restoration of the temporal power in Italy will hasten that of the kingdom of God in the whole world, and all will agree that the little programme published by the *Osservatore Romano*, under date of April 26th, 1902, reposes on a strictly abstract foundation. Were Peter once more in liberty and honour, it appears, there is no obstacle which he could not overcome; his restoration means the "restoration of the kingdom of God, which is the reign of Justice," and it will resolve all the questions which travail the modern world "to the satisfaction and advantage of every one." It is with this defective argument *ad populum* that the Holy See turned from the monarchs of the earth to its toilers. As soon as the order went forth to keep the temporalist ball rolling, the "Christian democracy" declared the temporal power to be of the cream of the faith; Transatlantic bishops, who were known to think less than nothing of the restoration of Rome, cried temporalism with the rest; and when the *Murriani* Socialists ventured to suggest that the temporal power, however important in itself, "should not be put in every sauce," they provoked the admonition that Catholics must in all places, and always, reckon first with the "causes and effects" of the loss of the temporal power (*sic*). There can be no new point of departure, all others being "fraught with the gravest peril." In France, the lesson was rubbed in by Mgr. Lorenzelli, the papal nuncio. The mission of Christ and of the Pope is identical, but the method of its accomplishment is diverse. On this striking theme the nuncio built up the proposition that though Christ had to renounce, His vicar must revindicate for himself, temporal power. He concedes the fact (which used to be controverted) that the Pope, like any private individual in the twentieth century, is as free to communicate with kings and with the religious world as a czar. But this, we are told, is not enough. His presence as a subject in the kingdom of Italy may give rise to the suspicion that his spiritual acts are dictated by the influence of that power; and the temporal position of Pope and cardinals should ensure absolute freedom from such a suspicion. This reasoning comes strangely from a nuncio to the country which sheltered the Avignon Popes, from the servant of that papacy which called in first the Austrians and then the French to occupy the papal States and keep the pontiff on his throne!

A far better point is made when it is objected that the modern

pope is "under the hostile domination of liberalism." But the retort, here as elsewhere, is fatally necessary. The papacy undergoes with the rest of the world the consequences of the *annus domini;* no civilised people will return to the conditions which, prior to 1870, upheld the anomaly of papal government. Religion, inspiration, revelation themselves have nowadays to inhabit the hostile atmosphere of liberalism, and were the Holy Father to cease to breathe it in Rome this would not free religion—even the Catholic religion—anywhere else, and least of all in the hostile Italy which would necessarily exist outside his temporal confines. The truth is, that the estimate of what the papacy has effected for and in Europe for the last 400 years, and of the working of the temporal power as a measure of protection for the "liberty" and "dignity" of the Roman pontiffs for a still longer period, has no foundation in fact. Good faith cannot indeed be claimed for many of the current arguments. At a public lecture two years ago an English Catholic bishop declared that the Pope's "imprisonment" consisted in the fact that if he were to leave the Vatican he could not depend upon receiving the reverence due to his exalted person. When we read that these remarks were supported by a pianoforte solo "contributed by Master Richardson," we realise that the *mise en scène* was not uncongenial. For how can one help recalling some of the dignified exits made by the popes in their many flights from Rome, or remembering that the historian could suggest occasions on which its sovereign hardly came up to any standard of human dignity? I have in mind the picture of one pope condemned by another to ride through the streets of Rome, his face to the donkey's tail, blinded and his tongue torn out. The Roman people who have witnessed such episcopal doings as these would not be upset by a little secular indifference to the head of Christendom in the twentieth century. Some modern hater of priests might, perhaps, in a cosmopolitan city of Rome, allow himself to hiss, or another forget to raise his hat. It is conceivable, though it was not expected when Leo XIII. inspired, and Padre Tosti wrote, the enthusiastic fancy description of the Holy Father appearing again to take the air in the streets of Rome. But that would be all; and a good pope might bring himself to think it a very small and negligible price to pay for power to be at peace with all men, beginning with his own Romans. Rome was, as a matter of fact and history, kept papal, more or less, by means which having no view to the personal dignity of the pontiffs contributed certainly no elements of edification to their subjects. Was it edifying that in order to keep or extend their territory, the popes should receive with open arms sanguinary *condottieri* who had been pressed into their service, and should unlock "the

spiritual treasure of the Church" to unscrupulous mercenaries whom they sent in quest of mundane conquest or revenge?

The Holy See, however, has turned from the historian, turned also from the great of the earth, and appealed to the babes and sucklings of democracy, and has used words which well merit some attention : " A recent current affecting the Roman question goes to show that its solution will be postponed till after the triumph of Christian democracy. Such a point of view is justified by the reflection that only after the restoration of the Christian spirit in the people can there be an atmosphere propitious to the papal claims." Thus writes a Vatican newspaper. No big State sees its *quid pro quo* for reinstating the Pope, the people are therefore to be enticed by fitful outbursts of a spurious liberalism to demand his political liberty. Such a demand, encouraged by the Holy See, would be sufficient to keep aflame the conflict with Italy, that shadow of the "temporal power" which has changed places with the substance no longer hoped for. But Catholic action on the democracy for political ends means the most degrading exploitation of the people, and the papacy does not at the present moment wield the necessary spiritual force to guide a real democratic movement, neither is there an adequate level of moral education among Catholic peoples to respond to any such call. The "Christian spirit" will neither be induced nor nourished by a popular clamouring for " papal claims," and whether the Pope's relation to States, to the democracy, or to the spiritual interests of the Church be considered, it remains true that the matter of prime importance at the last conclave was the election of a Pope who should not be *politicante*. In the present advanced state of knowledge and the present perplexity of peoples it is beyond the compass of the wisest of popes to be a *lumen in caelo*. It would not be beyond the compass of the best of popes to be the *ignis ardens* who should make us forget both one and the other.

In seeking a formula for the modern papacy—the papacy since 1870—people have pretended to discover that the Roman Church has been attempting to console itself for the loss of the temporal power by an augmentation of political power. But at what period of the historic papacy has it ever ceased to pursue a political *rôle*? The special cynicism of modern politicians consists in this, that the religion of the Italian people is passed over as a negligible consideration in order that an *impasse* prejudicial to Italy and ruinous to the Christian cause in the country may be maintained. Conciliation presents no attractions by the side of the advantages of continued protest. The Holy See as disinterested arbitrator in others' temporal disputes, the dictation on its part of a prearranged minimum, a scheme which has been actually entertained

at the Vatican where such dictation has been held to be the indispensable prelude to conciliation, even an international guarantee, which, supposing Italy would submit to it, obviously meets all the requirements—these paths to conciliation are ignored. To all possible *rôles* the Vatican steadily prefers the alternatives of sovereign or pretender. The consequence is that the arguments it puts forward will not bear looking into, and their poverty reacts unfavourably even on the view held by some moderate Italian prelates, namely, that the services of the Holy See to Italy merit and warrant some compromise with its pretensions. These pretensions are not, it is carefully explained, the restoration of Rome; no one dreams of the possibility—but a position of absolute independence of the kingdom of Italy. The Pope, however, is not a subject but a sovereign, and it is difficult indeed to suppose that any other nation would concede him a similar position. When it is urged that even so he is dependent on the good offices or good will of Italy in order to extrinsicate his spiritual mission, the answer is that he would be equally dependent were he King of Rome or King of Italy on the next Italian State or the neighbouring Great Power. It is forgotten that always and everywhere the amount and character of this extrinsication is defined and limited by the civil laws of the countries in which the Pope seeks to exercise jurisdiction. That in the past race feuds, violence, and a complete absence of the milder manners of modern civilisation aggravated this state of things, without adding on the other side of the balance the modern facilities of communication. It is not possible to show that the spiritual *magisterium* of the Holy Father is less dignified, or his freedom of communication and action with the known world in the extrinsication of that *magisterium* less complete now than at any period of a hundred years since the existence of the papacy. What is achieved by the *status quo* is this: that though there exists a State Church in Italy, and bishops and clerical beneficiaries are subject to the royal *exequatur*, the head of the Church remains completely outside this arrangement. It is his suffragans in Italy, as in France or Spain, who submit to or benefit by the connection of Church and State—he neither submits nor benefits. If this state of things were replaced by a conciliation it is feared that the universal bishop would shrink to the Italian primate. This is to assume that the ecclesiastical development of the papacy rose and would disappear, not indeed with the temporal independence of the popes, but with their geographical and historical position as the survivors of Roman empire. That is a perilous theory. It seems more probable that a real conciliation might eventually result in the eirenikon propounded by some of our English "Liberal Catholics," the substitution, that is, of a

"constitutional monarchy" for the usurped despotism of Rome. On the other hand, it is only right to say that in the eyes of secular Italy conciliation would herald a reactionary wave of Ultramontanism so strong that a coalition with the Socialists would be necessary to withstand it.

If it be obvious that the demand for the temporal power could not become a test of piety within the Catholic communion without belittling the Christian spirit among us, it is equally evident that the creation in the nineteenth century of a touchstone dogma for all bodies of Christians constitutes a severe breach with history, and adds its modicum to the gradual narrowing of the Catholic idea. When the Vatican Council was convoked to define Papal Infallibility, the dogma, it is well known, was opposed by the historians and theologians. The most active prelate on the papal side, as Purcell's "Life" made clear, was a cardinal whom a distinguished Jesuit has called "a very poor theologian," a man without any expert training for such a task, "who had been ordained after merely a few weeks' instruction." The witty Italian remarked that the dogma awaited the advent of a man as stupid as Pius IX. to believe himself infallible, and the Protestant Englishman's sense of humour found vent in the opinion that had he been married the feat would have been impossible. Nowhere was there complete assurance that the dogma would be, humanly speaking of course, a success. It was with the greatest pride that fifteen or twenty years after its definition the "Ultramontanes" could point to the fact that the fear that a flow of unsuitable pronouncements would follow the definition had not been realised. As a matter of fact, no infallible pronouncement has been forthcoming in the thirty-three years since 1870; but the ition which suggested abstention from an exercise of this power as had an unlooked-for effect, more far-reaching and less wholesome than an occasional display of inerrability. The penalty we have paid for the absence of officially infallible pronouncements is that infallibility attaches in the vulgar mind to every papal utterance. In 1870 the Catholic could mock at the ill-informed Protestant who made game of the poor crops which grew that year in the infallible ruler's States. But such a mistake as to the meaning of infallibility is not more contemptible and is much less noxious than the assumption that an infallible value attaches to every religious act of popes. Self-stultification was dreaded as the consequence of the official dogma; but very few people "make fools of themselves" every day and all day long, and by the medium of tens of thousands of emissaries; yet this is what the exercise of popular "infallibility" comes to. I myself heard a Benedictine in an English village tell his flock that as Leo was

Infallible he had been unerringly guided to institute the recitation of the rosary in October. The hopeless mediocrity attending a system of this sort is indefinitely more damaging to a Church than the appearance of a second Honorius or a second Vigilius. The definition of 1870 has resulted in the creation of pseudo-infallibility, which wraps its tentacles round the living Church and stifles not only the life but the conscience out of it. No one is honest enough to assure us that the truer the dogma the more false must be this spurious imitation of it, which constitutes a grave danger for the Church. We have had no Honorius, but we have become sectarian and parochial. The face of the pontiff has been saved at the expense of Catholicism generally.

The formulation of the insidious doctrine of the "teaching Church" was a triumph of pious legerdemain, and its relation to the current exercise of "infallibility" should not pass unnoticed. Infallible pronouncements do not, and cannot, illustrate every theory and practice of the religious life; at the same time it is abundantly clear that there is at each epoch an unwritten body of teaching and custom which forms the "Catholicism" of the period, though it may be in flagrant disaccord with the Catholicism of the age preceding or succeeding it. The problem was to justify this situation and to rivet the notions of the hour on the necks of the faithful as in some sort infallible truth for them. This problem was solved by the doctrine of the "teaching Church," which consists of two propositions: (1) The Church has a perpetual teaching office operating on matter which is not the subject of infallible definition, and on the beliefs and practice of the faithful from age to age. This justifies the situation. (2) For every Catholic the teaching of his age is *Catholicism* for him, with no "looking before or after." This gives the necessary *point d'appui* for the acceptance of teaching not in itself possessing any of the marks of truth or stability. The "mind" and the information of this interesting entity "the teaching Church," the Church we have always with us, the expression of the moment and the hour, the ill-informed, reformable, stumbling and mistaken decisions on current matters allied intimately or remotely to "faith and morals," must be accepted *pro tem.* by the faithful. This doctrine, designed to fill the intervals between the rare Infallible judgments, has resulted in being a substantial substitute for them. For the Catholic of to-day, as we see, throws a halo of infallibility over all ecclesiastical utterances, whether hot from Rome or served tepid by an ecclesiastic who has seen a bishop who has seen the Pope. The intellectual and moral abjection of a people under such conditions is not difficult to conceive.

"*Che mi importa del passato?*" exclaimed Leo XIII. on a

recent occasion when a question of precedent was mooted. Were the words an indication of character or were they the subtle outcome of the liberating dogma of papal Infallibility? For the dogma has suffered a strange transformation since its definition thirty-three years ago. Technically and theologically the matter on which an infallible pronouncement takes effect is the revelation once given—whether preserved in Scripture or tradition. On a matter of sufficient importance, and when teaching the universal Church, the Pope, it is held, can make an inerrable judgment on these data, on the elements presented by tradition. The actual tendency, nevertheless, is to view the dogma as a doctrine which frees the pontiff from an accurate attention to tradition, as it frees him from the cumbersome machinery of councils and the intellectual bondage of Schools; to regard the Pope as a living sanction on change rather than the infallible interpreter of tradition. *Che mi importa del passato?* It is in this sense—as an instrument of adaptation rather than of tradition, that it commends itself to our "liberal Catholics," in whose eyes it is a useful organ of up-to-dateness, able to supply the exact need of modern times, making the old new, and affording a perfectly non-cumbrous machinery for steering the Church whither the liberal Catholic would have it go. Alas for facts! The exercise of infallibility is nothing else and could be defined in no other way than a cautious judgment on the elements presented by tradition. It excludes, in its very terms, the new departure, the novelty. It provides for the gathering up and fixing of the old, not for adventuring on the new. Whatever else can be said of it, it at least has no claim to be wielded as a modern weapon. Unless the Pope has adjudicated on traditional matter—unless the judgment determines the right tradition regarding the faith once delivered—there has and can have been no infallible pronouncement at all. The Fathers of the Vatican Council put a weapon in the Pope's hand which enabled him without reference to a Council and *ex cathedrâ* to adjudicate on revealed faith and morals; it did not create a weapon which would enable a thoroughly modern pope to cut the Church away from all the ancient landmarks; and nothing could conceivably bring the papacy into more discredit than an attempt to single out among possible alternatives the ideas which best suited the modern mind, but which had had no existence in the primitive deposit of faith.

The "impregnable rock" of Scripture may prove but a sandy foundation for the edifice built upon it, but the isolation of the Pope as an inspired innovator would be like standing an obelisk on its apex. No weightier matter has ever been put before a pope in the course of history than biblical criticism, yet Leo never ven-

tured on anything but the most rigid traditional ground in its solution. Some liberal thinkers within the Church (desiring, one supposes, to determine not success but failure) invoked the new weapon forged in 1870. Is not the present an opportunity for the exercise of power by one who, on occasion, is directed by the same Spirit which inspired the Scriptures? Is this and this the work of the Holy Ghost or not? The demand is a crude one, and the possibility of an infallible pronouncement here is as remote as possible, not only because the details of the problem are not yet focussed, but because as a problem it has not yet disturbed the conscience of the faithful at large. Some years back a continental comic paper portrayed a keen old Leo as a dragon, coifed with the tiara, peering out from the safe lair of his Roman position at the havoc made by biblical criticism, and exclaiming: "I told you so!" But is it true that the Church of tradition and the authority of the living voice are independent of criticism disintegrating those Scriptures which form the sole authority for Protestants? I think not. Yet it must be conceded that the Church has means, and varied means, of meeting the problem not possessed by any other Church. The Bull *Providentissimus Deus* contributed nothing towards its solution, but at the same time Leo XIII. laid down the personal conditions of the controversy when he promised Mgr. d'Hulst and later assured Mgr. Mignot that opinions and principles would be denounced, not persons. His contribution to the subject was personal not official, and the motive was neither religious nor political, but simply human. It is the same motive which prompted his overtures to Socialism, to Democracy, to "Americanism" and the modern spirit. Cardinal Mazzella called Liberalism a sin, but the Pope did not like calling Liberalism a sin, or Liberals sinners. He had the largeness of the man who knows the world as it is, and he could not bear to dispense with its courtesies, its tolerances.

Neither was the first Pope to inherit an Infallible Chair given to trenchant methods; rather he was essentially a patchworker. He had not the mental obscurantism of Pius IX., nor had he the modernness of Benedict XIV. who preceded him by 140 years. The limits to his intellectual adaptability are the secret of the patchwork policy which was so conspicuous on those several occasions when the modern world offered for his solution problems which had never been offered before. He responded with alacrity, and busily sewed new pieces of stuff into old garments, poured new wine into skins which leaked at every pore. Yet there was a combination of mental qualities in Leo XIII. which made him better fitted to hold a balance in intellectual questions than either his predecessor or his successor. Certain things were alien to one

who joined to a serene confidence in the scholastic method an entire absence of fanaticism, to restless intellectual energy a sympathetic tact and the courteous suavity of the serene opponent. It would never have come naturally to Leo—whose sense of personal dignity, nevertheless, was never surpassed in any of his predecessors—to invoke the wrath of Peter and Paul to aid him in crushing some humble adversary; the words would have seemed to Pius IX. (who had the reputation of being a better-hearted man) the natural paraphernalia of his exalted position in the circumstances. Leo was always the faithful interpreter of his own intellectual temperament, of the serenity born of confidence, in the last resort, in traditional methods, traditional achievements—Aquinas. He could afford to be a little liberal, because he never doubted that there was a universal solvent in the background, a philosophical answer, centuries old, to all the modern unrest.

Was not the late Pope then "vaticanised"? On one side Leo was a man who could not be influenced or suppressed, who acted always and up to the last on his own initiative, and according to his own notions. But on the other side he was a man who left nothing for the Vaticaniser to do; he was thoroughly safe on the traditional side. His one outbreak was the concession to French Socialism. He had no inconvenient tendencies towards reform, not even towards a reform of the clergy, except by using the unsupported categorical imperative which was habitual to him. The mistakes for which he was blamed were mistakes on the traditional side, the inadequate appreciation of modern requirements, the wasting of perhaps unique and certainly of imposingly great opportunities writing Latin verses, a habit begun at twelve years old and which he would get out of bed as a nonagenarian to satisfy. If popes are ever poisoned, Leo offered no temptations to the poisoner. His enemies (with the one exception of the Royalists in France) were among the modern men, those French *abbés*, who, having the choice at their Mass between the prayers *pro papâ* and *contra inimicos ecclesiæ*, regularly said the second and included Leo among the enemies of the Church; or who meant when he died to say a *De profundis* for his soul and a *Te Deum* for the liberation of Christendom.

Was it possible for Leo to be a reformer, and is it more or less possible for a pope to reform now he is dowered with infallibility and despoiled of temporalities? The reforming popes have been few, and had Leo found himself in the place of Martin V. or Pius V.—the pontiffs who had the great opportunity put before them—he, like they, would have pronounced the *gran rifiuto*. He would have declined to reform. Another of those *enfants terribles* the French *abbés*, said that there would be no reform of the Church

until we had a pope who lived on boiled eggs. Something more than a *menu* of boiled eggs is, we believe, required to make a reforming pope, the rarest of all the types which this longest of all modern dynasties has presented to us. How few reforming popes there have been the popular beliefs in the papal city eloquently testify. In the Roman popular imagination it is the fate of popes to be poisoned : "*il papa non deve campare*"—" popes must not live long"—I was informed by a Roman of the people who thought Leo's chances of life very small as he approached eighty years. He explained that a cardinal or some *personaggio* near his person poisoned him. This man was devout and superstitious, and is still one of the *fratelli*, or members of a pious guild attached to a little church by the bridge of Sant' Angelo leading to S. Peter's. Whether popes are poisoned or not in this delightful manner by members of the sacred college or other " personages " matters little compared with the fact that a man born and bred in papal Rome, penetrated with the pieties of his religion, should see nothing in such a state of things which offended faith or morals. To find a parallel we must imagine an adult chorister, or the member of an English Church Guild, believing that such was the appointed end of the Sovereign or the Archbishop of Canterbury. Leo was no reformer, but it would not be true to say that he did not picture himself as a reformer, or rather as an inaugurator of order and decorum in all departments. His idea of reforming was indicating his wishes in an encyclical—what I have called his categorical imperative; and the series of encyclicals remains a monument to the real character of his work, to the error that the modern world can be reformed by the noble utterances of one in great place. His bishops and clergy accustomed themselves and their flocks to suppose—what Leo himself believed—that when an encyclical had been read out a new era had been initiated; and the world wagged on as before. Here, too, the classical caste of his mind coloured his activity. He was nourished and supported in the events of life by the temper of mind we describe as classical; the classical pose and poise, the " nothing too much," the classical virtues. These were conspicuous when the end came, and reconciled Italians of all classes to him as nothing else could have done. Indeed, the spectacle of Leo's dying awoke a queer echo of Puritanism in England : it was felt that when the last call came the chief Bishop of Christendom should not have met it standing, but should have taken to his bed like an old gaffer and talked about the will of God.

Advancing civilisation and the loss of the temporal power have restricted the possible *rôles* of popes. Borgias and Medicis need be no longer expected, neither shall we again see the temporal

ruler, the paternal despot, nor—*pace* the clerical newspapers—the Pope as the fountain-head of human authority. The choice lies between the intellectual ecclesiastic, the pious friar, the political pope, the conciliator, the simple pastor—or combinations of these. What was Leo's own ideal? His secret sympathy for Innocent III. was shown in the removal of that Pope's body and the solemn inauguration of his tomb at the Lateran—the church chosen by Leo as his own monument *par excellence,* where he himself will rest, by the great pontiff whom he called there to lie with him. His ideal was Innocent, and his genius political. The genius of the practical politician just sufficiently touched with an apparent idealism which, however, never endangered, as it had done in the case of his remote ancestor the visionary last of the Roman Tribunes, the practical success of a cause. He had the sane practical sense, the practical self-interest of the Italian. In no country has idealism so seldom dominated the practical genius, yet in no country are the instances to the contrary so splendid, so refulgent, as in Italy. Hence no country has produced greater saints or fewer reformers.

Whether Leo could have effected more than he did in the conditions—perhaps the most difficult ever presented to a pope—whether the first pope in history to govern the Church without temporal dominions and in that half of the century which saw the rise of empirical science, lost a great opportunity, or whether he did all that was possible leaving the papacy more solid than he found it—this will be the theme of future historians. In a world of disintegration, of new thoughts and great ideals, which seemed to leave the sphere of the supernatural in the background, the figure of Leo XIII. stands out as in part a classical in part a statesman's protest against empiricism in every field. He witnessed a partial religious reaction in Europe, but the reaction has not been maintained, not because faith is less but because knowledge is more. Men who twenty, thirty, forty years ago rejoiced in unorthodoxy, accept its necessity unwillingly at the beginning of the twentieth century. That is the difference, and Leo partly understood it. Since the old *régime* died, with Pius, popes must be, as Leo was, popes of transition. Are we to expect a set of men like those who followed Pius V. after the Reformation, men of the stamp of an Alexander VII., and as a consequence a dwindling Church? Or does it pass the wit of man to frame a fit attitude, in its modern setting, for the Church of tradition and authority?

M. A. R. TUKER.

THREE SKETCHES BY STIJN STREUVELS.[1]

In bringing this new writer to the English public, I may be permitted to give a few particulars of him and his life. Stijn Streuvels is accepted not only in Belgium, but also in Holland, as the greatest of living Low-Dutch prose-writers; his vogue, in fact, is even greater in the North Netherlands than in the southern kingdom. His medium is the West-Flemish dialect, which is spoken by perhaps a million people inhabiting the stretch of country which is comprised within the irregular triangle bounded by the North Sea on the west, the French frontier of Flanders on the south and a line drawn at one-third of the distance between Bruges and Ghent on the east. In addition to Bruges and Ostend, this province of West Flanders includes such towns as Poperinghe, Ypres and Courtrai; and so subtly subdivided is the West-Flemish dialect that there are words which a man of Bruges will use to a man of Poperinghe and not be understood.

It is one of the most interesting and beautiful dialects known to me, containing numbers of mighty mediæval words which survive in daily use, and it is one of the richest, rich especially—and this is not usual in dialects—in words expressive of human characteristics and physical sensations. Thus there is a word to describe him who is not so much a poor wretch, *un misérable*, as what Tom Hood loved to call "a hapless wight": one who is poor and wretched and outcast and out of work, not through any fault of his own, not through idleness or fecklessness, but through sheer ill-luck. There is a word to describe what we feel when we hear the tearing of silk or ripping of calico; a work expressing that sense of angry irritation which gives a man a gnawing in the muscles of the arms; a word that tells us what we really feel in our hair when we pretend that it "stands on end." It is a sturdy, manly dialect, moreover, spoken by a sturdy race of "chaps" and "fellows" and "wives" and "woman-persons": your Fleming rarely talks of men and women.

In translating these and other of Streuvels' sketches, I have given a close rendering: to use a homely phrase, their flavour lies very near the bone; and I have been anxious to lose no more of it than must inevitably be lost through the mere act of translation. I hope that I may be forgiven for one or two phrases, such as "cow-beasts" and others, which, although not existing,

so far as I am aware, in any part of England, are not entirely foreign to the genius of the English language.

For those interested in such matters, I can add that Stijn Streuvels' real name is Frank Lateur. He is a nephew of the late Guido Gezelle, the poet-priest. He is not yet thirty-three years of age. He lives at Avelghem, in the south-east corner of West Flanders, hard by Courtrai, and there bakes bread for the peasant-fellows and wives. For you must know that this foremost Netherlands writer is a baker and stands at sunrise in his cellar, bare-chested, before his glowing oven.

ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS.

ON SUNDAYS.

IN his Sunday best! A red-and-yellow flowered scarf was tied round his sun-burnt neck and the two ends blew over his shoulders; a small, brown felt hat, with a curly brim, was drawn down upon his head and, from under it, came here and there a wisp of flaxen hair. A small, open jacket, with a short waistcoat, under which bulged a clean blue shirt; and his long trousers, much too long, fell in wide folds over his big cossack shoes.[1] Under his arm he carried a bundle knotted into a red handkerchief, while, with the other hand, he twirled a switch.

He was a growing youngster, a well-set-up cowherd, with a brown, freckled face, small, pale-grey eyes, under milk-white eyebrows, and bony knees and elbows: a sturdy fellow in the making.

'Twas divinely beautiful Sunday weather: it shone with light and life and it was all green, pale, splendid green, against a clear, blue sky, in the middle of the afternoon.

He stepped on bravely, along the wide drove of elms, twisting his switch, and looked into the free sky with his young, grey-blue eyes. He thought . . . of what? Of nothing! Truly, of nothing: what does a cowherd think of? Wait, though; he was thinking: 'twas Sunday! Sunday once more, the glad Sunday! And there were so few, in those long, long weeks. And he was going home for a few hours, yes, home; and from there to Stafke's[2] and to Stafke's pigeons.

He was hard-worked at the farm: twenty-nine cow-beasts, which were always hungry and always wanted fattening; furthermore, a whole herd of calves and hogs; 'twas a drudging without end or bottom, from early morning to late at night, until his limbs hung lame.

The farmer was good, but strict, and could not stand sluggards; he looked for work, hard work; and this the lad was glad to give, but 'twas in looking forward to the everlasting Sunday, in which lay all his happiness and cheer.

(1) Hob-nailed shoes fastened with straps. (2) Gustaaf.

He quickened his steps and the elms pushed by, one by one, and at last, ahead, very far down that dark hedge of stems and leafage, came a tiny opening, where the trees seemed to touch one another. 'Look! There, beside the little village church, stood Farmer Willems' homestead, with its little slate turret and the great poplars and, beside it, close together and quite hidden in the green, two little cottages. 'Twas there that he was brought up and had grown up; there, in one of those cottages. In the other lived Stafke's father and mother. The children had there led the half-wild life of the country: two little boys together. They had there clambered up those mighty trees, weltered in the sand of the drove and coursed like foals in the meadow. The homestead was to them a free domain; they were at home there; they went daily to the little door of the wash-house to fetch their slice of rye-bread and butter and, in the morning, an apple or a pear. They had lain and rolled in the hay-loft, like fish in the water; but all that had passed so quickly, so very quickly. The parish-priest came; and, for six months, six long months, they had had to go to school and church. And then father, on a certain Monday morning, had said:

"Lad, you're coming to the farm to-day, to bind corn."

Play was over, the free play of the country! They were pressed into labour, saddled with the labourer's heavy burden. Since that time, it had been an endless roving after work, from one farm to another, with his bundle under his arm.

Stafke had remained serving at Willems', with father, and he, on Sunday afternoons, had not so far to go, under the burning sun, in order to be at home.

The way was so long for an unthinking lad and they seemed endless, those never-changing rows of tree-trunks, those uncounted yellow, blinking cornfields, and never a creature on the road. It was something very much out of the way when a pigeon flew through the azure sky; the lad stood still and, turning round, followed the great ring which it made until it dropped far away beyond among the houses of the village. Then he went on, pondering, as he went, that there was nothing, absolutely nothing, lovelier than a milk-white pigeon in a pale-blue sky; and he whispered:

"Perhaps it's Stafke's pigeon."

On reaching home, he laid down his bundle; his baby sister came running up to him with her little arms wide open and held him by his legs, and he lifted her twice, three times above his head; he handed mother his earnings; and then, out of the door, to Stafke's!

"Rozlie,[1] is he in?"

"Oh, yes, he's up in the loft, with the pigeons."

He climbed up the ladder, in three steps, and as carefully as he could, to the dovecote. Behind a swarm of half-stretched and loose-hanging clouts and canvas things, on an overturned tub, sat a lad, his fair-haired curly head in his hands, his elbows on his knees,

(1) Rosalie.

peering through a sort of lattice-work. Jaak[1] sat down at the other side, on a bundle of Indian corn, in the same attitude, and looked too. . . .

There were white, snow-white, mottled, blue, slate-blue, russet, speckled, grey, black-flecked, striped and spotted pigeons, doves, pouters, some cocks, some hens: a many-coloured flight all mixed up together. There were some that sat murmuring one to the other, softly, oh, so softly, and nodding their heads for sheer kindliness. Others cooed loudly, angrily, or indifferently, and tripped round one another. Others sat huddled, meditating, lonely and forlorn, blinking their bright little glittering eyes.

Through the holes, from the resting-board, new ones came walking in with shy feet and sought a little place for themselves; others passed out through the narrow opening and, flapping their wings, rose into the sky. 'Twas a humming and muttering without end, a murmuring and whispering loud and soft and a restless stir and movement: a little world full of neatly-dressed damsels, who were so lightly, so beautifully decked out and who knew how to manage their trains and their fine clothes so demurely and so comically. They carefully combed and cleaned their black velvet ruffs, smoothed their sharp-striped feathers one by one, fondled and rubbed their downy breasts till they shone like new-blown roses . . . .

And Jaak and Stafke sat watching, watching this, like two steeled statues, and sweating in that warm loft. They did not stir nor speak a single word.

And that lasted and went on . . . .

It grew dusk. From every side the pigeons came flying in, whole troops of them, and sought their well-known roosts. They stood two and two, closely crowded against each other on the perches, or huddled in the holes. They drew their heads into their feathered throats and slept. The rumour died, just a soft mumbling, and then nothing more. The pigeon that sat over there, squatting low on her eggs, faded from sight in the dark corner and the whole upper row vanished in the dusk of the rafters.

The boys still sat on.

The dovecote became a pale-grey twilight thing, with drab and black patches here and there. The soft humming passed into a faint buzz that died away quite and all was silence.

They both together stood up straight, gave a long-drawn sigh and went below.

"It's getting dark," said Jaak, wiping the sweat from his face. "The cows will be waiting."

"Yes," said Stafke. "It gets evening all at once. So, Jaak, 'till Sunday."

And Jaak went away, through the now moonlit drove, with a new bundle under his arm and pondering of the farm, of his twenty-nine cow-beasts and of Sunday and of Stafke's pigeons. . . .

(1) Jacques, Jacob.

A Pipe or No Pipe.

He dropped his wheelbarrow, strode from between the handles and went and looked into the great window of the tobacco-shop. His eyes were all full, as far as they could carry: an abundance and a splendour to dream of. He came a step nearer and rested his two elbows on the stone window-sill, in order to see more comfortably.

Two stacks of motley cigar-boxes stood on either side and ran together at the top in a rounded arch, from which hung long, long pipes, cinnamon-wood pipes, as thick as your arm, with green strings to them, and huge, big bowls, artfully carved into heads of the King, of hideous niggers, of pretty girls with bead eyes.

On thick, transparent glass slips lay whole files of meerschaum pipes, furnished with clear, curly, amber mouth-pieces: fishes' heads, lobster-claws holding an egg-shell, horses' heads, cows' hoofs; rich cigar-holders of meerschaum, all over little silver stars and gold bands. Heaps and heaps and lots and lots of every kind, so far as he could see; and all this multiplied in two enormous mirrors, in which, yonder, far back among all this smoking apparatus, he saw his own face staring at him out of his great, astonished eyes.

He sighed. 'Twas all so beautiful, so rich—and now, if mother had only got work!

He went over it once more. Down below, in little plush-lined trays, lay the small pipes, the boys' stuff. They lay poured out pell-mell, in whole handfuls, in confusion, crooked and straight, brown and black. His eyes thieved round voluptuously in those trays and they read with curiosity those neatly-written figures which made known to every one how much each pipe cost.

Here, they were crooked, comical little things of black cocus-wood; there, they were motley, speckled little round bowls, like birds' eggs, with white stems; but they cost too much: and yet they were so charitably beautiful! Now his eyes remained hankering after a splendid varnished bowl. It was almost tucked out of sight, but it glittered so temptingly and it had a lovely brown ring at the edge and shaded downwards to a pale gold-yellow; there was a little cup for the oil to sweat into and a fat little cinnamon stem, with a horn mouthpiece. He examined it on every side and would have liked to turn it over with his eyes. Inside the bowl stood, in black figures, "1 fr. 50."

"Mother! . . . . Mother! . . . ."

That was the one he wanted, that was his. She had promised him a pipe if she got work to-day. If only she had brought work with her!

After one last look, and one more . . . . he went on.

He caught up his barrow and pushed it, over the wide road, straight to the station.

There he had to wait.

He loitered round the dreary, deserted yard. The noon sun bit the naked stones; and everything, hiding and shrinking from that glowing sun-fire, seemed dead. The drivers sat slumbering on the boxes of their cabs; the horses stood on three legs, their heads down, crookedwise between the shafts, and now and then they stamped a short stamp, to keep off the flies, which were terribly lively. A group of loafers lay sleeping on their bellies in the shade. A slow-moving vehicle drove past and disappeared round the corner. A dog came stepping up lazily and went to lie blinking his eyes under the sun-flowers near the signal-box.

There was nothing more that moved.

At last, the train came gliding in, very gently, without noise, and it sent a gulp or two of white smoke into the quivering blue sky.

Now the boy stood stretching his neck through the railings, on the look-out for his mother, whom he already saw in his thoughts, coming bent, with heavily-laden bag of weaving-stuff: and the pipe was in his pocket—or else nothing, nothing at all!

'Twas a fat gentleman who got out first; then a tall, thin one; then a woman; then another woman; always others; and now, now it was mother. She stuck out her thin leg, groping, from up on the high carriage-steps, to find the ground, and—she had an empty blue-and-white canvas bag on her shoulder. His lower lip hung down sadly and he turned slowly to his wheelbarrow:

"No work yet. God better it!"

The mother threw her bag on the wheelbarrow and they went on, without speaking.

Straight opposite the tobacco-shop, the boy looked aslant at the great window, with all those rich things displayed behind it, and he whistled a little tune.

They had still far, very far, to go, before they two were at home, in their village. And the sun was burning.

Christmas Night.

Over there, high up among the pines, stood the house where he lived alone with the trees and the birds; and there, every morning, he saw the sun rise and, in the evening, sink away again. And for how many years!

In summer, the white clouds floated high over his head, the blackbirds sang in the wood around his door and before him, in a blue prospect, lay the whole world.

When his harvest was gathered and the days shortened, when the sky closed up, when the dry pines shook and rocked in the sad wind and the crows, like black flakes, dropped and came cawing, he shut his windows and sat down in the dark to brood.

Now he must go down yonder, below, to the village.

He fetched his Christmas star from the loft, re-stuck the gold flowers and paper strips and fastened them in the cleft of the long

wand. Then he put on his great coat, drew the hood over his head and went.

From behind the black clouds came a light, a dull copper glow, without rays, high up where the stars were: it set golden edges to the hem of the clouds; the heaven remained black. There appeared a little streak of glowing copper, which grew and grew . . . . became a sickle . . . . a half disk . . . . and at last a great giant, round, gold moon, which rose and rose. It went up like a huge round orange behind the heaven; and, more and more swiftly, shot up into the sky, always growing smaller, until it became just a common moon: the laughing moon among the stars.

He alone had seen it.

Now he took his star on his shoulder, pulled his hood deep over his head and wandered down the little path, all over the snow, to where the lights were burning. It was lonely, lifeless, that white plain under that burnished sky; and he alone, the black fellow on the white snow. And he saw the world so big, so monotonously bleak: a flat, white wilderness, with here and there a straight, thin poplar and a row of black, lean, knotty willows.

He went . . . . down towards the lights.

The village lay still. The street was black with people. Great crowds of womanfolk, tucked and muffled in black hooded cloaks, tramped as in a dream along the houses, over the squeaking snow. They shuffled from door to door, stuck out their lean hands and asked plaintively for the God's dole. They disappeared at the end of the street and went trudging into the endless moonlight.

Children went with lights and stars and stood gathered in groups, their black faces glowing in the shine of their lanterns; they made a huge din with their tooting-horns [1] and rumble-pots [2] and sang of

> The Babe born in the straw

and

> The shepherds they come here.
> They're bringing wood and fire,
> And this and that, and t'other:
> Now bring us out a pot of beer.

Mad Wanne [3] went alone; she kept on slanting across the street with her long legs, which stuck out far from under her skirt, and she held her arms wide open under her hooded cloak, like a devil bat. She snuffled something about:

> 'Twas hailing, 'twas snowing and 'twas bad weather
> And over the roofs the wind it flew
> Saint Joseph said to Mary Maid:
> "Mary, what shall we do?"

(1) A cow's horn fitted with a mouth-piece.

(2) An iron pot with a bladder stretched across the top, beaten with sticks like a drum.

(3) Johanna.

Top[1] Dras, Wulf and Grendel, three big fellows like trees, were also loafing round. They were the three Kings: Top had turned his big jacket and blackened his face; Grendel wore a white sheet over his back and blew the horn; and Wulf had a mitre on and carried a big star with a lantern on a stick. So they dragged along the street and sang at all the doors:

Three Kings with a star
Came travelling from afar,
Over mountains, hills and dale,
To go and look
In every nook,
To go and look for the God of All.

Their rough voices droned and three great shadows walked far ahead on the white street-snow. All those people went and twisted and turned and came and went again. Each sang his own little song, and fretted his whining prayer. Above all that went the dull toot of the baker's horn, as he kept on shouting:

"Hot bread! Hot bread!"

High hung the moon and blinked the stars; and fine white shafts fell through the air, upon everything around, like silver pollen.

"Maarten of the mountain!" whispered the children behind the window. "Maarten the Freezyman!"[2] and they crept deep into the kitchen again, to the fire.

And the black man stood outside the door, tugging at the string of his turning-star, and he sang through his nose:

Come, star, come, star, you must not so still stand!
You must go with me to Bethlehem Land,
To Bethlehem, that comely city,
Where Mary sits with her Babe on her knee. . . .

Along the country-roads, the farm-houses stood snowed in, with black window-shutters which showed dark against the walls and kept in the light and stumpy chimneys from which thick smoke curled up. Indoors, there was no seeing clearly: the lamp hung from the ceiling in a ring of steam and smoke and everything lay black and tumbled. In the hearth, the yule-log lay blazing. The farmer's wife baked waffles and threw them in batches on the straw-covered floor.

In one corner, under the light and quite wound in tobacco-smoke, sat the farm hands playing cards. They sat wrapped up in their game, bending over their little table, very quiet. Now and then came a half oath and the thud of a fist on the table and then again peaceful shuffling and stacking and playing of their cards.

The Freezyman sat in the midst of the children, who, with mouths wide open, sat listening to his tale of "The Mighty Hunter."

(1) Beggar.
(2) A legendary figure of a snow-covered bogie-man, who comes down to the villages at Christmas-time and runs away with the children.

His star stood in the corner.

Later, the big table was drawn out and supper served. All sat round and ate. First came potatoes and pork, red kale and pigs' chaps, then stewed apples and sausages . . . . and waffles, waffles, waffles. They drank beer out of small tumblers.[1] The table was cleared, coffee poured out, little glasses fetched from the cupboard and gin burnt with sugar. Then the chairs were pushed close round the hearth and Maarten stood up, took his star, smoothed his long beard and, keeping time by tugging the string of his star, droned out:

On Christmas night
Is Jesus born
To fight our fight
Against the might
Of Satan and his devil-spawn.
And a manger is His cot,
And all humble is His lot.
So, mortal, make you humble too
To serve Him Who thus served you

Three wise men and each a king
Come to make Him offering:
Gold, frankincense and myrrh they bring.
Angels sweet
Kiss His feet
As they sing:
"Hail, Lord and King!"
Telling all mankind the story
Of His wonder and His glory.
So, mortal, make you humble too
To serve Him Who thus served you.

All else was still. The men sat drinking their warm gin, the children listened with their heads aslant and the farmer's wife, with her hands together in her great lap, sat crying.

The door opened and the Kings stood in the middle of the floor. They were white with snow and their faces blue with cold; the ice hung from Grendel's moustache. They looked hard under their hats at the table, the hearth and the little glasses and at Maarten, who was still standing up. Wulf made his star turn, Top banged his rumble-pot to time and they sang:

Three Kings came out of the East:
'Twas to comfort Mary. . . .

When the song was ended, each got two little glasses; then they could go.

Grendel cursed.

"That damned hill-devil swallows it all up," muttered Wulf.

(1) In some parts of Flanders, *e.g.*, at Oudenaarde, they brew an exceedingly strong beer, which is drunk out of shallow tumblers, containing not much more than a quarter of a pint.

And they went off through the snow.

Still long the others sang and played and played cards and 'twas late when Maarten took his star and, with a "Good-night. 'Till next year," pulled the door behind him.

'Twas still bright outside, but the sky hung full of snow; above, a grey fleece and, lower, a swirl of great white flakes, which fell down slowly swarming, one on top of the other.

He plunged deep into it. . . . It was still so far to go; and his house and his pines, he had left them all so far behind.

He was so old, so alone, 'twas so cold and all the roads were white . . . all sky and snow. In the hollow lay the village: a little group of sleeping houses round the white church-steeple; and behind it lay his mountain, but it was like a cloud, a shapeless monster, very far away.

Above his head, stars, stars in long rows. He stood still and looked up and found one which he saw every evening, a pale, dead star, like an old acquaintance, which would lead him—for the last time, perhaps—back to his mountain, back home.

And he trudged on.

There was a light in the three slim, pointed windows of the chapel and the bell tinkled within. He went to rest a bit against the wall. What a noise and what a bustle all the evening . . . and the gin! And those rough chaps had looked at him so brutally. In there, it was still; those windows gleamed so brightly; and, after the sound of the bell, there came so softly a woman's voice: "*Venite adoremus* . . ." Then all fell still, the lights went out. And he fared on.

The village lay behind him and the road began to climb. There, on the right, stood the "Jolly Hangman." Now he knows his way and 'tis no longer far from home. From out of the ditch comes something creeping, a black shape that runs across the plain and chatters like a magpie: Mad Wanne, with her lean legs and her cloak wide open. She ran as fast as she could run and vanished behind the inn.

He had started; he became so frightened, so uneasy, that he hastened his steps and longed to be at home.

There was still a light in the "Jolly Hangman" and a noise of drunken men. When he had passed, he turned back . . . to sing his last song, according to old custom. They opened the door and asked him in. He saw Grendel sitting there and ran away. Then the three of them rushed out and called after him. When they saw that he went on, they broke into a run:

"Stop, you brute! . . . Here, you with your star! . . . Oh, you damned singer of songs!" they howled and ran, and caught him and threw him down.

Grendel pushed his knee on his chest and held his arms stretched wide against the ground. Wulf and Dras gripped whole handfuls of snow and crammed it into his mouth and went on until his face

was covered deep and he lay powerless. Then they planted his star beside him in the snow and began to turn and sing to the echo:

A, a, a . . . glory be on high to-day!
E, e, e . . upon earth peace there shall be!
I, i, i . . . come and see with your own eye!
O, o, o . . . His little bed of straw below!

Like a flash, Mad Wanne shot past, yelling and shrieking. Wulf flung his stick against her legs. She waved her arms under her cloak and vanished in the dark.

The three men sat down by the ditch and laughed full-throated. Then they started for the village. Long it rang:

Three Kings came out of the East:
'Twas to comfort Mary. . . .

Great white flakes fell out of the clear sky, swirled, swarmed, one on top of the other.

SOCIETY AND THE TRAMP.

SIGNS and even wonders are multiplying in token that English public opinion is not only moving but maturing on the question of vagrancy and its rational treatment. Foreign critics have maintained that we are slow in this country to listen to, still slower to appropriate, new ideas; partly, it has been inferred, from constitutional aversion to innovation of every kind, partly from constitutional aversion to intellectual effort. If a national proneness to cautiousness is hereby meant, it is neither possible to deny the impeachment nor needful to resent it altogether. Yet while this cautiousness saves us doubtless from many of the evils of precipitancy, and gives balance to our public life, a rough sort of organic unity to our corporate institutions, and a certain degree of continuity to our political and social policies, yet it has also its disadvantages, and one of the chief of these is that it has a tendency to perpetuate hoary anomalies, and to maintain in a condition of galvanised and artificial life theories of public action which are hopelessly ineffectual and effete if we would but honestly admit it. When Goethe told us that we were as a nation "really without intelligence," he probably intended no offence, even if he gave it; all he meant was that Englishmen despise theory, are impatient of the rule of law, and are slow to submit their stock notions to the test of reason.

The principles which underlie our treatment of the tramp question afford a remarkable illustration in point. Alone of Western nations we still treat lightly and frivolously this strangely anomalous product of civilised society. Other countries have their tramps as we have, but they do not devise machinery for the express purpose of manufacturing them. Elsewhere the tramp is openly regarded as a public nuisance, a flat illegality, a social excrescence; only here is he deliberately fostered and encouraged. Happily, however, we are at last moving, and moving rather rapidly. A few years ago it was still accepted as an apodictic axiom by all but a handful of sociologists—men for the most part regarded as amiable faddists, whose eccentric notions it was, indeed, quite fashionable to listen to with indulgent charity, but very improper to receive seriously—that there was really only one practical way of dealing with the tramp, and that was the way of the Poor Law. That this was also the rational way was proved by the fact that it had been handed down to us by our forefathers as a counsel of perfection, and who were we that we should impugn the wisdom of the past? And yet nothing is more

significant in its way than the strong public sentiment hostile to inherited precepts and usage which has of late arisen on this subject. I may claim to speak with experience upon this point, since I shall not soon forget the cordial response which was given by the Press of the country to the proposals of reform which I was permitted to place before the readers of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW nearly four years ago.[1] The main contention then advanced, that society is justified, in its own interest, in legislating the tramp out of existence if legislation can be shown to be equal to the task, was endorsed with all but absolute unanimity. Considering how the tramp has been spoiled and coddled for generations, until he has come to regard his right to free maintenance as not less inalienable than his right to liberty, it was remarkable how little sentiment was wasted over him by the journalist-critic, though a certain hardness of heart towards the highway idler was natural, perhaps, in the representatives of the most laborious of all professions. Here and there occurred the inevitable sympathetic reference to the woes of "Weary Willie," but the almost universal verdict was, not that it was premature to talk of cutting short the vagrant's career by arbitrary methods, but that it was surprising it had not been so cut short long ago.

As was to be expected, the Boards of Guardians and the several Poor Law Conferences in which these bodies join for periodical exchange of views and experiences have since been the foremost to give prominence to this problem of the tramp, and only so late as March last the national conference, after a very serious and practical discussion, adopted a resolution in favour of the immediate appointment of a Departmental Committee of the Local Government Board "to consider the question of the casual poor, having special regard to the question of Labour Colonies and to the suppression of child vagrancy." Influenced partly, no doubt, by the increasing burden of the normal poor rate, but also by a candid weighing of the merits of the question, Boards of Guardians are recognising the abstract absurdity and the economic wastefulness of the existing law. According to a recent Parliamentary return no fewer than 14,476 vagrants were housed and relieved at the public expense in the workhouses of the country on the first of January last. Moreover, a certain proportion of these vagrants, it is not very pleasing to know, were aliens, of whom 4,618 in all were chargeable in one way or another to our Poor Law funds last year. Of these alien paupers 1,384 fell to the provinces, and 120 of them were tramps. The mean

(1) "Society's Duty to the Tramp" (FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for December, 1900), *the outcome of a paper read before the Economic Section of the British Association at Bradford in the same year.*

pauperism of London alone increased from 89,505 in 1891 to 96,720 in 1901, and the cost of poor relief increased during the same period from 1s. 6½d. to 2s. in the pound.

Furthermore, guardians of the poor are becoming increasingly alive to the fact that one of the most difficult tasks which they are called upon to discharge, in the administration of the existing law, will compel them before long to face this wider problem : I refer to the question of child vagrancy. So far we have got as to recognise that the unrestricted liberty of vagrant parents to drag their offspring round the country with them not only inflicts cruelty and moral harm upon the children themselves, but is the best way of making the habit of vagrancy reproductive. Poor Law reformers are universally agreed that this liberty should cease, though they are not equally agreed as to the measures for effecting that end. Two ways are open. Either the vagrant might be relieved by the public outright of all responsibility for the care and keeping of his children, a relief which as a rule he would welcome only too readily, or the public might elect to act *in loco parentis*, subject to the obligation of the legal guardians to make restitution of all expense incurred. Under the Poor Law Acts of 1889 and 1899, indeed, Boards of Guardians may already, in certain specified circumstances, assume and exercise parental rights over the children of pauper parents, though by so doing they do not relieve the latter of legal liability for the cost of maintenance. It is inevitable that the same power must before long be acquired in respect of the children of habitual vagrants, and already a private Bill has been proposed on the subject. When that power is entrusted to Poor Law authorities, however, the question will at once arise—how shall the tramp be compelled to discharge his liabilities? Obviously, he must either cease to be a tramp and face the necessity of working for the support of his children and incidentally for himself, or it will be a case of the Poor Law and police authorities perpetually chevying him from pillar to post, a game not worth the candle on either side.

From the standpoint of public security and order also there is a growing disposition to regard it as intolerable that the known criminals, which the majority of tramps are, should be afforded every facility for following their irregular calling. Incidents like the following, cited at random, are of weekly and almost of daily occurrence in all parts of the country and bring home better than argument the insensate folly of our present method, or lack of method, of treating the tramp. The extract is taken from a Yorkshire newspaper of April, 1903 :—

Three labourers of no fixed abode (it is the police constable's well-known

euphemism for vagrancy) were charged at Skipton with begging at Kelbrook. The prisoners fairly took the village by storm. They were singing and shouting, and swore at women who would not relieve them. One of them kicked a door, and their conduct generally was altogether disgraceful. After they had collected 3½d., they went to the public house and asked to be supplied with a quart of beer for that amount. The girl who was in supplied them for the sake of quietness, and after drinking the beer the men went out, collected the same amount, came back, and demanded another quart for 3½d. The men were sent to gaol for fourteen days each.

Very outrageous, of course, yet very common, and also very natural. For given the implicit licence to beg, why not give the tramp also the licence to spend the proceeds of begging in his own way, and if he gets drunk and is violent is it not the fault of those who furnished the money? But "fourteen days!" There is the true irony of the incident. For the same men probably served fourteen days a month before, and would serve fourteen days a month later, since the vagrant's time is notoriously divided pretty equally between the gaol and the highway. If, however, our penal laws are intended to be not merely punitive, but also, and mainly, reformatory, a system which consists of sending men into and out of prison at more or less regular intervals is obviously futile and childish. It is the obligation to work which these men, and tens of thousands like them, need to come under. Dislike of regular labour makes them tramps, tramping makes them criminals—the two conditions are inseparably connected as cause and effect—their kinship lies in the very constitution and instincts of human nature; and the police laws which ignore it are engaged in an encounter from which they must of necessity emerge foiled and beaten. They may hide the tramp for a time from view, but they will not cure him; the very reiteration of the futile penalties which are imposed upon him only confirms him in the conviction that vagrancy, mendicancy, rowdyism, and blackmailing are venial offences the commission of which society almost takes for granted, since it has arranged that they may be compounded for upon terms so easy as to amount to open incitement to illegality.

Moreover, our medical authorities are at last on the track of the tramp, and none too soon, for several recent epidemics have emphasised the truth that he is one of the most proficient disseminators of disease going. The following incidents, all relating to the past year, are typical of his services to society in this respect:—

A tramp who was making his way through the Lake District was found lying by the roadside near Ullswater on Sunday evening in an advanced state of smallpox. He was removed to a smallpox hospital, and it was

ascertained that he had been infected by another tramp, who is now in the Penrith Hospital. (March 5, 1903.)

At Northwich three more begging cases were dealt with. The chairman said tramps were mainly responsible for the smallpox provalent in the district. Cheshire was infested, and if vagrancy could be put down they intended to do it.

Smallpox has broken out in a somewhat serious form at Barking, and several families have been removed to the isolation hospital. The outbreak is attributed to a tramp, who was found lying in the roadway at Ripplesdale with a severe attack of the disease. (May 19, 1903.)

So, too, at the meeting of the Sanitary Institute, held on February 7, 1903, at Manchester, Dr. E. Sergeant, Medical Officer of Health to the Lancashire County Council, reported that "The spread of smallpox to-day was owing most largely to the vagrant class," and he claimed that "these parasites should not be allowed to go about the country spreading disease, and it was very little to ask that they should be vaccinated," for it seems that under present legislation, while the parasite can require you to support him, you cannot require him to protect himself, much less you, against infectious disease! In a paper which he read before a later meeting of the same Institute, held at Bradford on July 8, Dr. Kaye, the Medical Officer to the West Riding County Council, stated that in 100 out of 138 towns which had suffered from smallpox of late the disease had been imported by tramps, and in some towns it had so been introduced again and again. As a result of the discussion which followed, it was resolved to request the Government to "take into consideration the necessity for legislation to deal more effectually with those resorting to common lodging-houses and workhouse tramp-wards as a constant and dangerous element in the propagation and dissemination of smallpox."

To the proposals already put forward in these pages I return, therefore, with increased conviction, not only of their practicableness, but of their urgency; with the gratifying assurance, moreover, that public opinion is rapidly recognising their reasonableness and inevitableness. Proceeding from the presupposition that the maintenance of vagrants at the public expense is contrary to sound economic law, to the common interest, and to commonsense, it was contended, as a foundation principle, that the status of vagrancy should be made in reality, what it is already in theory, illegal. That principle admitted, the task which remained would be less to do away with the vagrant than to make the vagrant do away with himself. I showed that to do this would entail no revolutionary changes of the law; on the contrary, it is only necessary to put into operation, seriously and systematically, the law as it at the present time exists. Already, in theory, the

law (by which must be understood the Vagrancy Act of 1824) regards as "idle and disorderly persons" all such people, being able wholly, or in part, to maintain themselves or their families by work or other means, who wilfully refuse or neglect so to do, by which refusal or neglect they, or their families, whom they may be legally bound to maintain, become chargeable to the public funds; also, any persons wandering abroad or placing themselves in public places, highways, courts, or passages, to beg or gather alms, or causing or procuring children so to do. For offences of this character imprisonment with labour up to one calendar month may be awarded. Moreover, the law also regards as "rogues and vagabonds" such persons wandering abroad, and lodging in any barn or outhouse, or in any deserted or unoccupied building, or in the open-air, or under a tent, or in any cart or wagon, not having any visible means of subsistence, and not giving a good account of themselves, and the punishment here may be imprisonment with labour up to three calendar months, or as long as twelve months on a second conviction. Set with sufficient care, there is here a net close enough to catch any and everyone of our birds of passage—the tramps—however old and experienced they may be. Here, however, the Poor Law comes in and nullifies the penal law both in theory and effect, for let a vagrant be as "idle and disorderly" as he likes by day, so long as he pursues his parasitic life undetected, at night he has only to present himself at the handiest Workhouse, and this anomalous piece of legislation certifies him to be a deserving citizen, and beds and boards him at the public expense.

And even about the enforcement of the penal provisions against the tramp, when his native wit and cunning fail him, and he is caught in the meshes of the law, there is an unreality and a frivolity which bring both the statute and its administrators into disrepute. Nine-tenths of the "idle and disorderly persons," of the "rogues and vagabonds," who come before the justices of the peace are hardened offenders, who know more about the county gaols of the country than the most experienced of Police Commissioners; yet the view which most commonly prevails in the petty sessions courts is that so long as the itinerant mendicant is sent on his way, and is thus got safely out of the district, expediency if not justice is satisfied. To be fair to our justices, it should be remembered that this blind-eyed administration of the law is no modern innovation. It is really only a survival of the ancient custom, to which many a musty parish record bears amusing witness, of harrying vagabonds from parish to parish—often after a rigorous application of the whip, but in any case after a blood-curdling warning from the local justice, duly followed by a special com-

mination from the parish constable on his own account—lest they should by any mischance fall upon poor funds to which they had no domiciliary claim. The result, however, is the same now as of old. The tramp takes his admonition, and, if need be, his punishment, with stoical indifference, and continues a tramp. The offence is condoned or corrected, as the case may be, but the offender knows that he is free to commit it again—at his peril, of course—directly the law has done with him, and that in the bathroom of the Casual Ward he may each evening purge the day's offences, and so begin anew on the morrow his career of licensed crime.

Clearly, measures of prevention rather than of regulation, or even punition, are the thing most needful, and here I would recapitulate the several steps which seem necessary if vagrancy is to abolish itself.

(1). In the first place, let us convert into indictable offences both vagrancy and loafing generally; for if we begin with the idler of the highway, we shall in fairness be compelled to deal with his kinsman of the street. In sympathy with this measure restrict the right of free migration in the case of the destitute unemployed to the extent of making it dependent on police permission to travel in search of work. (The man with money in his pocket is his own master all the world over.)

(2). Make severe, and what is more important, thereafter enforce, the laws against begging and penniless wandering.

(3). Abolish the Casual Ward as it as present exists. For it stands to reason that so long as we maintain free lodging-houses for the special reception of tramps it will be hopeless to repress vagrancy. The Casual Ward invites vagrants and creates them. If begging and all the rest of the offences by which the vagrant subsists are illegal, then the Casual Ward is the most flagitious of social institutions, for it openly encourages the men who live by crime.

But at these negative and repressive measures it will be impossible to stop. Their very operation would compel us to go further, for the tramp and the loafer having been hustled from their wonted haunts, they would either have to betake themselves to honest work, or they would promptly fall into the hands of the police. Here is seen the need for a new departure in our penal system such as has been made by other European countries. At present there exists no correctional institution in our midst suited to the peculiar case of the vagabond, whose radical fault is constitutional idleness. Discipline, enforced by all necessary use of compulsion, is his principal need; yet while the routine of the ordinary county gaol is too inelastic, the associations of the convict

prison are too hazardous. As I showed on a former occasion, Germany and Switzerland have found it advantageous to establish Workhouses true to their name, for the special treatment of social parasites of this kind, and while imitation in details may be neither possible nor desirable, the experience of the Berlin *Arbeitshaus* (Workhouse), and the Berne *Armenanstalt* (Poorhouse) throws valuable light upon both sides of the problem—on the one hand, the case of those hardened sinners upon whom indulgence is thrown away and, on the other hand, the case of the budding loafers who have not irrevocably chosen between the life of diligence and that of sloth. The Berlin establishment is intended for the former, the Berne establishment for the latter; each in its way has a record of splendid work to its credit; and there can be little doubt that similar institutions would, if tried, justify themselves in this country.

The possibilities of the Labour Colony, conducted by Boards of Guardians, have impressed many of the Poor Law reformers who have begun to occupy themselves with the tramp. I know both the work and the workers of the Labour Colonies of the Continent well, having visited some of them, and while agreeing that institutions of this kind—albeit with the addition of compulsory powers of detention, which the Continental Colonies do not possess—might do for first offenders, I am confident that a *régime* many degrees stricter and more methodical would be necessary before we could hope to make any impression upon the habitual vagabond. Here, however, we see the idea of coddling the tramp, even while we are trying to reform him, creeping in already in a new guise. These good people readily admit that discipline of some kind is necessary; but while they would restrain the tramp henceforth, it would be with cords of love. The poor fellow has been taught by the rude buffeting of the Workhouse to hate labour. Who would love work after he had for years been passing through the mill of the Casual Ward, which grinds the instinct of diligence and self-respect slowly, indeed, but exceeding small? This has been the hard experience of the tramp. The continual sight of heaps of stones and oakum, which he was expected to disintegrate according to their kind, by way of paying for his humble bed and board, has created in him a distaste for even more dignified kinds of labour, so that the very sight of a spade, a pick-axe, or a dirty apron gives him quite a turn. So the tramp's tender-hearted, ever-faithful sympathisers are arguing; he shall not be passed under draconian laws, if they can help it.

Seriously, is it not time to abandon this mischievous appeal to sentiment? It has been the bane of the Vagrancy Laws for

generations, and more than anything else is responsible for the present difficulties of the tramp problem in its several phases. Short of compulsion, the tramp will not work, and the hope of inducing him to take to a life of industry by placing him in an atmosphere of art and poetry, perfumes and texts, is to go counter to all the lessons of experience, and to utterly misunderstand the instincts of the tramp nature. Else how explain the notorious fact that wherever a Workhouse adopts a fairly severe labour test there the tramp cannot be persuaded to go; while, conversely, the easier the terms of admission—or, more truly, of exit—the fuller is the Casual Ward. I read in the daily Press at this very moment that "The new labour tests adopted by the Sleaford Guardians are answering very satisfactorily, and at the fortnightly meeting on Monday, the Master reported that during the past six months there had been a decrease of 250 vagrants at the Union." The fact that this official had also to complain of "dissatisfied vagrants," and "the breaking of windows and other Union property" by these irreconcilable visitors, only confirms the truth that vagrancy and hatred of work are convertible terms. But, if so, it follows that it is only by curing this unsocial aversion to exertion that the unsocial practice of vagabondage will cease to perplex and scandalise society, and to do that coercive measures of a very definite kind will have to be employed, let the repository of power be as it may. The treatment of the tramp must, of course, be humane—that it should be other is inconceivable in these days, when even the inmates of our prisons are assured a standard of life far beyond the reach and hope of thousands of the poor who help to maintain the prisons and the prisoners—but it must, none the less, be distinctly punitive and deterrent. It must not be desirable to be sent to a disciplinary establishment of this kind; a man must rather be willing to work voluntarily outside than to work compulsorily inside.[1]

Nevertheless, there is no reason why some modification of the Labour Colony should not serve for the milder class of loafers—the benignants as distinguished from the malignants, the novices of the fraternity, who are naïvely unconscious of any hereditary participation in the curse of Cain, yet have not actually graduated in crime—and to those who, like myself, entertain a high opinion of the value of this institution within its proper sphere of work it will be of interest to know at what cost, and by whose resources,

(1) Complaint was made by the Standing Joint Committee of the Lincolnshire magistrates a short time ago that mendicancy had increased a hundred per cent. on account of the superiority of the prison dietary. "The professional tramp (said one magistrate) was no fool, and he very much preferred in many instances to go to prison than to enter the casual wards of the workhouse."

the Labour Colonies of Germany are carried on. Analysing the annual returns of twenty-seven Labour Colonies in that country, I find that they were carried on at a gross cost of £58,300, for which sum nearly 6,000 colonists were dealt with. Towards this expenditure, £15,880 was raised in the form of subscriptions from members of Labour Colony Associations, and from collections and outside donations; £7,270 was contributed by the State, or the Provincial Governments of the various States in which the Colonies are situated, and £6,050 from district and local government authorities, making £13,320 received from public funds of various kinds. The balance was in large part made up by the proceeds of the Colonists' labour. It is noteworthy also that while the original expenditure incurred upon all these twenty-seven Colonies in the purchase of land and buildings and equipment (live and dead stock, structural extensions, and works connected with the development of the various estates, such as draining, walling, planting, &c.), was £108,000, the aggregate value of the real estate alone at the date of the report was put at £137,400, besides £32,810 for live and dead stock, a total of £170,210, representing an increment of £62,210, or a return of nearly 60 per cent. upon the first outlay. Against this capital value of £170,210, there were outstanding loans to the amount of £88,750, of which £48,950 had been advanced by the State or Communes, and £39,800 by private persons, the latter a figure which eloquently attests the public confidence which is felt in the Labour Colony movement in Germany, and in the permanence of its work.

But it may be asked: What part, then, may the Workhouse continue to play in our Poor Law system? In my opinion a part far more important than it has played in the past. For, when the tramp has been disposed of, there will remain the dependent and disabled poor and the *bona-fide* work-seeker, to the relief of whose needs it might, under improved conditions, be henceforth exclusively and more intelligently devoted. As, however, it would be no longer a Workhouse, even to the extent of its Casual Wards, it would be expedient from every standpoint to discard for ever the hard name which it now bears, and to return to the earlier and less repulsive name of Poorhouse. One need not be very old to be able to recall the time when the name Bastille ("Basty," with a long "y," was the popular distortion of the word in my own county), was the name by which the poorer classes universally expressed their horror of the Workhouse: so much of modern French history had reached their contracted minds. That ill-repute has to some extent been outlived, yet the evil that institutions as well as men do lives after them, and an intense prejudice against the Workhouse is still laudably common amongst the more deserv-

ing class of poor, and it will persist so long as the present name lasts, in spite of all that may be done to humanise our principles and methods of Poor Law administration. Poorhouses, of some sort, however, we shall need to have so long as we have poor; and when the stigma has been removed from honest poverty, there is no reason to believe that the deserving recipients of public relief would show the old sense of humiliation and dread when necessity decreed their passage through portals which would no longer be those of hopeless indignity but of honourable comfort.

Happily, the improvement of these institutions proceeds apace, and to my mind the best thing is to continue improving them until they are good enough to serve as asylums for the most deserving of our aged and infirm poor, and infinitely too good for the idle and worthless. The writer of the "Legal Poor of London" article in the *Times* of December, 1902, called attention to the ameliorative influences which are so actively working in the Metropolitan Workhouses, and, questioned whether too much was not being done for the inmates of these places :—

For "aged and deserving inmates" discipline is relaxed, the wards are made comfortable with carpets, window curtains, table covers, arm chairs, and the cheery day rooms are supplied with literature, while a certain amount of privacy is allowed. The dietary has been improved, the electric light established, and warmth and comfort prevail, the inmates having no care as to the provision of maintenance. It is not surprising that they "appear to appreciate" such attentions, nor is it matter for wonder that additions are made to their numbers. Nobody desires to see the poor, especially the aged poor, who are compelled to resort to the workhouse, treated otherwise than in a humane way; but sound views should prevail; and if we are to reckon the piling up of comforts in the workhouses as being "so much to the good in the organisation of the life of the otherwise destitute poor," we must be prepared to see thousands of ratepayers who are now less eligibly placed than the inmates of the workhouse, and whose burdens, in having to contribute to the maintenance of those inmates in greater comfort than themselves, are annually growing heavier, added to our present mass of indoor pauperism. Old age pauperism, encouraged by the altered conditions of the workhouses, has really become a serious question.

That is one aspect of the question certainly; but there is another. The really pertinent point is, are the conditions of life nowadays prevalent in the Workhouse in themselves too humane; do they go beyond the requirements of our modern civilisation? If not, there is no justification for holding the reforming hand. The right thing, surely, is to level up the conditions of life outside. Just as the admirable example set by so many public authorities in the treatment of their minor employees exerts a direct influence in the latter's favour upon private undertakers, so the standard of life insisted upon for the Workhouse, the Infirmary,

and the Asylum is bound to react upon the homes and habits of the independent labouring classes. If the workman who is taxed to keep the pauper in tolerable comfort does not enjoy at least equal conditions of existence himself, he will ask himself, and then others, the reason why. And who will blame him for so doing? Least of all the sociologist, who knows that no factor in the civilisation of society is more potent, none more irresistible, than the expansion of the view of life and the multiplication of rational needs.

The Workhouse having thus been metamorphosed alike in name and character, there might properly be established within its walls or precincts Night Shelters, offering free hospitality to every son of toil who cared to accept it while on the march to a home of his own. The present indiscriminate treatment of vagrants works injustice every way. It is unfair to the dissolute idler, whom it confirms in his sloth; it is monstrously unfair to the unwilling idler, whom it penalises for his misfortune. When society has done its duty to the tramp, it will not hesitate to recognise its responsibilities towards the genuine unemployed. It will do so not from motives of philanthropy alone, though it is a platitude to say that a society which professes to be based on Christian principles owes far more than it has ever paid or acknowledged to its workless members; it will do it also from considerations of social interest and well-being, recognising that it is the best charity and the truest economy to get an idle man's hands employed as soon as possible, the worst extravagance to allow him to remain unproductive a day longer than can be avoided. Labour is the first element in all wealth-creation, and an idle man, whether poor or rich, is in greater or less degree an unfailing source of national impoverishment; he is consuming without creating; some part of the economic machinery is standing still for want of his attention. The way in which, in these days of vaunted scientific method, we leave the vital matter of the interchange of labour to the working of blind chance is far from creditable. "Made in Germany" is a stale device, but they certainly manage these things better in the Bavarian part of the German Empire. Almost the whole of that kingdom is covered by a network of labour bureaux, all in telephonic communication with each other, and with a sort of industrial clearing-house in Munich. These offices exchange lists of work-givers and work-seekers every morning, and, thanks to this plan of interchange, supported by an efficient system of Relief Stations (*Herbergen*), much is done to bring work and workers together, and so to diminish the need for the latter to spend their time in purposeless idleness. The system is simplicity itself; it consists merely in the application of practical

common-sense to a practical business. Those who think that our English plan of leaving the labour market to adjust itself is preferable will do well to read the following story told by a working-man correspondent in the *Times* (February 14th, 1903) :—

Last summer some two hundred of us were given a week's notice, through slackness of work, by a powerful London company, and, although we all brought characters when we entered the company's service, we were informed on discharge that the company never gave references, and would not answer any letters with regard to our characters. Now, as everyone in London requires a personal character, unless we have influence at our back what chance have we for anything but casual work? One of the men, in despair of finding employment in London, left for the Lincolnshire potato harvest. He tells me that, not having money for all his journey, he walked down, and on several occasions had to put up at a casual ward, where he had to break 13cwt of stones in return for the shelter from the rain for the night. He says in some unions one has to lay on boards, with filthy rugs for bedclothes, and only dry bread to eat at meals. except at dinner, when you are allowed 1½ oz. of cheese. To avoid this organised charity he one night crept into a cart-shed. He was there found by the police, and by the goodness of the magistrates was sent on by train to Lincoln, and at the expense of the country provided with free board and lodge for fourteen days at the prison there. On being released he was fortunate enough to obtain work in the harvest fields, and being an all-round good worker followed up a threshing machine all the winter till now. This is only one case, due entirely to the fact that many large firms will not give characters to men on discharge.

To distinguish between the genuine work-seeker and the fraud would be no difficult task. All that would be necessary would be to require the former to authenticate himself by a certificate of recent origin, attested either by the police or by a recent responsible employer. On the strength of such a certificate, which a *bona-fide* applicant should have a right to demand, unless good reasons existed to the contrary, he might well be allowed to proceed on his journey, and be admitted to such public Night Shelters as happened to lie in his way. Vagabondage pure and simple would be a game no longer worth the candle. If the itinerant were an industrial malingerer the fact would speedily come to light, and with no Poor Law to fall back upon, the sure prospect of detention in either prison or reformatory would await him. Here I cannot do better than refer to the passport which is employed by the German Lodging-House Association (*Herbergsverein*), an organisation having ramifications all over the German Empire, since it is one of the best of the kind, and, as an illustration, it has the advantage that it is accepted by the police authorities of that country as an official document, the exhibition of which protects the possessor against the undesirable attentions of perambulating constables on the look-out for idle mendicants, which Germany at

least long ago ceased to regard as an indispensable element of society. It is a principle of the Association to regard as "without means," and therefore proper subjects for help, any workman who has no more than 3s. in his pocket, and is unable to find employment in the town where he happens to be located. Such a man is received to the full benefits of the Association without formality or fee, though if by reason of age, sickness, or physical infirmity of any kind, he should be unfit for the road, or for work, the services of the Poor Law authorities are enlisted on his behalf. A workless artisan or labourer, desirous of going in search of employment, can at once obtain a passport on proof given of his *bona-fides*, and so equipped, he is able to walk any necessary distance without cost to himself. An official of the local *Herberge*—and every town of importance possesses one at least—helps him to draw up his plan of route, which is so arranged that after five or six hours of moderate walking each day, he may land at the door of a hospitable Shelter, where food, lodging, and due care for his spiritual welfare await him. No superfluous *détours* are allowed; the route is chosen as direct as possible, and is only conditioned by the existence on the way of the necessary places of call. The rule followed is "Work in the forenoon, walk in the afternoon"; for though the entertainment offered is without money, it is not without price; the price being several hours of light employment, suited to the man's character and capacity, before the day's march begins; nevertheless, the task may be omitted where circumstances justify it. The wanderer may present himself at the Shelter as soon in the afternoon as he likes, but he must not turn up later than seven o'clock. On Sunday no work is required, but a religious service takes its place, though in the afternoon the men are sent on their way as on any other day. Many of these lodging-houses serve simultaneously as Labour Bureaux, or are associated with such agencies, in which case an attempt is made to provide work for the wandering workmen who are not particular as to their destination. Should suitable employment be offered, it must be accepted on pain of forfeiting claim to further help from the Association and its Shelters. Without a passport no one is admitted to a *Herberge*. This document is handed in immediately on arrival, and is retained until the owner's departure the following day. In the meantime, it is stamped in a place provided for the purpose with the date and the name of the station, and the name of the succeeding station is added in writing by way of direction to the wanderer. The personal data which are entered on the passport are certainly sufficient in number and detail to prevent abuse and fraud. Besides name, place, and date of birth, occupation, last place of work, and religious confession, they include the

man's height, the colour of his eyes and hair, and the shape of his face, and other notable traits can be added at the director's discretion.[1]

And now it remains only to ask how can this question be best got under weigh? That there exists a large and increasing body of expert and weighty opinion favourable to some effectual method of dealing with the tramp is proved by the free and earnest discussions, already spoken of, which have taken place in Poor Law circles, in medical and sanitary conferences, in the Press, and elsewhere. That is excellent, and also indispensable as a preparation, but the unofficial world will discuss and confer to all eternity unless and until the sympathy and the ear can be gained of the two Government Departments which share between them the privilege of watching over the welfare of the tramp, according as he is bond or free—the Home Office and the Local Government Board.[2] That either Department should naturally entertain a predisposition in favour of altering the law is too much to hope, so deeply rooted has become, in official circles, the conviction of administrative helplessness in the presence of this long-lived problem. This conviction was avowed with a candour perfectly naïve during the consideration of the Employment of Children Bill by the Standing Committee of the House of Commons on Trade last year. Sir John Gorst having moved an amendment to prohibit the employment of children in any occupation which required their being carried from place to place in such a manner as to prevent regular attendance at school, Mr. T. Cochrane, Under-Secretary of the Home Office, resisted it on behalf of his Department on the ground that "it was impossible to prevent children being carried about, whether as gipsies, vagrants, or anything else." Mr. J. G. Talbot surpassed this when, immediately afterwards, he seriously contended that to pass such a restriction would "penalise people on account of their occupation"—an astounding assertion of the right of the individual to do what he likes with his own. Just in proportion, however, to the inflexibility and immobility of mind

(1) At a meeting of the Sanitary Institute held in Manchester on February 7, 1903, Dr. Cameron, in proposing the establishment of a central bureau for disseminating information about infective tramps, with a view to checking the spread of smallpox, pleaded for a fuller description of vagrants calling at workhouses, and said: "Names are of comparatively little value. I think we ought to state the trade, height, build, complexion, colour of hair and eyes, kind and colour of beard and moustache, the style of dress, and, of course, any personal peculiarity, such as a broken nose, or the want of a front tooth." According to the published reports this very sensible suggestion was received with "laughter"! But why?

(2) Since this article was written the procedure here urged has in part been followed, since one of the Departments has been persuaded to institute a limited investigation on its own account.

which prevails in high official places, is the need to create an impression there more than anywhere else. We live in an era of Commissions and Inquiries, and the time is rife for a systematic investigation, under Government auspices, of the subject of vagrancy from all the standpoints which have here been briefly passed in review. In that way only shall we get to close quarters with the problem, and reach a vantage-ground from which reformative procedure may wisely and confidently start.

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

TIME'S ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE.

I.

PROLOGUE.—*The House of Commons at the end of the recent Session.*

MR. DESMOND. Oh! (*Loud Nationalist cheers.*)

COLONEL BARTRAM. The honourable member for North-West Kilkenny says, "Oh!" (*Loud Ministerial cheers.*) I do not think it is for the honourable member or his party to join with those who are throwing the taunt of "clericalism" at His Majesty's Government (*cheers*). We poor country gentlemen love the Church of England, but we allow no Church to terrorise our country as Ireland is terrorised (*cheers*). We do not rely on bigots——

MR. DESMOND. Bigots! No, you rely on Pigotts (*loud laughter and cheers*).

COLONEL BARTRAM (*adjusting his monocle: he is of the fierce and fashionable type, with brisk, grey moustaches*). I think the honourable gentleman and his party have sometimes relied on men whose character was little better than Pigott's ("*Hear, hear,*" *and* "*Order*"). Poor Pigott only blew out his own brains; there have been conspiracies to blow out other people's, and——

MR. DESMOND (*springing erect, his red hair flamboyant*). Mr Speaker, when England was ruled by gentlemen, it's the honourable member's brains or mine that would be blown out on Wimbledon Common for the lie he's spoken this day. (*Loud Nationalist cheers.*) The Colonel's safe enough nowadays, and he knows it——(*Loud cries of* "*Order, order.*").

COLONEL BARTRAM (*turning very red*). I've been in places before now which weren't so very safe, and the member for Kilkenny knows that. I won't allude to them, for fear of shocking him and the other friends of peace (*laughter*) who are the friends of every country but their own——

THE SPEAKER (*waking up*). Order, order.

COLONEL BARTRAM (*swinging his eye-glass furiously by the cord*). The friends of every country but their own——

MR. DESMOND (*roaring like a lion*). Every country but me own! But me own, if you please! I'm the friend of every country but the one that's eaten me own (*prolonged Nationalist cheering*). F'what is me country? Is England me country? Is that old cockleorum wid a glass eye me countryman? Is—

THE SPEAKER (*standing*). Order, order. Both honourable

members must resume their seats. The honourable member for North-West Kilkenny must withdraw the word "cockleorum," which was adjudged to be out of order when it was used by Mr. Gladstone in 1851. I must ask the honourable gentleman——

MR. DESMOND. He has insulted——

THE SPEAKER. Order, order. Gentlemen must resume their seats.

COLONEL BARTRAM. I only say——

THE SPEAKER. Order, order.

MR. DESMOND. I——

A VOICE (*very loud and very placid from the Strangers' Gallery*). While the sympathy of all Progressive Persons must be, upon the whole, with Mr. Desmond, yet surely a somewhat retrograde and bourgeois morality is implied in both the—— (*The House wakes up from a trance of startled stillness, and rises with a roar of "Order!" As it dies away, the Voice is heard calmly continuing.*) I have now an opportunity which I have long sought, of asking the Liberal Party what it really means by this sympathy for small nationalities——

COLONEL BARTRAM (*in a sort of agony*). Mr. Speaker—sir—really—some one appears to be addressing the House——

MR. DESMOND (*with a sudden cry, pointing to the crowded gallery*). I spy strangers!

THE VOICE. For, after all, what are small nationalities? To the man who has had the Vision of Humanity all nationalities are small nationalities! That which is less large than it could be is infinitely small! Tolstoy. . . . (*The whole House is on its feet; all faces are turned towards the Gallery to find the source of the voice. It is found at last to proceed from a large man, leaning on his elbows over the railing, and letting a grey, goat-like beard hang in mid-air. He has grey clothes that are almost white, and a red tie. He goes on talking with the loud simplicity of a good-natured man, mixing in a conversation.*) I concede to you, of course, that even Tolstoy would approve of the weak organism offering some resistance——

THE SPEAKER (*in a stentorian voice*). Strangers must withdraw!

THE MAN. But you, on the other hand, must, logically speaking, concede to me. . . . What's the matter? Have I to go?

INDIGNANT OFFICIAL. Strangers not allowed to speak. You might be locked up for this. Rule most stringent——

THE MAN. But Rules are merely relative. They are relative to a slow development. Modifications——

OFFICIAL. Out you go.

THE MAN. Relative! It's all relative! This staircase, when one comes to think of it, is awfully relative. (*He is forced away*

down the stairs. His voice comes faintly from the distance.) I suppose all this place is to be pulled down soon——

(*As he is ejected by the side door, a fiery-haired figure comes flying down the corridor. It is Mr. Desmond.*)

MR. DESMOND. Excuse me. Stop a minute. You must be quite mad. Do come and dine with me to-night. Restaurant over the way——

THE MAN (*blinking in some bewilderment*). Well, really, I——

MR. DESMOND. Thanks so much. Back in a minute. Want you to meet old Harry. (*Flashes into the House again.*)

THE MAN. (*He is a Dr. Paul, leader of the Dacotah Labour Party.*) I suppose it would be progressive to study this man. He is a type whom Tolstoy regards as necessary at a certain stage of the great cosmic development. As I was trying to explain in that room upstairs——

MR. DESMOND (*coming by like a thunderbolt*). Come along!

* * * * * * *

SCENE : *The Red Dragon Restaurant.*

Enter Patrick Desmond, M.P., and Dr. Paul, leader of the Labour Party in Dacotah, U.S.A.

MR. DESMOND. Let's sit down here, and keep a place for old Harry. He'll be in in a moment. What will you eat and drink? The wine's good here.

DR. PAUL. If it's not giving too much trouble, I should like a raw tomato and a glass of water.

MR. DESMOND. My God! The Simple Life!

DR. PAUL. I should think you, of all men, Mr. Desmond, ought to be at this moment well disposed towards the simple life. For the swaggering tyrant you have just been denouncing so splendidly is a pretty fair example of the complex life. His coat, his moustache, his eye-glass——

MR. DESMOND. He was a bit of a dandy.

DR. PAUL. He was a bit of a madman, Mr. Desmond. Those conventional people always make game of people like me by saying we are mad. Colonel Bartram would say I was mad because I dined on a raw tomato. He would say I was mad because I talked out of the gallery at the House of Commons. But it never occurs to him that it is I that am doing the obvious and natural things. It is he that is doing the wild and fanciful things. If anybody is mad, he is mad for taking a good tomato

and burning it like a damned soul. If anybody is mad, he is mad for listening to ten fools on one side of a wooden rail, and not to one sensible man on the other side of it. I merely take things as I find them : I eat what I see : I talk when I want to.

MR. DESMOND. I wish they had let you talk then.

DR. PAUL. I think I could have smashed your insulter, Mr. Desmond. Believe me. Those men of fashion always say they are afraid of me because I am mad. It is a lie. They are afraid of me because I am sane. They are afraid of me because my sanity exposes the lunacy of their conventional civilisation. Look at this ruffian Bartram. Everything about him is absurd. He wears a glass in one eye. To anybody with the smallest sense of decency and dignity, he might just as well wear a boot on one foot. He might just as well wear a trouser on one leg. He might just as well have one ear twice as big as the other. Every sane notion of the balance of the human form is violated by putting a round disc in one eye, and not in the other.

MR. DESMOND. You call up a wild vision of the Colonel in spectacles.

DR. PAUL. Spectacles are obviously more beautiful than an eye-glass. They are more decorative : more of a consistent pattern. But the artistic falsity of your tyrannical opponent is only a secondary symbol of his moral falsity.

MR. DESMOND. Ah!

DR. PAUL. Just as he did not see what is pictorially absurd, so he does not see what is morally absurd or what is politically absurd. How can a man who deliberately tries to make one eye bigger than the other believe in human equality? He does not see that it is ludicrous that one man should have ten houses. To healthy people, like you and me, it is as wild as that one man should have ten heads. It is a deformity. He does not see that it is wicked that a man should own other peoples' labour. To healthy people it seems like owning other peoples' legs. That well-dressed Colonel, Mr. Desmond, is the maniac, a bloody, dangerous maniac, like Nero, singing insane songs while Rome is burning.

MR. DESMOND (*laughing*). Dr. Paul, you denounce him with great vigour.

DR. PAUL. Mr. Desmond, you denounced him with great vigour. It was the whole-hearted fury and energy of your attack on Colonel Bartram which made me notice him in his particularly typical brutality and folly. You fixed on him these accusations. I merely develop them. To tell the truth, I am in a great difficulty, Mr. Desmond. I am half converted to Tolstoy's doctrine of absolute physical restraint and peace. I am half inclined to think that all war is wrong, even revolutionary war.

But, all the same, I don't know of any really satisfactory way of dealing with your enemy except guillotining him.

MR. DESMOND (*springing up*). Here's old Harry at last! Come in here! This is Dr. Paul.

(*Colonel Bartram comes in smiling, and very carefully deposits his silk hat and stick on the rack.*)

COLONEL BARTRAM. I am most happy to meet you, Doctor. Well, Paddy, my buck, what can one eat here to-night? Waiter! Is this curried mutton really all right?

WAITER. Quite excellent, sir. Subtle, sir.

COLONEL BARTRAM. Right! And the wine list, please.

DR. PAUL (*emerging from a breathless silence*). Mr. Desmond, what does this mean? Is it conspiracy?

MR. DESMOND. My dear chap, it's English politics.

The Red Dragon Restaurant. Two Months Later.

COLONEL BARTRAM, MR. PATRICK DESMOND, DR. PAUL.

THE COLONEL. Pat, this is a place for talking; we can't have fellows thinking here. What are you dreaming about?

MR. DESMOND. I was wondering why it is that we three get on so well together. You I've known for five months; Paul I've known for two. We all hate and detest each other's opinions upon every subject. I am an Irish Nationalist; I want an Irish Republic, and I want nothing else. Bartram, you are a genuine Tory—the only one there is. You have created rather a sensation in Imperial and Patriotic circles through the accident of your English birth; you have also been conspicuous among the modern nobility by possessing the manners of a gentleman. You are honourably isolated in loving the Church of England without seeing the humour of it. Paul here, on the other hand, is a fine New-Heaven-and-Earth Socialist, with no religion at all.

DR. PAUL. Pardon me, Desmond, pardon me. I am a member of a religion. I am the very humble follower of a very grand and vast religion, with awful pomps, with mysterious dogmas. Its lamps are the stars, and its priests are the people. It is the first and the last of religions. I founded it.

MR. DESMOND. All right—I give in. I belong to the Catholic Church. It founded me. But what I want to know is why, when all these differences exist, we have gone on dining with each other every two or three days ever since the first day we met? Why is it?

THE COLONEL. I don't know, unless it is that we are probably the three most violent and unreasonable people for ten miles round.

DR. PAUL. Pardon me again. I think in that last speech, Colonel, you betray one of the besetting errors of the English mind. You say we are violent and unreasonable. We are violent: we are not unreasonable. We are violent because we are not unreasonable. Men with extreme opinions are always men with clear heads and rational positions. Men with clear heads and rational positions are always men with extreme opinions. Reasonable people are *always* violent.

THE COLONEL. Paul, you talk for effect.

DR. PAUL. What on earth else should a man talk for? But if you mean that I'm not sincere, you're mistaken. I repeat, reasonable people are *always* violent. Take me, for instance. I think it's wicked to kill and eat animals; therefore I am a vegetarian, and am eating this very bad onion. That view may be right or wrong, but it is violent, and it is reasonable—that is, coherent and tenable. The butcher who brains an ox is also violent and also reasonable. But the person who precisely is unreasonable is the ordinary sensible matron, who likes veal cutlets but hates butcher's shops.

MR. DESMOND. Let's have some more Burgundy, Bartram.

DR. PAUL. You remind me of another simple case. Not drinking wine is violent and reasonable. Drinking wine is also reasonable—and occasionally violent. But the unreasonable view again, is that of the sensible matron. She is shocked if her husband does not have his sherry. And she is shocked if he goes into a public-house. In other words, she's mad.

MR. DESMOND. Just like Bartram, who approves of patriotism, and then is mad enough to disapprove of Fenians.

THE COLONEL. With manly firmness, I suppress a blasting repartee. We're not discussing Ireland. But I think there's a good deal in what Paul says. People do seem nowadays to appear quaint merely because they are consistent. I only know that I am hated and despised and howled at by all the Tories—because I am still a Tory.

MR. DESMOND. And yet, as I say, here we come day after day, and the more we see of each other the better we are pleased. The whole world exists now only to provide us with topics of conversation. Cities are burnt, just as peas are boiled, merely to garnish this table. Things happen merely to be our savouries.

THE COLONEL. If that is so, our cooks lately have been confoundedly idle. Nothing has happened. Port Arthur has not fallen—nor Prince Arthur either.

MR. DESMOND. Why the devil should anybody have thought they would? Colonel, do you know what is the matter with the English?

THE COLONEL. Yes; the Irish.

Mr. Desmond. You have suddenly remembered that repartee. But I will tell you what is the matter with the modern English, or, at any rate, the modern Londoners. They have forgotten what a fight is. And the proof of it is this: that they always expect the man against whom fortune has gone for a little, to help fortune by giving in. They are always astonished at anybody holding out against the fortunate. God soak their silly souls; they can't see that a fight, a real fight, is only fought in order to see which *is* the fortunate man. They talk about fights between weak nations and strong nations; they can't see that a fight only happens because neither party knows which is the weak nation and which is the strong nation. They talk about a conflict between a new people and an old people—they can't see that it depends on the conflict which is old or new, which is dying or being born. They are always dividing the spoil before the battle. They are always forgetting that all war arises from a doubt, that all heroism is based on a divine ignorance.

Dr. Paul. Has this rhapsody anything to do with either of the two subjects to which you first alluded? I mean the subject of Mr. Balfour's Government and the subject of the Russo-Japanese war?

Mr. Desmond. Yes, it has heaps to do with both. What I say is, that you prove that you have forgotten fighting by the fact that you have forgotten that the defeated fight. Yes, Bartram, my joy, just as you can produce an epigram from your sleeve at any moment, I can produce a live bull. The defeated always fight well—and especially if they are not really defeated.

The Colonel. And the application. . . .?

Mr. Desmond. All the Opposition papers kept on piling by-election on by-election to show that Balfour and his clique were crumbling to their end. I do not mind their saying that. But they expect Balfour to crumble to please them. How on earth can it have happened that anybody thought that Balfour would resign office? Why should he resign, unless you could make him? You are astounded at him, just as you are astounded at Kuropatkin. You are astounded because you cannot apparently understand that people do not assist their enemies to conquer them. You cannot understand that brave men resist a strong opponent more than a weak one. I hate Arthur Balfour in one sense, because he is the enemy of my country. But I don't think you have gone at all the right way to work in denouncing him. You cannot grasp him, because he is fighting a losing battle. So is Kuropatkin fighting a losing battle. And in your muddy souls you can't see that the one perfectly divine thing, the one glimpse of God's paradise given on earth, is to fight a losing battle —and not lose it.

THE COLONEL. Are you a pro-Russian?

MR. DESMOND. I am a European; I believe Europe exists. I also believe Asia exists, and I can quite easily imagine it becoming a great nuisance again. It used to be said of us, "England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity." It is even truer to say, "Europe's extremity is Asia's opportunity." A thousand years ago Europeans were sick with the wisdom of this world. They pored over small decorative arts and erotic poetry and little fantastic philosophies. Then they looked up and saw the yellow face of Attila. At this moment Europe is again sick with the wisdom of this world. We are poring over small decorative arts and erotic poetry and little fantastic philosophies. And we look up and see Yellow Face again—like a ghost, grinning.

THE COLONEL. Oh, you're a European, are you? Does it hurt?

MR. DESMOND. Yes, like all living things. You see Ireland is in Europe. It is more in Europe than England is, because we have the European religion. But it wasn't about the merits of Japan and Russia that I was talking. What I wanted to draw your attention to was this: that you will always prejudge the practical issue of struggles by talking your tomfool's jargon about "coming nations" and "progressive nations," and things that are "inevitable" and things that are "go-ahead." You said that the Japanese were in many ways lucky, and the Russians in many ways unlucky, and you wondered at the Russians being such an unconscionable long time dying, like Charles II. Every man is an unconscionable long time dying, because he doesn't want to die. And a good many men (to use another Irish bull, possibly the highest form of philosophical statement), a good many men are an unconscionable long time dying and don't die. Don't you remember how we were confronted in England with precisely the same idiotic wonder and impatience over the Boer war? You won't remember it, though, Bartram, for you were in South Africa, and knew what war was. But in the first week of the war we were told that the Boers were deserting by thousands. If the owls who said it had really fished in their own stupid minds——

COLONEL BARTRAM. Come, come.

MR. DESMOND. In their own stupid minds, they would have found that what they really meant was something like this: "I cannot believe that we have really encountered such hearty resistance or such heavy defeat, because surely the Boers must know that we are a powerful and progressive race, upon whose brow is the star of success." Which, being reduced to a neat logical form, stands as something like this: "It is very unlucky that we are so unlucky when we are so lucky."

THE COLONEL. Well, that's no worse than an Irish bull. It's the English type of the quadruped.

MR. DESMOND. No, I don't think so. We Irish are logical in our bulls, in so far as we own that they are bulls. An Irish bull is almost exactly like a Catholic dogma. That is to say, it is the truth told in terms of contradiction or paradox. The Church would rather say, "God is limited, but unlimited," and have the sense of having said what she means, than say something more consistent, which is not what she means. So we Irish would rather say, "The country is overrun with absentee landlords," than say something less absurd—and less true. "The country is overrun with absentee landlords" is a truth which we confess to be above words. It is a sacred mystery.

THE COLONEL. That's really rather amusing. You think there is a good deal of resemblance between an Irish bull and a Papal Bull.

MR. DESMOND. Yes. Both bulls have two horns—the horns of a dilemma. Will you speak wisdom foolishly, like the saints, or will you speak folly wisely, like the Rationalists? *Now*, one of these mysterious truths that seem to contradict themselves is this. When you go into battle you must *not* be certain of your own victory. Because, if you do, you will begin by being comfortable and end by being cowardly. And any run of luck against you, just sufficient to break your belief in your own omnipotence, will break you altogether. I am sorry to see that the Liberals are beginning to talk about the "flowing tide" being against Chamberlain, just as the Jingoes a few years ago talked about "the flowing tide" being for Chamberlain. What the devil is "the flowing tide"? Our whole object is, or ought to be, to make men feel themselves free men, thinkers, critics of public affairs. And then we talk about them as if they were something dead and drifting, and compare them to the silly old sea. Or we talk about "the swing of the pendulum," which is worse, for clocks aren't even beautiful. Are men forced to go up and down like the sea? Are men all short at 9 a.m., and all tall at 9 p.m.?

THE COLONEL. I don't agree with you about Japan. I think the Japs are at bay, fighting the tentacles of a huge tyranny. But I do agree with you about the Liberals and Conservatives. Balfour will win. He may not beat the Rads. But he'll beat Joe.

DR. PAUL. Isn't he too speculative and sceptical?

THE COLONEL. Don't you believe that foolish rot. Arthur Balfour is a far better fighter than Joe Chamberlain. He's a far better fighter, for the excellent reason that Desmond gave—that he can fight for a falling cause. He can fight a rearguard action—the one test of soldiers. Chamberlain is splendid when he has everything with him. He is a man of hot, theatrical temper, and, I think, a man of much warmer sympathies than people generally suppose. Give him trumpets, and a mob behind him, give him the sense of being on the crest of the wave, and he is a great

fighter. That is why he was so untiringly brilliant throughout the debates of the second Home Rule Bill, because he and everybody could feel the English people gathering more and more for the great election that shattered Gladstonianism to pieces. He could feel the coming of Imperialism. But look at Balfour. He is untiringly brilliant throughout the gradual decay of that Imperialism. He can stand alone, with all the swords at him, yet no one can get past his guard. The Liberals are always at him in their newspapers, saying that he only splits hairs, that he only makes unreal distinctions and long-winded explanations full of a barren subtlety. I seem to remember all that being said about Gladstone. Generally by me.

MR. DESMOND. Yes, Chamberlain will fail, I fancy. He thinks too much about success.

THE COLONEL. Of course, there's no knowing what will happen in the long run. I think Chamberlain will fail; but that doesn't mean that Protection will fail.

MR. DESMOND. Quite so. Just in the same way the fact that Gladstone is dead does not by any means indicate that Home Rule is dead.

THE COLONEL. Patrick, you are provocative. Why do you Irishmen always trail your coats?

MR. DESMOND. Something to do with the religion, I think. Have you ever noticed that Catholic nations generally charge in a battle, and Protestant nations stand fast? But go on.

THE COLONEL. As I was saying, the defeat of Chamberlain is one thing: the defeat of Protection quite another. There were Protectionists *ante Agamemnona*, and I was one of them. I believe that we shall come back to Protection; but then, I think we shall come back to it in a general return to the old life of England—sweet, sane, orderly, human—in a word, Tory. That England which I look forward to will protect corn, because it will love the life of the corn-fields. It will not be so very fond as we are of big cities and belching smoke and special editions of the *Star* and *Evening News*. And between ourselves, my friends, I admit that it will not be so very fond of political bagmen with orchids and single eyeglasses.

MR. DESMOND. You can't talk about single eyeglasses; you glare through yours like a devil. It was the first thing that horrified Paul about your character.

DR. PAUL. I confess it was. But I've since found the Colonel has something else as well as a single eyeglass.

MR. DESMOND. What do you mean?

DR. PAUL. A single eye.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BELTED GIANT OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

JUPITER'S enormous size, exceeding that of all the other planets together, and broad double bands girdling his huge frame, justly entitle him to the distinction of the Belted Giant of our system. He is the first of a new order of worlds whose chief characteristics are great bulk and slight density. For, while the four inner and lesser planets, among which the Earth ranks third in order of distance from the Sun, have reached the cooled-down, solidified condition, the four outer ones—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune—present the appearance of being yet in the early, chaotic stage of their cosmical existence. Jupiter, indeed, seems to be about midway between the solar and terrestrial stages.

No heavenly body that adorns our evening sky, except the Moon and, at times, Venus, can compare in glowing splendour with this magnificent orb, whose diameter is eleven times greater than the Earth's. It is within view for months together, and for some part of every year, shining with an intensity of light which at the maximum brightness casts shadows in a darkened room. Even in clear sunlight Jupiter has often been seen with the naked eye.

On the 18th of October, 1904, Jupiter will culminate in his brilliancy, for he is then in "Opposition," that is, in the opposite quarter of the heavens from the Sun, with the Earth in a straight line between the two. This exceptionally favourable position for observation recurs once only in twelve years. For many long nights he will present to us his full, round face, suffused with a radiance fifty per cent. brighter than he shows when he is in the spring Opposition. His place in the heavens will be in the constellation Pisces (close to the boundary of Aries), and he will remain above the horizon the whole night from sunset to sunrise. So rare an opportunity for minutely scrutinising the giant's features will not be lost. Astronomers in every country, equipped with the best optical instruments mechanical skill has constructed, will interrogate the sun-like planet as to his physical constitution and condition. It may reasonably be hoped that they will succeed in unravelling the mystery which still shrouds the peculiar feature called the "Great Red Spot," a phenomenon that for years has been the wonder of the astronomical world. For the questions: Is it a permanent structure resting upon a solid foundation? or is it a floating mass of semi-fluid matter held together by some, as yet, unrecognised force? still remain unanswered.

The first time the student of the heavens directs his telescope

towards Jupiter his attention is at once arrested by the two dusky bands which stretch across the disc—one on either side of the equator. They are the broad streamers which had suggested to the mind of Sir William Herschel the idea of Jovian trade winds, in the raising of which the deficient power of the Sun acting at so great a distance was supposed to be compensated by the marvellous rapidity with which the planet swings round on its axis. The belts stand out conspicuously from a background of a yellowish tint. On looking more closely a shifting or flickering movement seems to run through their entire length. But this appearance is in all probability due to vibrations in our own atmosphere, for even on the most tranquil nights it is never wholly free from movement. These wavy pulsations of the air are among the worst plagues that afflict the observer; and the greater the magnifying power of the telescope the more helpless it is to cope with the trouble; and no mechanical skill avails to neutralise the effect. For this reason elevated sites have in recent years been chosen for observatories. A notable instance is the Lick Observatory, built by the late Mr. James Lick, on the summit of one of the three peaks of Mount Hamilton, California. It stands at an elevation of 4,200 feet above the level of the sea, in a climate where for one-half the year an unbroken serenity prevails. At a still greater altitude, Mr. W. H. Pickering, of Harvard, established, in 1891, an observatory at Arequipa, on the slope of the Andes, 8,000 feet above sea-level. Here the barometer is almost absolutely steady, seldom indeed is any variation recorded; the "seeing," therefore, is of extraordinary excellence, and encourages the belief that our knowledge of the Jovian system will be greatly enriched during the present opposition. Certainly, with their inestimable advantages of air and instruments, American astronomers can look forward with confidence to a brilliant future.

At present we see large spaces of the planet's surface overspread with various colours, as chocolate-brown and rosy-pink. Occasionally points of sparkling white flash into view and disappear with the suddenness of an electric wave. Glancing towards either pole, where comparative quiescence reigns, the varying tints merge in greyish-blue. But the observer is seldom left for long in calm contemplation of the beautiful shades of colour. Suddenly there will spring into view signs of violent agitation, movements which for a time convulse the glowing surface of the globe. The series of narrow stripes which lie on either side of the belts break up, become notched and throw out luminous festoons, of a character such as a comet exhibits in perihelion, when its path brings it near to the Sun. Again will burst forth an enormous mass of matter, "some tumultuous cloud, Instinct with fire and niter,"

impelled forward with a velocity estimated in one instance of 250 miles an hour—a speed almost three times greater than that of the fiercest hurricane that ever in human experience raged over the surface of the Earth. Now a luminous wave settles upon a vast expanse, as if brooding over the waters of the great deep. The scene is impressive, and the student musing in wondering awe, asks, Whence come these marvellous manifestations, these violent outbursts of energy? Can it be that this is indeed a world in the making, where chaos yet reigns over a globe destined in the fulness of time to become the abode of organised life? Thoughts such as these flit across the mind while viewing Jupiter's troubled surface, and have probably done so ever since Galileo's telescope disclosed to a doubting world the wondrous arrangement of the Jovian system.

It was a memorable day in the history of human progress when, on the 8th of January, 1610, Galileo, having completed the construction of the first telescope, directed it towards Jupiter. His gaze of mute astonishment can well be imagined. But in all things he was thoroughly practical, and lost no time in fixing the place of the planet. Close by he noticed three bright stars which he had never seen before. Thinking they were fixed stars he took note of their positions that he might be able to determine how far Jupiter had moved from the time of one observation to another. The next night they were still in the field of view of his telescope, but, strangely, their positions were changed; they had evidently moved. Somewhat puzzled, he waited enlightenment until the next and following nights. Again the three stars had changed their places, and lo! a fourth came into view. There now broke upon his mental vision a new revelation: they were moons revolving about their primary, just as our Moon does about the Earth. Here was unfolded before his wondering eyes a new system of worlds, a miniature representation of that which Copernicus had indicated as the arrangement of the solar system. A few more observations on cloudless nights converted his belief into a certainty. Thus had he extended the boundary of human knowledge. Intelligence of the discovery soon spread over Europe, and all eyes were turned towards the Florentine philosopher whose glass of magic power had revealed to him new worlds, invisible to less favoured mortals. Justly proud of his achievement, Galileo named Jupiter's satellites the Medicean Stars, in honour of his patron, Cosmo de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and to each of the celestial troop he gave the name of some member of the Duke's family.[1] The honour of having one's name associated with

(1) At a later period the classical appellations of Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Calypso were substituted. Now, however, they are usually spoken of by number, as, 1. (the nearest to Jupiter), and so on, in order of distance from their primary.

the heavenly bodies touched the vanity of those in high places. The Court of France, falling under the spell, sent an urgent request to Galileo to award celestial honours to Henry IV., telling him at the same time that compliance therewith would render himself and family rich and powerful for ever. Unhappily for Galileo, his fame among the learned of the time was short-lived. He was soon made to feel that he had disturbed deeply-rooted prejudices resting upon conceptions of the arrangement of the heavenly bodies as received from ancient authority. The objectors denied the discoveries, and distrusted the man who dared to break away from the teaching of Ptolemy and of Aristotle. At best what else could he be than a dreamer of dreams, who pretended that in the silent watches of the night things astral had been revealed to him which no human eye had ever seen? Signor Libri, a professor of mathematics at Pisa, stubbornly refused to look at the planet through Galileo's telescope, and laboured with arguments drawn from the schools against the existence of other celestial objects than those which had always been recognised, and which were visible to the eyes.

An equally stubborn opponent was one Signor Sizzi, esteemed to be learned in the sciences. The following specimen will serve to show the kind of reasoning with which Galileo had to contend, and which occasionally provoked his hilarity almost beyond control. Sizzi directed his argument against the assumption that Jupiter can possibly have satellites, or that there can be more than seven planets, including the Sun and Moon; his method is analogical. "There are," he says, "seven windows given to animals in the domicile of the head, through which the air is admitted to the tabernacle of the body, to enlighten, to warm, and to nourish it; which windows are the principal parts of the microcosm, or little world—two nostrils, two eyes, two ears, and one mouth—so that, in the heavens, as in a macrocosm, or great world, there are two favourable stars, Jupiter and Venus; two unpropitious, Mars and Saturn; two luminaries, the Sun and Moon; and Mercury alone undecided and indifferent. From which and many other phenomena of nature, such as the seven metals, &c., which it were tedious to enumerate, we gather that the number of planets is necessarily seven. Moreover, the satellites [of Jupiter] are invisible to the naked eye, and therefore can exercise no influence over the Earth, and therefore would be useless, and therefore do not exist." Puerile reasoning such as this is characteristic of the vanishing delusions of a dark age.

Another disputant, less obdurate, made bold to examine the telescope, and, yielding to the prompting of curiosity, pointed it towards Jupiter. Under the guidance of Galileo he soon found the

satellites, occupying the very positions the great discoverer had indicated. Full of astonishment, he confessed that his doubts were removed, and openly declared that Galileo was no vain dreamer. Day by day additional evidence, adduced from the eclipses of Jupiter's moons and from the varying phases of Venus, visible to those who cared to view the phenomena through the telescope, helped to swell the testimony which the instrument bore to the truth of the Copernican theory, namely, that the Sun, and not the Earth, was the centre of the system. Still, there were those who clung tenaciously to the old belief—because it was old and bore the sanction of authority. They would not have the Earth lightly dethroned from her high estate as the centre of the universe—as the one fixed, immovable world, around which Sun, Moon, and the whole galaxy of stars revolved for the sole behoof of mankind. But their feeble efforts, representing a phase in the natural world, gradually faded away in presence of the dawning light of a new era.

From this stage onwards the triumphs of astronomy have been truly marvellous. It will help us to form an idea of Jupiter's tremendous magnitude and movements if, taking the results of the latest observations, we compare him with the Earth.

A low magnifying power brings out the planet's broad, somewhat oval, face. Its equatorial diameter is about 88,200 miles, and its polar diameter 83,000 miles; hence the elongation of the disc in the direction of the equator by one-seventeenth. In the case of the Earth the difference between the two measurements is very much less, the polar compression amounting to only one three-hundredth. In other words, while the Earth's equatorial diameter stands at 7,926 miles, the polar diameter is 7,899 miles. Jupiter's mean circumference, then, is about 270,000 miles, a measure in linear extent 30,000 miles greater than the distance which separates the Moon from the Earth. The distance of the great globe from the Sun varies considerably. At one part of its orbit it is twenty-one million miles farther away from the central orb than at another, the mean distance being 483 millions of miles. Jupiter is therefore upwards of five times farther removed from the source of light and heat than we are. In this remote region there can reach his surface only about one twenty-seventh of the quantity of light which falls upon the Earth.

One of the most remarkable of Jupiter's characteristics is the amazing velocity with which he wheels round on his axis. Though nearly 1,300 times as big as the Earth (but only 310 times as heavy), he completes one revolution in every 9 hours 55½ min., that is, at the terrific rate of 28,000 miles an hour. In striking contrast to this giddy whirl is the leisurely progress he makes along

his annual path round the Sun. To the Earth's eighteen miles Jupiter travels only eight miles, and occupies nearly twelve of our years (10,455 of his days) in completing the circuit. And the position of his poles differs considerably from the Earth's: his axis is very nearly vertical to the plane of his orbit, or path along which he moves. This implies that practically there can be no change of seasons on Jupiter, no alternating periods of summer and winter merging from one season to another as upon the Earth. Equally incongruent with our notions of a well-ordered world is Jupiter's density. It is only one-quarter the density of the Earth, or about one-third greater than that of water. Were a denizen of Earth to be wafted away to Jupiter and attempt to set foot upon its surface he would, like Milton's Satan crossing the domain of Chaos, "plumb down ten thousand fathom deep." The force of gravity upon Jupiter's surface is greater than upon the Earth in the ratio of 2·65 to 100, so that one hundred pounds weight on the Earth would on Jupiter weigh 265 pounds.

In the hope of gaining fuller knowledge of Jupiter's physical condition observers have in recent years given particular attention to the movements which are continually agitating the central parts of the planet's surface. Mr. W. F. Denning, at Bristol, reports that he has seen some curious transformations on the south equatorial belt under magnifying powers of 50 and 500. With the lower power it forms a very dark narrow streak, but with the higher power of 500 the band was *broken up into masses of flocculent materials*, covering an extensive track. This latter observation seems to indicate a meteoric constitution of Jupiter's belts, similar to that which Clerk-Maxwell, in 1860, showed, theoretically, to be the constitution of Saturn's rings, and which in 1895 the spectroscope, in the hands of Professor Keeler, proved to be so.

Perhaps nothing reveals more clearly the great planet's loosely-compacted condition than the appearance it presents when passing over the face of a star. Astronomers in both hemispheres have narrowly watched Jupiter's occultation of fixed stars. Mr. J. Turner, in April, 1879, using the great reflector telescope at the Melbourne Observatory, witnessed an occultation by Jupiter of the star 64 Aquarii. This far-off point of light would have been quenched at the moment of contact had the planet been a uniformly solid body. Instead of this happening the star disappeared gradually, and for ten seconds was dimly seen as a lurid speck of light. Finally, the star emerged from the occultation three minutes before the calculated time. The same occultation was observed by Mr. E. J. White, who says that the star all at once appeared as if seen through a mist, or haze, and entirely projected on the planet's limb. A similar phenomenon was ob-

served in April, 1883, by Professor E. C. Pickering, of Harvard, Briefly, his remarks are to the effect that during two minutes before the star's final extinction it appeared and disappeared without obvious cause.

From these and other observations of a like character it is evident that the outer part of Jupiter's enormous mass is partially transparent, with here and there regions of greater opacity. Taking account of the time during which the star occulted by Jupiter remained visible after actual contact, the late Mr. Ranyard deduced a depth of turbid atmosphere of from 790 to 890 miles.

That chaos reigns in the Jovian world is rendered still more probable by the unequal rates of rotation observed on different parts of the planet's surface. On the central zone, for instance, rotary movement is more rapid than on the regions outside to an extent that shortens the day at the equator compared with that at the regions to the north and south by five minutes and twenty seconds. Among the theories put forward to account for the planet's anomalous surface movements that of Professor Bredichin is noteworthy. This distinguished astronomer of Moscow finds the cause in the planet's physical contour. He assumes that the Great Spot already mentioned rests upon, and is itself a part of, a solid, or comparatively solid nucleus; and in Jupiter's great equatorial bulging he sees evidence of an extensive mountainous region which, on the north side, falls away gradually, and abruptly on the south side. The difference of level thus created between the two tropical regions will necessarily give rise to a corresponding difference in temperature; the air of the southern zone with its abrupt downward slope will be considerably hotter than the air of the northern zone. And as with increased heat comes increased expansive force, he considers that the interaction which must go on between the vapours of the two hemispheres affords a satisfactory explanation of the irregular movements which are continually sweeping over the planet's surface. His reasoning is plausible, but it hardly accords with the evidence of an atmosphere hundreds of miles deep obtained from Jupiter's occultation of fixed stars. Viewed in the light of present knowledge the ingenious hypothesis is untenable. Possibly the disturbances, sometimes amounting to violent commotion, may be due to the action of interior electric forces irrupting into the higher reaches of the planet's atmosphere.

Some observers have thought that they could detect in Jupiter's luminous surface evidence of the emission of independent rays of light. Considering his chaotic condition, it seems not improbable that he may give off a small amount of inherent light—rather fitful than constant. Zöllner's photometric tests show that Jupiter re-

flects a larger proportion of the Sun's rays falling upon his surface than any other of the planets. His albedo stands at 62 per cent.; he gives back thrice the amount reflected by Mars, and 12 per cent. more than is reflected by Venus. The reflection of nearly 70 per cent. of the Sun's rays impinging upon it might well suggest some original reinforcement. Sir William Huggins and Dr. Vogel, using the spectroscope, testify to the presence in Jupiter's atmosphere of the absorbed solar rays, also of the vapour of water, of mineral and metallic elements, and others of an unknown origin, or such as have not yet been identified. Among the latter is one—a strong band in the red—which agrees in position with a dark line in the spectra of some ruddy stars. Altogether, spectrum analysis gives little countenance to the supposition of any considerable permanent light emission from Jupiter. There are, however, regions in his atmosphere where auroral clouds are occasionally seen, and these may well be the product of inflamed gases irrupting into the overlying strata.

But interest in the planet's marvellous display of glowing colour and interior energy gave place to the superior attractions of the Great Red Spot, which came vividly into sight in 1878. It is certainly the most puzzling spectacle Jupiter has ever presented to our eyes. It is situated near the southern edge of the south belt in latitude 30°. Its size is enormous; its measured dimensions of 13″ by 3″ at the distance of Jupiter imply an actual extension in longitude of 30,000 miles, in latitude of about 7,000 miles, thus covering an area of about 200 millions of miles—a space greater than the entire surface of the Earth. It has no history of its own; it seems unlikely that it existed a hundred years ago, for neither Herschel nor Schröter makes the barest allusion to any appearance of the kind, and each of these illustrious astronomers minutely examined with powerful instruments the face of the planets during the closing years of the eighteenth century. The vague references of earlier observers, as Hooke and Cassini, to peculiar surface markings on Jupiter have no value in the sense of indicating the existence of this feature. The earliest record of its appearance seems to be by Professor Pritchett, of the Morrison Observatory, Glasgow, Missouri, who on the 9th of July, 1878, figured and described it. In August of the same year Wilhelm Tempel, at Florence, attracted by the wonderful spectacle, attentively observed it, and gave to the astronomical world a very interesting delineation of its colour, form, and position. By the following year it had deepened in colour to a bright brick-red. Public interest was now awakened, and almost every possessor of a telescope eagerly scanned, night by night, the face of the planet in the hope of catching a glimpse of the "Great Red

Spot." Suddenly, as if to call attention to the cyclopean operations going on in the Jovian world, a brilliant aureola of white light appeared encircling the Spot, and continued shining most vividly during the three ensuing years. Close observation of the rotary movements of these objects brought out the fact that they circulated at different rates : that the spot occupied 9 hours 55min. 36sec. in completing one revolution, while the white light returned to the starting-point in five and a half minutes less time. They served well to illustrate the varying rates of movement observed in recent years of different objects on Jupiter's surface.

On the planet's return to opposition in 1882, the Spot had faded so considerably that it was not expected to last much longer. Mr. Denning, indeed, twenty years ago reported to the Royal Astronomical Society that it had become "a mere skeleton of its former self." But it seems to have periods of decadence and revival; at one time it will shine out, clear and distinct, for months together, then will gradually fade away until it loses its ruddy hue, and becomes barely perceptible, as if obscured by cloudy vapours. Through all these vicissitudes, however, it preserves an oval form, and, still more remarkable, the equatorial streamers, when they reach the Spot, curve away from it and pass below, as shown in Mr. Denning's excellent drawings. It is now very faint, and seems as if it would by and by disappeâr altogether, though its absolute end may still be remote.

Many conjectures have been hazarded to account for its origin and nature. But none presents itself more forcibly to the mind than that which analogy with our own Earth suggests. One's thoughts are wafted backward to remote geological periods when the pent-up forces of our globe rent open the outer crust and gave us the crater formations of to-day. Certainly the continuous existence of the Spot in the midst of flying streamers which bend away from it indicates something of solidity, something capable of offering resistance to the impact of lighter materials. That it is fed and sustained in position from below seems in every way probable. Mathematical considerations based on the figures of equilibrium of rotating liquid masses show that the central portion of Jupiter is considerably denser than the outer regions, and to a much greater extent than is the case with the Earth. But to eyes responsive to the suggestions of imagination the general aspect the Spot presents is that of an immense volcano, out of which Jupiter's youngest offspring (the fifth moon) has been ejected. Here, however, the physicist bids us be wary of the suggestions of the imagination, be they never so alluring. He points out that by a law of mechanics a product of irruption from a globe in empty space will either return to the source from which it was ejected,

or else travel round the Sun in an independent orbit, the amount of the projectile force determining the path. And yet, in respect to the birth of our own Moon, we have the authority of Professor G. H. Darwin for the belief that it is the veritable offspring of the Earth. The Moon had its origin in the days when Earth was young; when, as a plastic globe revolving on its axis with a giddy whirl comparable to that of Jupiter, it attained a velocity which, if quickened by a second, would cause it to fly asunder. Unrecognised gravitational influences arising out of solar tidal friction may have held the lesser portion aloof, as a tributary to the parent orb. Tracing by analytical methods the past career of the two bodies, Professor Darwin arrives at a period when they were in very close contiguity, one rotating and the other revolving in approximately the same time, and that time certainly not far different from, and quite possibly identical with, the critical period of severance. Summarising his investigation, he asks, "Is this a mere coincidence, or does it not rather point to the break-up of the primeval planet into two masses in consequence of a too rapid rotation?" A year later Professor Darwin had extended his inquiry into the entire domain of the solar system, and found, in regard to the lunar origin, that it was a singular exception among the other satellites of the system. The result suffices to remind us that the origin of the satellites generally is still undetermined, and can only be settled by information that is not yet forthcoming.

But the student of the Jovian system finds a never-failing source of interest in watching the aspects and groupings of the satellites. Their orbits all lie nearly edgewise with respect to the Earth, and the eye readily detects changes of position not only from night to night, but from hour to hour. Now advancing and retiring, now overtaking, passing and hiding from one another, they glide in an endless maze about their lord, as he sweeps onward in his leisurely course round the Sun. Their movements are constantly causing eclipses, while they themselves undergo like treatment whenever they come in the way of Jupiter's shadow. The fascinating scene lends itself to speculative dreaming, and the student is apt to yield himself to the enchantment, forgetful of the great truths the heavens are telling to the diligent worker in the "Garden of God." The painstaking Danish astronomer, Olaus Römer, in 1675, detected a discrepancy between the calculated times of the moons' eclipses and the actual time of their occurrence, the difference amounting to a maximum of sixteen minutes. Casting about for the cause, he ventured to suggest that it might be found in the time light took to traverse the space which separates the satellites from the Sun. His conjecture met with some opposition, but he had the satisfaction, after a series of exact observations, of seeing

it confirmed by tests which none could dispute. Intelligent observations of the movements of these bodies thus made known to us a fundamental law of celestial optics, and helped us to a fuller and more perfect knowledge of the heavens.

Engelmann's researches in 1871 and E. C. Burton's in 1873, brought out some interesting particulars respecting the position and mass of the different members of the Jovian family. Of the original four the nearest is only 22,000 miles from Jupiter's surface—about 14,000 miles less distant from him than our Moon is from the Earth—while the outermost is over five times farther away; exactly stated, is 1,169,000 miles from its primary. And in size they are worthy retainers of the belted giant. From a collection of various observations. Engelmann deduced a mean magnitude for each satellite, beginning with the nearest, as follows:—(i.), 2,500 miles; (ii.), 2,100 miles; (iii.), 3,550 miles; (iv.), 2,960 miles. The third of the series is larger than the planet Mercury, and the smallest (the second) has a bulk about equal to that of our Moon. The outermost is intermediate in size between the largest and the inner one. They all move nearly in the plane of Jupiter's equator, and governed by the same law which regulates our Moon's axial rotation they, like her, always present the same face to their primary. Under the powerful attraction of their lord they move far more swiftly than our Moon does. The mutual interaction and attraction of the three largest is so nicely balanced as to maintain the permanence of their motions, which are such that the three can never be seen from the central body simultaneously in the same direction. As the first is opposite the other two when they are in conjunction, the attraction of the three acting then in the same line will produce very powerful tides on Jupiter. On the other hand, the effect of Jupiter's attractive force is particularly noticeable in the pull he exerts on the satellites. For example, the one nearest to him (No. 1) bulges out greatly in the direction of his centre, so much so that its shape is not round, but oval. This satellite shows, also, a remarkable condensation of light at both ends. At the time the peculiarity was first noticed it led to the belief that surely the satellite was divided in the middle. These and other phenomena of a like character afford us an insight into the play of the great physical forces by which the Jovian system is maintained as a harmonious whole.

To an observer on Jupiter, the coming and going of the satellites would be a perennial source of interest. Peering through the openings between the belts, or the wider spaces on either side, he would gain transient glimpses of their changing aspects and frequent occultations, and would find endless employment in trying

to solve the problem of their complex movements. Still more wonderful would be his experience were he transported to one of the satellites. Alighting on the nearest one, the stupendous magnitude and convulsive movements of the glowing orb would be overwhelming. There, suspended in the sky, Jupiter glares down on the little world with a face forty times larger than the full Moon presents to us, and from which radiates flame-like vapours and auroral displays of an intensity and splendour well-nigh inconceivable to denizens of this best of all possible worlds.

In many respects the satellites bear a close resemblance to their primary. Professor Barnard, in August, 1891, saw the first one (Io) elongated and bisected by a bright equatorial belt. Carrying his investigations to the others he found that they, too, were striped across the equatorial regions, where they bulged outwards in the manner of Jupiter. These peculiarities, taken in connection with Dr. Vögel's detection of traces of lines in their spectra agreeing with the absorption-rays derived from Jupiter, lend support to the conjecture that in substance, in constitution, and in condition they are analogous to their primary, or, let us venture to say, to the parent orb.

The Opposition of 1892 was signalised by the discovery of a fifth moon in attendance on Jupiter. The event was a surprise to everyone, for ever since Galileo's telescope disclosed the existence of Jovian satellites no observer had seen more than four. In this case, as in so many of recent years, North America led the way, and Professor Barnard, wielding the famous 36-inch equatorial of Mount Hamilton, brought the little stranger into view. He was scrutinising the great globe about midnight on September 9th, 1892, when he caught a glimpse of a tiny speck of light near its edge. It was soon lost in the general glare; but his suspicion was aroused—for what else could it be than a new member of the Jovian family? In order to assure himself on the point he took care to be provided with an occulting plate by means of which, should it again appear, he would trap it, and so secure evidence of its character. In this delicate undertaking he was completely successful. He had divined its true nature; it was indeed another moon, very small, and very near Jupiter's bulging surface. Its identity is now well-established, though it is rarely ever seen in Europe; perhaps Dr. Common and Mr. Newall are the only observers in this country who have "glimpsed" the little sparkler. But the climatic advantages which America affords for exact observation have enabled astronomers to assign to it an orbit at no greater distance from its primary than 68,400 miles, that is, about three and a half times nearer to Jupiter than the Moon is to the Earth. It completes a revolution in every 11 hours 27min. 23sec.;

and if it be equally reflective of light with its neighbour, Io, its diameter must be about 100 miles. Its diminutive proportions suggest the idea that it may be the leader of a troop of meteors circling about Jupiter in the manner of the minute bodies that compose Saturn's "Dusky Ring."

It need only be added that the new satellite is recorded in the annals of the science simply as "Number 5." So thoroughly practical has astronomy become under modern methods that the fine halo which hoary antiquity had woven about the "heavenly bodies" has, like many another figment of imagination, vanished, and left behind—cosmic dust, meteors, scattered fragments of decayed worlds, all in perpetual action and reaction, impelled by the operation of immutable physical conditions, which, for convenience, we call laws—matter which in the course of evolutionary periods is again to form new systems of worlds.

Here we trench upon the grander and infinitely wider domain of astro-physics, where speculative thought may indulge in dreams of other worlds peopled with sentient, nay, intellectual beings, amid surroundings suited (and necessarily so) to their requirements. For, throughout the universe analogy reigns supreme. And as moral conditions flow from physical conditions we may with reason infer that Jupiter will in due time arrive at the stage in his cosmical existence when he, also, will be a fitting abode for vegetable and animal life, resembling in some measure life on Earth.

ED. VINCENT HEWARD.

FRENCH LIFE AND THE FRENCH STAGE.

LE RETOUR DE JÉRUSALEM; LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES; LE DÉDALE.

"Qu'on n'attribue pas au Théâtre le pouvoir de changer des sentiments ni des mœurs, qu'il ne peut que suivre et embellir. L'effet général du spectacle, est de renforcer le caractère national; d'augmenter les inclinations naturelles; et de donner une nouvelle énergie à toutes les passions. *La scène est un tableau des passions humaines, dont l'original est dans tous les cœurs.*"

WHETHER or no these observations of the Citizen of Geneva in the eighteenth century be true of the stage in all epochs, they correctly describe the function of the French theatre of to-day. Precisely because it is a national institution—not only subsidised by the State, but supported by the interest and sympathy of an artistic people, fully alive when it amuses itself—the modern French theatre does not criticise, but illustrates, national characteristics and the established morality. It neither attacks, nor ridicules, nor justifies dominant ideas, or passions of the hour; but in following and interpreting them, holds up a calm, clear, and also an ideal picture of the original conditions of thought and sentiment, often overlooked, or entirely misunderstood, by the observer who studies French life exclusively in the political and practical spheres.

So, on this stage, we get the *vie vivante* of France. In beholding the players, we behold typical Parisians and typical Provincials; and, in following the play, we follow the lives, in their most critical moments, of men and women whom we may meet with casually, yet never appreciate, never know. Thackeray vowed that no Englishman could arrive at an intimate friendship with a Frenchman. Impossible to gain admittance to de Brissac's foyer, to participate in his domestic joys: de Brissac was courteous and amiable on the boulevards and in his club, but the door chez de Brissac remained barred; and the Englishman never knew whether life was sympathetic or unsympathetic within. It may be that the de Brissacs were, and still are, slow in opening the door. But one has only to pass an evening at the Français, the Gymnase, or the Vaudeville, to become intimately acquainted with all the de Brissacs and with their friends. Before us, the de Brissacs "as in themselves they really are. . . ." Before us, the de Brissacs with their passions, principles, prejudices, and innumerable peculiarities, which, as they reveal themselves, explain states of mind and states of affairs more or less opposed and foreign to our own. Before us, scenes taken out of the heat of the street and shown us in the calm light of intelligence: scenes of the moment; scenes that have puzzled, alarmed, agitated; human scenes from every conceivable environment.

For example, *Le Retour de Jérusalem*, one of the most stirring and successful plays of the last year.

The subject was delicate, the subject was even dangerous. For at a time when anti-Semitism was being maliciously and savagely exploited by the Nationalist Party, M. Maurice Donnay's play, with its ardent Jewish heroine and its array of Jewish characters not altogether sympathetic, might have given a new energy to dominant passions that would have had deplorable consequences in the practical sphere. In this sphere, however, no such results followed. True, a few of MM. Rochefort and Drumont's followers and hirelings disturbed the first performances with their old anti-Semitic cries; and it was also affirmed that M. Donnay had intended his play to be a scathing indictment of the Jews. But the cries were hushed. And the affirmation was annihilated by M. Donnay himself announcing that *Le Retour de Jérusalem* was written in a "sincere effort of honesty and impartiality." Nicest of announcements! It was a blow to MM. Drumont and Rochefort, and it silenced their followers and hirelings. Nothing anti-Semitic about *Le Retour de Jérusalem.* It is a picture; a study of French and Jewish temperaments; and at no time does the playwright betray his art by the introduction of criticism. Never, apparently, a note of M. Donnay in the play. Never M. Donnay suggesting this, insisting upon that. From first to last it is Judith, the ardent Jewess, and her compatriots; and Michel Aubier, an open-minded, intelligent Frenchman, and his compatriots, who are speaking, who are revealing their inmost selves. In the first act we learn under what influences of purely intellectual attraction Judith leaves her husband for Michel, and Michel his wife and children for her. The honeymoon takes place in Jerusalem. All a-fire with love for her race is Judith when she returns to Paris:—

> *Judith.* "Un vendredi soir, sur la place des Lamentations, je me suis trouvé avec un misérable troupeau de coreligionnaires russes, qui priaient en se dandinant, tandis que je pleurais, devant de gros blocs de pierre qui sont tout ce qui reste du temple de Salomon. . . . Oui, du jour où j'ai vu à Jérusalem ce lamentable troupeau de mes coreligionnaires que les persécutions avaient chassés du pays où ils étaient nés, je me suis juré à moi-même qu'en toute occasion et de toutes mes forces, je servirais ceux de ma race, que je les servirais afin qu'ils deviennent plus forts, et que nous ne revoyions plus les temps abominables, les temps des lois d'exception, de la ruelle, des ghettos et des bûchers."

True to this oath, Judith's first step in Paris is to seek out old Jewish friends; make new ones; establish a "salon," for the discussion and promulgation of Jewish interests. Judith loves Michel; but the love for her race comes first. Soon Michel's home is for ever haunted by his wife's friends, who puzzle him, who distract him, who dismay him by their want of consideration and tact. The *salon* is something of a pandemonium, but if many of the guests are coarse and aggressive, the finest character in the piece is a Jew, Lazare Hoendelsshon. Michel is no hero: only a just-minded, gentlemanly Frenchman, who has been brought up in a calm, intelligent atmosphere, and who has inherited the sensitiveness and *savoir faire* of his race. The clatter of the *salon* jars, the foreign accent and manners exasperate him. However, he is patient;

patient with Judith's traditional sentiments and tastes, until Judith, or rather, Judith's friends, treat with contempt and mockery his own. Judith never conciliates, never soothes, for she is all for her friends. Michel's few remaining visitors exclaim, "Mon pauvre Michel," and that rankles. Michel is not one of those ardent Chauvinists who cries "Vive l'armée" when a regiment comes marching down the street; yet springs of historic sentiment well up within him when he hears the "Marseillaise," and within his heart, when he salutes the French flag, he hears the music of "Mourir pour la Patrie." But Judith and her co-religionists have no such traditional sentiments. For them, anything that savours of militarism is necessarily barbarous, unworthy of the intelligence of a highly civilised individual. Thus, Vowenberg, Judith's pet *protégé*, when violently defending his case, brings about the inevitable crisis.

Vowenberg. "Ah, vous n'en avez pas dit assez sur la mentalité de certains français!"

Oncle Émile (Michel's patriotic uncle): "Que voulez-vous dire?"

Vowenberg: "Je veux dire qu'il faut haïr le militarisme, et que les gens qui font leur métier d'être militaire ont un cerveau comparable à celui de Catoblépas, animal tellement stupide qu'il dévorait ses propres pieds."

Michel: "Vous oubliez, Vowenberg, que j'ai un frère qui fait précisément son métier d'être militaire."

Vowenberg · "Non, non, je ne l'oublie pas, et je répète . . . ."

Michel: "Monsieur Vowenberg, vous ne répéterez rien du tout . . . . et je vous prie de prendre la porte.'

Judith: "Tu es fou."

Vowenberg "C'est sérieux?"

Michel: "Tout ce qu'il y'a de plus sérieux. . . . Allons! Vous n'avez pas entendu?"

Thus Michel shows his wife's pet *protégé* the door, and from that moment onwards his life becomes intolerable. Scene after scene, and Judith always passionately for her friends. Quarrel after quarrel, in which Michel and Judith angrily defend their respective country-people. Judith's cry: "I love you no longer. I must leave you. If I remained, I should hate you." And then, the rupture. Then, Judith and Michel irrevocably parted, and gone their very different ways.

No doubt popular opinion sides with Michel, and Judith and her friends are regarded as terribly exasperating. Nevertheless, our sympathies are not permitted to remain exclusive. We feel always the tragic import of that memorable night in Jerusalem, and of the oath sealed with bitter tears, that broods like a cloud of destiny above Judith, the oath never to forget the interests of her race, made in view of the ruined wall of the temple of Jerusalem, and of the lamentable crowd of her co-religionists, persecuted exiles, driven from the land of their birth.

"But," wrote many a Parisian to M. Donnay, "there is no solution to your play."

"It is not the mission of a playwright to supply a solution," replied M. Donnay.

And, in truth, what need has *Le Retour de Jérusalem* of a solution? It is a picture—" un tableau des passions humaines, dont l'original est dans tous les cœurs "—at any rate, in the hearts of this audience, as it streams out of the theatre.

" It is true," said a lady, plainly a Jewess, in my hearing, " there is nothing in common between us and the French."

" At school," narrated a chatty, happy Parisian to his wife upon the same occasion, " there was a boy called Lévy. He was of my age, eleven. Well, the little Lévy used to lend us *sous*, but he charged us interest. There, already, was the business instinct But to the little Nathan, the little Isaacs, and the little Birnbaum, he lent *sous* without charging interest. There, already, was the *esprit de corps*, the 'solidarity.' "

No doubt the chatty Parisian's wife (whose comment on the anecdote escaped me) suggested the proposition that " the little Lévy " had developed into a very great Lévy, into a very mighty financier. That would be a natural suggestion, for it needs a singularly level-headed, tolerant, generous person not to attribute to the Jew the ambition of being primarily a money-maker. Mercy, the stories and stories we have heard of Jew financiers! Do not M. Rochefort et Cie. assure us, day after day, that France is entirely in the power of the Jews; that she may do nothing, nothing, against their pleasure; that their presence is synonymous with danger? I daresay M. Rochefort et Cie. could name mighty Jew financiers who are dangerous; but in the Stock Exchange, as on the terrace of the Paris Bourse, there traffic, I fancy, un-Semitic financiers no less menacing, and no less mighty. Such a man as Isidore Lechat, for example. Isidore Lechat, the millionaire financier in *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*, M. Octave Mirbeau's masterpiece.

Amazing and alarming, this Lechat. He has been bankrupt, and he has been in prison: but in spite of those " misfortunes " he has arrived at becoming the proprietor of millions, of vast estates, of a historic *château*, and of an influential newspaper. Also, he is a candidate for the elections. Again, he is on intimate terms with two Cabinet Ministers, who " can refuse him nothing." The boldest of the bold, the most cynical of the cynical, and the most unprincipled of the unprincipled is Isidore Lechat. And, in beholding him in the National Theatre, one feels that it must have been such men as Lechat who " ran," to their own tremendous advantage and to other people's ruin and despair, the Panama and other gigantic fraudulent affairs. A veritable genius, this Lechat. He never hesitates. He handles a dozen vast " concerns " at once. And he has the keenest eye to effect. Thus, whenever he brings distinguished visitors to the *château*, his workmen and farm labourers send up ringing cries of " Vive Lechat, vive le Citoyen Lechat." They cry just at the right moment; Isidore has put them through innumerable rehearsals. And Lechat pretends confusion. And Lechat even flushes. And magnificently the " Citizen " Lechat replies: " No, no, it is not the man you must acclaim, but the idea." Changeable, however, are the " ideas " of Isidore Lechat. A can-

didate for the elections, he has the tenderest regard for the opinions of his constituents. These, last year, were clerical, and then Lechat was regular in his attendance of Mass, and a royal host to the curés. This year, however, the church has fallen into disfavour, and so Lechat neither attends Mass nor banquets the curés.

"Ton père est anti-clérical, cette année," says Madame Lechat to her daughter. Not so anti-clerical but that he bids his wife and Germaine attend Mass, as a concession to a few Catholic constituents, whose votes are valuable.

Of the bourgeoisie, the most bourgeoise is poor Madame Lechat. She exists in every city, town, and village of France. She is the fussy, kind-hearted, economical, unimaginative woman who is utterly out of place and unhappy in any but the most orderly, punctual, and thrifty of *ménages*. And so she is frightened of her husband's *château*, and suspicious of the servants, and abashed before his friends (particularly before the two Cabinet Ministers), and horrified at the expenses. Constantly she regrets those days when she had a cramped, humble *intérieur*. She enjoyed going to the market, and revelled in hoarding up *sous*. She cannot overcome her present fears, suspicions. She has the spending of millions. But—a *sou* is still a *sou*.

Madame Lechat "On a beau être riche. . . . Je n'aime pas qu'on gaspille la nourriture; j'ai horreur des gâcheries. Des domestiques . . . oui! Hier encore il manquait cinq bouteilles, dans le tas du milieu. Et c'est toujours la même chose! Et comment font-ils, puisque c'est moi qui ai la clé?"

Masterly, incomparable, are M. Octave Mirbeau's pictures of the financier Lechat and his wife. A firm, faithful picture is that of his daughter Germaine, who revolts at her father's cynicism and dishonesty, and that of the son Xavier, a selfish, vapid, vicious young man, who is encouraged in his dissipations by his father. Lechat's only natural love is for Xavier. He would see him eclipse in extravagance other young rakes of his own age. He would have him mix in the society of perverted young aristocrats, who would sneer at him, the father. When, upon rare enough occasions, Xavier visits the *château*, Lechat is all agog with excitement. How anxiously he implores Xavier to be prudent in his automobile—and how deep, how tragic, is his grief when he learns that his son has been accidentally killed! The news is brought him while he is waiting for a pair of rascally financiers to prepare an agreement for his signature. They, also, have heard the news, and expect that Lechat will be too overwhelmed with grief to perceive certain swindling clauses in the contract. But he immediately detects them, is seized with fury, and, although trembling, broken with emotion, by sheer strength of will dictates to them and makes them sign a new agreement which secures him the lion's share in the venture.

"Si tous les idéals sont permis, si la cupidité (to paraphrase Victor Hugo's sentence) est un but," Isidore Lechat, as a representative of an order where business is business—and supreme, inde-

pendent of all human claims, love, suffering, even death—realises the ideal in his own sphere, touches the goal, when, waiting for the bringing in of the corpse of his son (the one being on earth he had cherished), he detects and turns to his own advantage the effort of two meaner swindlers than himself to speculate upon his sorrow. But sordid ideals, and cupidity as a ruling motive and goal, are not permitted to stand as the substantial basis for claims to moral and intellectual direction and to spiritual ascendency by such a people as the French: a people distinguished among the nations, not for predominant business instincts, but for a fine intellectual civilisation and a generous devotion to great principles. Isidore Lechat's patronising approval and adoption of the Church in France (he is, be it remembered, both clerical and anti-clerical, everything and anything you like), as an institution that has moved and altered with the times, and learnt to adopt the same dogma of the sovereign importance over ideas of "les affaires," may help one to understand why popular sympathies, as well as intellectual beliefs, have become detached from this Church of late years. And why the same class that twenty years ago would have resented the movement, now regards dispassionately the endeavour to exclude the priest from every sphere of influence in educational, social, and political life, where, once upon a time, every French Government had to count with him as a popular force.

Addressing the ruined old Marquis de Porcellet, whose estates he has almost acquired, and whose son he desires for his daughter, Lechat vehemently cries: —

"L'Église est dans le mouvement moderne, elle. . . . Elle est partout aujourd'hui, elle fait de tout, elle est tout. Elle n'a pas que des autels, où elle vend de la foi . . . des sources miraculeuses où elle met de la superstition en bouteilles . . . des confessionnaux où elle débite de l'illusion en toc et du bonheur en faux. Elle a des boutiques qui regorgent de marchandises . . . des banques pleines d'or . . . des comptoirs . . . des usines . . . des journaux . . . et des gouvernements, dont elle a su faire jusqu'ici ses agents dociles et ses courtiers humiliés. Vous voyez que je sais lui rendre justice.

"Et comprenez que c'est dans les hommes comme moi que l'Église cherche, et trouve, ses alliés naturels. L'Église et moi, nous sommes de la même race, Monsieur le Marquis! Quant à la noblesse, elle est morte. Il n'y a qu'une chose par quoi un peuple, comme une institution, comme un individu, est grand; c'est l'argent. L'Église le sait mieux que personne, elle. . . . Allez donc demander à l'un de ces grands politiques en robe noire—en robe blanche—en robe brune—ou en robe rouge—la couleur n'y fait rien—qui mènent le monde . . . et en qui vous avez confiance, pas vrai? Allez demander seulement à votre confesseur, quel qu'il soit, s'il hésitera, une minute, entre Isidore Lechat . . . riche à cinquante millions, socialiste, mécréant, anti-clérical, excommunié . . . et votre pauvre petit duc de Maugis? . . . Et puis. . . . Allez lui demander encore un conseil sur ce que je vous propose; mariage et le reste. Et osez dire, en votre âme et conscience, qu'il ne vous répondra pas, en vous donnant sa bénédiction, 'Mon fils, tu peux, tu dois marcher, au nom de notre Sainte Mère l'Église' . . ."

Near me, in the Français, was Lechat's double—a fat, vulgar man, with a bold, cynical expression. And the double was infinitely amused at seeing himself represented on the stage. In the upper

galleries, in their very best, were excellent bourgeoise ladies. And it was plain that their hearts went out to poor Madame Lechat in her tribulations, and that they felt deeply her despair when, in the last act, Germaine Lechat determines to leave her father's *château* "Voyons, voyons," cries Madame Lechat, "sois gentille, sois bonne . . . ne me laisse pas toute seule, ici." Germaine begs her mother to go with her, but Madame Lechat protests that it would be a sin to desert her husband.

Madame Lechat. "C'est impossible. J'ai vécu avec lui. Il faut bien que je meure avec lui. Je ne peux pas l'abandonner. Ce serait un péché. Je ne peux pas. . . . Je ne peux pas . . . Ah, si nous avions vécu, dans une toute petite maison, rien de tout cela ne serait arrivé. C'est ce grand château, vois-tu? Ce sont ces grandes pièces si froides, si étrangères. C'est tout ce luxe . . . tout cet argent . . . c'est tout ce qu'il y a ici . . . qui fait que l'on n'entend pas . . . le bruit de cœur"

All emotion were the excellent bourgeoise ladies when Germaine leaves, and the faithful Madame Lechat remains at the side of her husband. They still clasped their cheaply perfumed handkerchiefs when the curtain was down, and the audience thronged the balcony, *foyer*, and corridors of the National Theatre. An *entr'acte*, and the auditorium almost empty. An interlude, and every one strolling to and fro, gossiping, laughing, exchanging gay pleasantries with the soldiers on duty, and admiring the statues that grace the house of Molière. In the Vaudeville we should have been colder, more "correct." There, we are *dans le monde*, would pose as worldlings; here, in the National Theatre, we are *en famille*, *chez nous*. Whole families saunter along the corridors easily, casually, as they would saunter along the paths of the Jardin du Luxembourg. Fiancés are not afraid to reveal the fact that they are fiancés; and lonely souls enjoy a short breath of a homely atmosphere. I knew a poor student who fled his attic four or five times a week to take his seat in the topmost gallery, and who was familiar with pretty nearly every corner in the Français. There he felt entirely at home, in spite of his seedy clothes and shabby hat. He exchanged nods with the attendants, although he could not have won their amiability with *pourboires*. Sometimes he would miss an act, and pass the time on the balcony, gazing at the fountain opposite, and at the cafés, and traffic, and passers-by in the street. No one ever interfered with him; he was *chez lui*. The first to arrive, he was also the last to leave. Long before the opening of the doors he was to be found (with other bookworms) in the arcade that runs round the theatre, peeping into the paper volumes on the stalls. He was always in or about the Français. He was among the thousands of Parisians who came running thither one March morning, four years ago, when the city was startled and horrified to hear that the house of Molière was ablaze.

A tragic day! All Paris astir, and all Paris ringing with the cries of the *camelots*—"Incendie du Théâtre Français. . . . Incendie . . . . Incendie." When at last the fire was extinguished and the firemen had dispersed, leaving the Garde Républicaine to

surround the building, all Paris was on the boulevards, solemn, gloomy. A national calamity. With veritable emotion, grey-headed Parisians recalled their earliest visit to the Français. They remembered the play, their very seats. There they had laughed for the first time, and cried for the first time—being, in those days, but *gosses*. Later on they became *abonnés*, and visited the theatre twice a week. They were still *abonnés*.

"Incendie . . . . Incendie," howled the *camelots*, as they came dashing along the boulevards with their damp newspapers in the chill of that March night.

They were still *abonnés;* but the theatre they knew, the theatre they loved, had perished.

"Incendie . . . . Incendie," yelled the *camelots*, one upon another.

The usual animation, and the usual brilliant illuminations on the boulevards; but never such consternation, never such depression, never such gloom.

Pending the reconstruction of the house of Molière, its brilliant associates appeared successively at the Opera, the Odéon, and the Porte St. Martin. The *abonnés* followed, but the *abonnés* agreed that "it was not the same thing"; and again and again they approached the Place du Théâtre Français to see how the work was progressing. And then—what enthusiasm on the night of the re-opening! Among the *abonnés*, old and young, emotion; and among the vast audience that thronged the house upon the occasion of the free performance, wild, unrestrained rejoicing. Not many changes, the old *abonnés* were delighted to notice. And, in their rather feeble voices, the old *abonnés* joined in the singing of the "Marseillaise."

How often has the National Theatre rung with the stirring strains of the National Anthem. On "anniversary" days, out of honour to Molière, George Sand, Victor Hugo; and, regularly every year, on the 14th of July. It is right that the national *fête* should be celebrated in the National Theatre; that the programme should consist of selections from the works of France's greatest dramatists; that the proceedings should terminate with a general chanting of the "Marseillaise." And it is right again that the performance should be free. Equality and fraternity. Old Mère Cottin, with her *vieux*, and with her children, and with her grandchildren, can, if she arrive in time, occupy one of the boxes. Old Mère Cottin, of the market. Old Mère Cottin, of *les Halles Centrales*. Old Mère Cottin here, in the box graced usually by the Marquise de Précourt. Packed close together, tier upon tier, the people of Paris. Stirring and amusing them, and also winning their tears, the most brilliant actors and actresses in the country. Then, grouped together on the stage, the associates of the house of Molière, one of whom (a distinguished actress) holds the French flag. Clearly she sings the "Marseillaise." The audience rises, the audience takes up the refrain. Old Mère Cottin, in the box of the Marquise de Précourt, is crying. Others are crying; others, again, are shaking hands, embracing one

another. An emotion that is not maudlin, but genuine. An emotion that springs from the heart, and is not to be checked by any feeling of embarrassment or *mauvaise honte*. A spectacle of spectacles, the national *fête* being observed in the National Theatre.

A digression!

But for the papers I am to be permitted to contribute from time to time to this REVIEW, I would beg a certain licence in the direction of digressions. In viewing so artistic, so subtle, so sympathetic a people as the French, the writer, especially if he be an admirer, cannot always keep strictly to his subject, be in order. And here, lest again I go astray, let me turn in conclusion to yet another masterly play—*Le Dédale*—the most remarkable work of that brilliant psychologist, M. Paul Hervieu, which, with *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*, has taken a foremost place in the *répertoire* of the National Theatre.

Freely and firmly it was stated that *Le Dédale* was a strong, an impassioned argument against divorce; and M. Paul Hervieu, like M. Donnay, had to reply that his play was but an impartial study, and not an indictment. The report gained currency, no doubt, through the irreconcilable attitude adopted by Madame Villard-Duval. But Madame Villard-Duval, the mother of the heroine, whose opening forebodings prophetically announce the closing tragedy, does not defend a social theory; she expresses convictions and traditional sentiments deep-rooted in the hearts of thousands of Frenchwomen of her type. To her, the marriage to an excellent and trustworthy man of her daughter, who has been divorced from a husband who betrayed her, is a more fatal offence than secret adultery. It is a sin against the religion, not merely of the Church, but of the family—a crime. To her marriage, blessed by the Church, is sacred and final. There is no breaking of it. Or, if broken it must be, there is no second marriage. The divorced woman must remain alone with her memories; or she should try to bring herself to forgive, to agree to a reconciliation with her husband. Thus earnestly does Madame Villard-Duval give her reasons for refusing to consent to the union of her daughter, Marianne, with Guillaume de Breuil:—

"Moi, ma fille, je m'appuie sur des préceptes immuables; je vous résiste au nom de la sagesse éternelle; le mariage que l'on a contracté devant Dieu dure jusqu'au dernier soupir de l'un ou de l'autre époux. Le mari que tu avais n'est pas mort; tu ne peux donc pas te remarier. Ma religion te le défend."

Marianne, however, warmly defends her own case, and with the arguments that would occur to most women out of France, as well as in it, in her place. Is she, who has done no wrong, to be sacrificed; to pass the rest of her life in loneliness, when she loves, and is loved, and when peace and happiness, after the cruellest and bitterest of tribulations, are awaiting her?

Emotionally she continues:—

"Je vois que les autres femmes ont un mari, qu'il en est parmi elles qui ont un mari et un amant. Je vois que tout le monde goûte sa part d'amour. Mais moi,

je suis diffamée si j'en inspire. Je suis empêchée si je veux en manifester, en ressentir. Je me vois emprisonnée, liée, bâillonnée."

Resolute, in spite of her love for her mother, is Marianne. And she has a supporter in M. Villard-Duval, a retired magistrate, who sets the letter of the law above the law of the Church, and of hereditary superstitions. So a second marriage is no sin to him. Logically, loyally, he speaks up for his daughter. And, when the curtain falls on the first act, Marianne and Guillaume are engaged. Still, it is clear that Madame Villard-Duval will ever refuse to recognise Guillaume de Breuil as her son-in-law. Marianne can have no other husband than Max de Pogis. Also, in spite of Marianne's warm protests, her mother believes that she loves him still.

Loves him, primarily, because Max de Pogis is the father of her son. Nowhere more than in France is the idea of *la famille* respected, cherished. "L'amour de la famille"—"Le culte de la famille," deep down in the hearts of the French are both. Husband and wife may be estranged, but they come together again, and are one when promoted to the tender, anxious station of parents. The child is the great indestructible bond; the child is everything. Even Paulette, Marianne's cousin, most frivolous and faulty of wives, reveals this fact when she emotionally describes how she and her husband struggled vainly to save their son from an alarming illness.

Paulette · "Pendant qu'avec Hubert je disputais notre enfant à la mort, il m'est paru, dans cette chair bien—aimée, comme les époux peuvent, en vérité, n'être qu'un dans une seule chair. . . . Mari et femme, ce n'est pas être mariés; cela n'empêche point les divergences, les antipathies, les révoltes, ni hélas! les trahisons. . . . Mais père et mère, on est prodigieusement identiques et unis, et sans attache appréciable avec le reste du monde. On n'est que ces deux-là, sur terre, à pouvoir ne faire qu'un."

Thus, Pauline in the third act. She is addressing Marianne, now the wife of Guillaume de Breuil; but the scene is in the country house of her late husband, Max, whither she has fled to the bedside of her little son, who also has been ill.

For Marianne, in the second act, consented to receive Max.

He came to demand that the boy should spend a part of the year with him. At first, Marianne indignantly refused; but Max's passionate paternal pleas won him the victory. Was he not the father? What right had Guillaume de Breuil over the little Louis? Louis was *his* son, and Marianne's. Together they had watched over him, caressed him, made ambitious plans for him. Passionate, the eloquence of the father. And the mother, carried away by the recollection of past tender days, melted.

Marianne: "J'ai un bien-être du consentement que je vous laisse. Je vous quitte, soulagée dans l'opinion que j'avais de vous. Vous êtes, à mes yeux, redevenu le père de notre fils."
Max: "Ah! Depuis bien des années, nulle parole ne m'avait pénétré d'une sensation aussi douce."
Marianne (with emotion): "Adieu."

But, as we have seen, it is not adieu. In the third great tragic

act of *Le Dédale*, Marianne and Max have nursed their son back to life under the same roof. The little Louis is saved, and the long vigils by his bedside have brought Max and Marianne dangerously together again. When Paulette declares that mother and son are "prodigiously identical and united," Marianne asks feverishly:—

"Tu as senti cela?"

Paulette "Au ton que tu as, je devine que tu as senti de même."

Marianne "Je ne cesse de me défendre contre une telle impression qui, à moi, ne m'est pas permise. Dois-je te le confier? J'ai là vingt lettres de Guillaume qui, toutes, respirent le plus parfait dévouement pour mon fils. Mais cela sonnait, dans cette atmosphère d'angoisse, comme une voix d'étranger. De bonnes exhortations, des bons souhaits, un bon espoir qui, forcement, ne s'intéressait au destin que par-dessus mon épaule. . . . Tandis que l'autre, ici, à se consumer dans l'épreuve, montrait à mes yeux, non pas mon reflet, mais sa propre flamme. Il me complétait, il me valait! Nous étions vraiment les deux moitiés. . . ."

A few hours later Max and Marianne find themselves alone. Passionately he deplores his fault, calls upon Marianne to forgive him, tells her of his love.

Max. "Malgré ce qui s'est passé, malgré tout, nous restions inséparables, et pour toujours, dans l'œuvre née de notre chair. Durant ces jours d'hier où nous empêchions notre enfant de mourir, n'as-tu pas éprouvé que c'était l'amour lui-même que nous rappelions à la vie?"

Marianne "J'avais beau lutter, oui, c'est vrai! j'éprouvais cela."

Max · "Je savais bien. . . . Dans l'ivresse de sentir notre fils vivant, il y a aussi une odeur enivrante d'amour ressuscité. Ne te défends plus. Reconnais-moi; c'est le père de ton petit, le père qui a désespéré de lui avec toi et qui t'a bien assisté de toute son âme. . . . Aime-moi. Je t'adore. . . . Aimons-nous! Aimons-nous!"

Marianne (wildly, in a voice hoarse with emotion): "Ah, je suis à toi."

Inevitably, the consequences are tragic. Broken in pride, crushed, dismayed, Marianne returns to Paris to face her parents, to rejoin her husband. Rejoin him? Live with him again? Bear the name of Marianne de Breuil? Impossible. And Max? She must ever avoid him; the divorced may not re-marry. What solution, then? *Le Dédale*, indeed! Entangled in this "labyrinth," this "maze," Marianne, in seeking her way out of it, discovers but one duty before her, but one means of atonement. A life of solitude. She must devote the rest of her life to her son . . . . far away from Paris, somewhere . . . . where neither Max nor Guillaume can cross her path, and, perhaps, tempt her from her duty. She fears Max; the love is still there, indestructible. For Guillaume she feels but infinite gratitude and respect. And in a poignant scene, after confessing her sin, she tells him so. Guillaume de Breuil is, essentially, the *brave garçon*. Never does he doubt his wife's sincerity; her confession has not shaken his confidence in her. Racked with anguish, he nevertheless accepts her solution; but he, too, fears Max, and is tortured by the thought that in some moment of despair and weakness Marianne will return to him.

Passionately she replies:—

"Je n'ai plus qu'à me dévouer uniquement à mon rôle de mère. J'implore de vivre avec mon fils, de me cloîtrer ainsi dans une sorte de solitude, et dans la

chasteté. . . . Si je viens à sentir, après vous avoir exilé, que je retombe à celui qui m'a fait vous causer tant de peine, mon horreur de moi-même m'imposera d'autre dénouement; je me tuerai."

The cry, "Je me tuerai," haunts Guillaume de Breuil; the cry, "Je me tuerai," rings in his ears when he learns that Max de Pogis has followed Marianne to her retreat, and is persecuting her with ardent letters.

Max knows he is loved; and Max, the elegant, vain, selfish, witty, eloquent, fascinating worldling, does not despair of victory; also in Max, despite his worldliness, there burns the strong national paternal feeling.

Guillaume, the *bon garçon*, has accepted his destiny; Max has not; and Guillaume knows too well that Marianne's cry was uttered in a spirit of the profoundest sincerity.

"Je me tuerai."

A threat, which, in the face of Max's passionate, determined attitude, may very shortly become an actuality.

So Max must disappear.

"Moi, je sais que je suis aimé," cries Max, hotly, also impudently. "Je ne renoncerai pas à la femme qui m'aime et que j'aime. Je ne renoncerai jamais à elle, entendez-vous? jamais."

"Vous avez prononcé votre condamnation," is Guillaume's retort. "Nous disparaîtrons tous les deux. Et l'on ne saura pas ce que nous sommes devenus."

In the moonlight, on the terrace of Marianne's country house, face to face, pale, trembling with emotion and fury, are Max and Guillaume. With a savage cry of "Allons, viens, Don Juan," Guillaume throws himself upon Max. And on the terrace of Marianne's country house, Max and Guillaume—these two alone together struggle fiercely, fearfully, for a few moments, and, lurching heavily against the frail wooden paling, Max de Pogis and Guillaume de Breuil—these two alone together—crash into the swift river below. . . . .

Donnay, Mirbeau, Hervieu; Maurice de Féraudy, Le Bargy, Paul Mounet, Leloir, Langier, Garry, and Mesdames Bartet, Simone Le Bargy, Pierson, Leconte, and Renée du Minil; where, save in France, to enumerate only a few, do there triumph to one's intellectual benefit and enjoyment such brilliant playwrights and players, such incomparable artists? And who, after having tasted of their genius, does not feel himself drawn towards them by a sense of the deepest sympathy and gratitude?

"La vie vivante."

Vividly, faithfully, do these consummate artists reveal it to us in its most critical, most vital, most human moments; invariably, inevitably, do they leave us with an understanding, an appreciation, a firm, an unfading impression of states of mind and states of affairs, more or less foreign and opposed to our own, which no other artistic effort can convey.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

A MODERN UTOPIA.

A SOCIOLOGICAL HOLIDAY.

BY

H. G. WELLS.

I.

The Owner of the Voice.

There are works, and this is one of them, that are best begun with a portrait of the author. And here, indeed, because of a very natural misunderstanding, this is the only course to take. Throughout these papers sounds a note, a distinctive and personal note, a note that tends at times towards stridency, and all that is not, as these words are, in Italics, is in one Voice. Now this Voice, and this is the peculiarity of the matter, is not to be taken as the Voice of the ostensible author who fathers these pages. You have to clear your mind of any preconceptions in that respect. The Owner of the Voice you must figure to yourself as a whitish plump man, a little under the middle size and age, with such blue eyes as many Irishmen have, and agile in his movements and with a slight tonsurial baldness—a penny might cover it—of the crown. His front is convex. He droops at times like most of us, but for the greater part he bears himself as valiantly as a sparrow. Occasionally the hand flies out with a fluttering gesture of illustration. And his Voice (which is our medium henceforth) is an unattractive tenor that becomes at times aggressive. Him you must imagine as sitting at a table reading a manuscript about Utopias, a manuscript he holds in two hands that are just a little fat at the wrist. The curtain rises upon him so. But afterwards, if the devices of this declining art of literature prevail, you will go with him through curious and interesting experiences. Yet, ever and again, you will find him back at that little table, the manuscript in his hand, and the expansion of his ratiocinations about Utopia conscientiously resumed. The entertainment before you is neither the set drama of the work of fiction you are accustomed to read, nor the set lecturing of the essay you are accustomed to evade, but a hybrid of these two. If you figure this owner of the Voice as sitting, a little nervously, a little modestly, on a stage, with table, glass of water and all complete, and myself as the intrusive chairman insisting with a bland ruthlessness upon his "few words" of introduction before he recedes into the wings, and if furthermore you figure a sheet behind our friend on which moving pictures intermittently appear, and if finally you suppose his subject to be the story of the adventure of his soul among Utopian inquiries, you will be prepared for some at least of the difficulties of this unworthy but unusual work.

But there is also over against this writer here presented, another earthly person in the book, who gathers himself together into a distinct personality only after a preliminary complication with the reader. This person is spoken of as the botanist, and he is a leaner, rather taller, graver and much less garrulous man. His face is weakly handsome and done in tones of grey, he is fairish and grey-eyed, and you would suspect him of dyspepsia. It is a justifiable suspicion. Men of this type, the chairman remarks with a sudden intrusion of exposition, are romantic with a shadow of meanness, they seek at once to conceal and shape their sensuous cravings beneath egregious sentimentalities, and they get into mighty tangles and troubles with women, and he has had his troubles. You will hear of them, for that is the quality of his type. He gets no personal expression in this book, the Voice is always that other's, but you gather much of the matter and something of the manner of his interpolations from the asides and the tenour of the Voice.

So much by way of portraiture is necessary to present the explorers of the Modern Utopia, which will unfold itself as a background to these two enquiring figures. The image of a cinematograph entertainment is the one to grasp. There will be an effect of these two people going to and fro in front of the circle of a rather defective lantern, which sometimes jams and sometimes gets out of focus, but which does occasionally succeed in displaying on the screen a momentary moving picture of Utopian conditions. Occasionally the picture goes out altogether, the Voice argues and argues, and the footlights return, and then you find yourself listening again to the rather too plump little man at his table laboriously enunciating propositions, upon whom the curtain rises now.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

TOPOGRAPHICAL.

§ 1.

THE new Utopia a modern dreamer would draw must needs differ in one fundamental aspect from the Nowheres and Utopias men planned before Darwin quickened the thought of the world. Those were all perfect and static states, a balance of happiness won for ever against the forces of unrest and disorder that inhere in things. One beheld a healthy and simple generation enjoying the fruits of the earth in an atmosphere of virtue and happiness, to be followed by other virtuous, happy, and entirely similar generations, until the Gods grew weary. Change and development were dammed back by invincible dams for ever. But the Modern Utopia must be not static but kinetic, must shape not as a permanent state but as a hopeful stage, leading to a long ascent of stages. Nowadays we do not resist and overcome the great stream of things, but rather float upon it. We build now not citadels, but ships of state. For one ordered arrangement of citizens rejoicing in an equality of happiness safe

and assured to them and their children for ever, we have to plan "a flexible common compromise, in which a perpetually novel succession of individualities may converge most effectually upon a comprehensive onward development." That is the first, most generalised difference between a Utopia based upon modern conceptions and all the Utopias that were written in the former time.

Our business here is to be Utopian, to make vivid and credible, if we can, first this facet and then that, of an imaginary whole and happy world. Our deliberate intention is to be not, indeed, impossible, but most distinctly impracticable, by every scale that reaches only between to-day and to-morrow. We are to turn ur backs for a space upon the insistent examination of the thing that is, and face towards the freer air, the ampler spaces of the thing that perhaps might be, to the projection of a state or city "worth while," to designing upon the sheet of our imaginations the picture of a life conceivably possible, and yet better worth living than our own. That is our present enterprise. We are going to lay down certain necessary starting propositions, and then we shall proceed to explore the sort of world these propositions give us. . . .

It is no doubt an optimistic enterprise. But it is good for awhile to be free from the carping note that must needs be audible when we discuss our present imperfections, to release ourselves from practical difficulties and the tangle of ways and means. It is good to stop by the track for a space, put aside the knapsack, wipe the brows, and talk a little of the upper slopes of the mountain we think we are climbing, would but the trees let us see it.

There is to be no inquiry here of policy and method. This is to be a holiday from politics and movements and methods. But, for all that, we must needs define certain limitations. Were we free to have our untrammelled desire, I suppose we should follow Morris to his Nowhere, we should change the nature of man and the nature of things together; we should make the whole race wise, tolerant noble, perfect—wave our hands to a splendid anarchy, every man doing as it pleases him, and none pleased to do evil, in a world as good in its essential nature, as ripe and sunny, as the world before the Fall. But that golden age, that perfect world, comes out into the possibilities of space and time. In space and time the pervading Will to Live sustains for evermore a perpetuity of aggressions. Our proposal here is upon a more practical plane at least than that. We are to restrict ourselves first to the limitations of human possibility as we know them in the men and women of this world to-day, and then to all the inhumanity, all the insubordination of nature. We are to shape our state in a world of uncertain seasons, sudden catastrophes, antagonistic diseases, and inimical beasts and vermin, out of men and women with like passions, like uncertainties of mood and desire as our own. And, moreover, we are going to accept this world of conflict, to adopt no attitude of renunciation towards it, to face it in no ascetic spirit, but in the mood of the western peoples, whose purpose is to survive and overcome. So much we

adopt in common with those who deal not in Utopias, but in the world of Here and Now.

Certain liberties, however, following the best Utopian precedents, we are to take with existing fact. We assume that the tone of public thought may be entirely different from what it is in the present world. We permit ourselves a free hand with the mental conflict of life, within the possibilities of the human mind as we know it. We permit ourselves also a free hand with all the apparatus of existence that man has, so to speak, made for himself, with houses, roads, clothing, canals, machinery, with laws, boundaries, conventions, and traditions, with schools, with literature and religious organisation, with creeds and customs, with everything, in fact, that it lies within man's power to alter. That, indeed, is the cardinal assumption of all Utopian speculations old and new; the Republic and Laws of Plato, and More's Utopia, Howells' implicit Altruria, and Bellamy's future Boston, Comte's great Western Republic. Hertzka's Freeland, Cabet's Icaria, and Campanella's City of the Sun, are built, just as we shall build, upon that, upon the hypothesis of the complete emancipation of a community of men from tradition, from habits, from legal bonds, and that subtler servitude possessions entail. And much of the essential value of all such speculations lies in this assumption of emancipation, lies in that regard towards human freedom, in the undying interest of the human power of self-escape, the power to resist the causation of the past, and to evade, initiate, endeavour, and overcome.

§ 2.

There are certain very definite artistic limitations also.

There must always be a certain effect of hardness and thinness about Utopian speculations. Their common fault is to be comprehensively jejune. That which is the blood and warmth and reality of life is largely absent; there are no individualities, but only generalised people. In almost every Utopia—except, perhaps, Morris's "News from Nowhere"—one sees handsome but characterless buildings, symmetrical and perfect cultivations, and a multitude of people, healthy, happy, beautifully dressed, but without any personal distinction whatever. Too often the prospect resembles the key to one of those large pictures of coronations, royal weddings, parliaments, conferences, and gatherings so popular in Victorian times, in which, instead of a face, each figure bears a neat oval with its index number legibly inscribed. This burthens us with an incurable effect of unreality, and I do not see how it is altogether to be escaped. It is a disadvantage that has to be accepted. Whatever institution has existed or exists, however irrational, however preposterous, has, by virtue of its contact with individualities, an effect of realness and rightness no untried thing may share. It has ripened, it has been christened with blood, it has been stained

and mellowed by handling, it has been rounded and dented to the softened contours that we associate with life; it has been salted, maybe, in a brine of tears. But the thing that is merely proposed, the thing that is merely suggested, however rational, however necessary, seems strange and inhuman in its clear, hard, uncompromising lines, its unqualified angles and surfaces.

There is no help for it, there it is! The Master suffers with the last and least of his successors. For all the humanity he wins to, through his dramatic device of dialogue, I doubt if anyone has ever been warmed to desire himself a citizen in the Republic of Plato; I doubt if anyone could stand a month of the relentless publicity of virtue planned by More. . . . No one wants to live in any community of intercourse really, save for the sake of the individualities he would meet there. The fertilising conflict of individualities is the ultimate meaning of the personal life, and all our Utopias no more than schemes for bettering that interplay. At least, that is how life shapes itself more and more to modern perceptions. Until you bring in individualities, nothing comes into being, and a Universe ceases when you shiver the mirror of the least of individual minds.

§ 3.

No less than a planet will serve the purpose of a modern Utopia. Time was when a mountain valley or an island seemed to promise sufficient isolation for a polity to maintain itself intact from outward force, the Republic of Plato stood armed ready for defensive war, and the New Atlantis and the Utopia of More in theory, like China and Japan through many centuries of effectual practice, held themselves isolated from intruders. Such late instances as Butler's satirical "Erewhon," and Mr. Stead's queendom of inverted sexual conditions in Central Africa, found the Tibetan method of slaughtering the inquiring visitor a simple, sufficient rule. But the whole trend of modern thought is against the permanence of any such enclosures. We are acutely aware nowadays that, however subtly contrived a state may be, outside your boundary lines the epidemic, the breeding barbarian or the economic power, will gather its strength to overcome you. The swift march of invention is all for the invader. *Now* perhaps you might still guard a rocky coast or a narrow pass; but what of that near to-morrow when the flying machine soars overhead, free to descend at this point or that? A state powerful enough to keep isolated under modern conditions would be powerful enough to rule the world, would be, indeed, if not actively ruling, yet passively acquiescent in all other human organisations, and so responsible for them altogether. World-state, therefore, it must be.

That leaves no room for a modern Utopia in Central Africa, or in South America, or round about the pole, those last refuges of ideality. The floating isle of *La Cìté Morellyste* no longer avails. We need a planet. Lord Erskine, the author of a Utopia

("Armata") that might have been inspired by Mr. Hewins, was the first of all Utopists to perceive this—he joined his twin planets pole to pole by a sort of umbilical cord. But the modern imagination, obsessed by physics, must travel further than that.

Out beyond Sirius, far in the deeps of space, beyond the flight of a cannon-ball flying for a billion years, beyond the range of unaided vision, blazes the star that is *our* Utopia's sun. To those who know where to look, with a good opera-glass aiding good eyes, it and three fellows that seem in a cluster with it—though they are incredible billions of miles nearer—make just the faintest speck of light. About it go planets, even as our planets, but weaving a different fate, and in its place among them is Utopia, with its sister mate, the Moon. It is a planet like our planet, the same continents, the same islands, the same oceans and seas, another Fuji-Yama is beautiful there dominating another Yokohama—and another Matterhorn overlooks the icy disorder of another Theodule. It is so like our planet that a terrestrial botanist might find his every species there, even to the meanest pondweed or the remotest Alpine blossom. . . .

Only when he had gathered that last and turned about to find his inn again, perhaps he would not find his inn!

Suppose now that two of us were actually to turn about in just that fashion. Two, I think, for to face a strange planet, even though it be a wholly civilised one, without some other familiar backing, dashes the courage overmuch. Suppose that we were indeed so translated even as we stood. You figure us upon some high pass in the Alps, and though I—being one easily made giddy by stooping—am no botanist myself, if my companion were to have a specimen tin under his arm—so long as it is not painted that abominable popular Swiss apple green—I would make it no occasion for quarrel! We have tramped and botanised and come to a rest, and, sitting among rocks, we have eaten our lunch and finished our bottle of Yvorne, and fallen into a talk of Utopias, and said such things as I have been saying. I could figure it myself upon that little neck of the Lucendro Pass, upon the shoulder of the Piz Lucendro, for there once I lunched and talked very pleasantly, and we are looking down upon the Val Bedretto, and Villa and Fontana and Airolo try to hide from us under the mountain side—three-quarters of a mile they are vertically below. With that absurd nearness of effect one gets in the Alps, we see the little train a dozen miles away, running down the Biaschina to Italy, and the Lukmanier Pass beyond Piora left of us, and the San Giacomo right, mere footpaths under our feet. (*Lantern.*) . . .

And behold! in the twinkling of an eye we are in that other world!

We should scarcely note the change. Not a cloud would have gone from the sky. It might be the remote town below would take a different air, and my companion the botanist, with his educated observation, might almost see as much, and the train, perhaps, would be gone out of the picture, and the embanked

straightness of the Ticino in the Ambri-Piotta meadows—that might be altered, but that would be all the visible change. Yet I have an idea that in some obscure manner we should come to feel at once a difference in things

The botanist's glance would, under a subtle attraction, float back to Airolo. "It's queer," he would say quite idly, "but I never noticed that building there to the right before."

"Which building?"

"That to the right—with a queer sort of thing——"

"I see now. Yes. Yes, it's certainly an odd-looking affair. . . . And big, you know! Handsome! I wonder——"

That would interrupt our Utopian speculations. We should both discover that the little towns below had changed—but how, we should not have marked them well enough to know. It would be indefinable, a change in the quality of their grouping, a change in the quality of their remote, small shapes.

I should flick a few crumbs from my knee, perhaps. "It's odd," I should say, for the tenth or eleventh time, with a motion to rise, and we should get up and stretch ourselves, and, still a little puzzled, turn our faces towards the path that clambers down over the tumbled rocks and runs round by the still clear lake and down towards the Hospice of St. Gotthard—if perchance we could still find that path.

Long before we got to that, before even we got to the great high road, we should have hints from the stone cabin in the nape of the pass—it would be gone or wonderfully changed—from the very goats upon the rocks, from the little hut by the rough bridge of stone, that a mighty difference had come to the world of men.

And presently, amazed and amazing, we should happen on a man—no Swiss—dressed in unfamiliar clothing and speaking an unfamiliar speech. . . .

§ 4.

Before nightfall we should be drenched in wonders, but still, we should have wonder left for the thing my companion, with his scientific training, would no doubt be the first to see. He would glance up, with that proprietary eye of the man who knows his constellations down to the little Greek letters. I imagine his exclamation. He would at first doubt his eyes. I should inquire the cause of his consternation, and it would be hard to explain. He would ask me with a certain singularity of manner for "Orion," and I should not find him; for the Great Bear, and it would have vanished. "Where?" I should ask, and "where?" seeking among that scattered starriness, and slowly I should acquire the wonder that possessed him.

Then, for the first time perhaps, we should realise from this unfamiliar heaven that not the world had changed, but ourselves—that we had come into the uttermost deeps of space.

§ 5.

We need suppose no linguistic difficulties to intercourse. The whole world will surely have a common language, that is quite elementarily Utopian, and since we are free of the trammels of convincing story-telling, we may suppose that language to be sufficiently our own to understand. Indeed, should we be in Utopia at all, if we could not talk to everyone? That accursed bar of language, that hostile inscription in the foreigner's eyes, "deaf and dumb to you, sir, and so—your enemy," is the very first of the defects and complications one has fled the earth to escape.

But what sort of language would one have the world speak, if we were told the miracle of Babel was presently to be reversed?

If one may take a daring image, a mediæval liberty, I would suppose that in this lonely place the Spirit of Creation spoke to us in this matter. "You are wise men," that Spirit might say—and I, being a suspicious, touchy, over-earnest man for all my predisposition to plumpness, would instantly scent the irony (while my companion, I fancy, might even plume himself), "and to beget your wisdom is chiefly why the world was made. You are so good as to propose an acceleration of that tedious multitudinous evolution upon which I am engaged. I gather, a universal tongue would serve you there. While I sit here among these mountains—I have been filing away at them for this last aeon or so, just to attract your hotels, you know —will you be so kind——? A few hints——?"

Then the Spirit of Creation might for a moment smile, a smile that would be like the passing of a cloud. All the mountain wilderness about us would be radiantly lit. (You know those swift moments, when warmth and brightness drift by, in lonely and desolate places.)

Yet, after all, why should two men be smiled into apathy by the Infinite? Here we are, with our knobby little heads, our eyes and hands and feet and stout hearts, and if not us or ours, still the endless multitudes about us and in our loins are to come at last to the world state and a greater fellowship and the universal tongue. Let us to the extent of our ability, if not answer that question, at any rate try to think ourselves within sight of the best thing possible. That, after all, is our purpose, to imagine our best and strive for it, and it is a worse folly and a worse sin than presumption, to abandon striving because the best of all our bests looks mean amidst the suns.

Now you as a botanist would, I suppose, incline to something as they say, "*scientific*." You wince under that most offensive epithet—and I am able to give you my intelligent sympathy—though "pseudo-scientific" and "quasi-scientific" are worse by far for the skin. You would begin to talk of scientific languages, of Esperanto, La Langue Bleue, New Latin, Volapuk, and Lord Lytton, of the philosophical language of Archbishop Whateley, Lady Welby's work upon Significs and the like. You would tell

me of the remarkable precisions, the encyclopædic quality of chemical terminology, and at the word terminology I should insinuate a comment on that eminent American biologist, Professor Mark Baldwin, who has carried the language biological to such heights of expressive clearness as to be triumphantly and invincibly unreadable. (Which foreshadows the line of my defence.)

You make your ideal clear, a scientific language you demand, without ambiguity, as precise as mathematical formulæ, and with every term in relations of exact logical consistency with every other. It will be a language with all the inflexions of verbs and nouns regular and all its constructions inevitable, each word clearly distinguishable from every other word in sound as well as spelling.

That, at any rate, is the sort of thing one hears demanded, and if only because the demand rests upon implications that reach far beyond the region of language, it is worth considering here. It implies, indeed, almost everything that we are endeavouring to repudiate in this particular work. It implies that the whole intellectual basis of mankind is established, that the rules of logic, the systems of counting and measurement, the general categories and schemes of resemblance and difference, are established for the human mind for ever—blank Comte-ism, in fact, of the blankest description But, indeed, the science of logic and the whole framework of philosophical thought men have kept since the days of Plato and Aristotle, has no more essential permanence as a final expression of the human mind, than the Scottish Longer Catechism. Amidst the welter of modern thought, a philosophy long lost to men rises again into being, like some blind and almost formless embryo, that must presently develop sight, and form, and power, a philosophy in which this assumption is denied.[1]

All through this Utopian excursion, I must warn you, you shall feel the thrust and disturbance of that insurgent movement. In the reiterated use of "Unique," you will, as it were, get the gleam of its integument, again and again; in the insistence upon individuality and the individual difference as the significance of life, you will feel the texture of its shaping body. Nothing endures, nothing is precise and certain (except the mind of a pedant), perfection is the mere repudiation of that ineluctable marginal inexactitude which is the mysterious inmost quality of Being. Being, indeed!—there is no being, but a universal becoming of individualities, and Plato turned his back on truth when he turned towards his museum of specific ideals. Heraclitus, that lost and misinterpreted giant, may perhaps come to his own. . . .

(1) The serious reader may refer at leisure to Sidgwick's *Use of Words in Reasoning*, and to Bosanquet's *Essentials of Logic*, Bradley's *Principles of Logic*, and Sigwart's *Logik*; the lighter minded may read and mark the temper of Professor Case in the British Encyclopædia, article *Logic* (Vol. XXX.), and find a rude sketch of the new positions in the *Scepticism of the Instrument* in *Mind* for July, 1904.

There is no abiding thing in what we know. We change from weaker to stronger lights, and each more powerful light pierces our hitherto opaque foundations and reveals fresh and different opacities below. We can never foretell which of our seemingly assured fundamentals the next change will not affect. What folly, then, to dream of mapping out our minds in however general terms, of providing for the endless mysteries of the future a terminology and an idiom! We follow the vein, we mine and accumulate our treasure, but who can tell which way the vein may trend? Language is the nourishment of the thought of man, that serves only as it undergoes metabolism, and becomes thought and lives, and in its very living passes away. You scientific people, with your fancy of a terrible exactitude in language, of indestructible foundations built, as that Wordsworthian doggerel on the title-page of *Nature* says, " for aye," are marvellously without imagination!

The language of Utopia will no doubt be one and indivisible, all mankind will, in the measure of their individual differences in quality, be brought into the same phase, into a common resonance of thought, but the language they will speak will still be a living tongue, an animated system of imperfections, which every individual man will infinitesimally modify. Through the universal freedom of exchange and movement, the developing change in its general spirit will be a world-wide change; that is the quality of its universality. I fancy it will be a coalesced language, a synthesis of many. Such a language as English is a coalesced language; it is a coalescence of Anglo-Saxon and Norman French and Scholar's Latin, welded into one speech more ample and more powerful and beautiful than either. The Utopian tongue might well present a more spacious coalescence, and hold in the frame of such an uninflected or slightly inflected idiom as English already presents, a profuse vocabulary into which have been cast a dozen once separate tongues, superposed and then welded together through bilingual and trilingual compromises.[1] In the past ingenious men have speculated on the inquiry, " Which language will survive? " The question was badly put. I think now that this wedding and survival of several in a common offspring is a far more probable thing.

§ 6.

This talk of languages, however, is a digression. We were on our way along the faint path that runs round the rim of the Lake of Lucendro, and we were just upon the point of coming upon our first Utopian man. He was, I said, no Swiss. Yet he would have been a Swiss on mother Earth, and here he would have the same face, with some difference, maybe, in the expression; the same physique, though a little better developed, perhaps—the same

(1) *Vide* an excellent article, *La Langue Française en l'an* 2003, par Leon Bollack, in *La Revue*, 15 Juillet, 1903.

complexion. He would have different habits, different traditions, different knowledge, different ideas, different clothing, and different appliances, but, except for all that, he would be the same man. We very distinctly provided at the outset that the modern Utopia must have people inherently the same as those in the world.

There is more, perhaps, in that than appears at the first suggestion.

That proposition gives one characteristic difference between a modern Utopia and almost all its predecessors. It is to be a world Utopia, we have agreed, no less; and so we must needs face the fact that we are to have differences of race. Even the lower class of Plato's Republic was not specifically of different race. But this is a Utopia as wide as Christian charity, and white and black, brown, red and yellow, all tints of skin, all types of body and character, will be there. How we are to adjust their differences is a master question, and the matter is not even to be opened in this chapter. It will need a whole chapter even to glance at its issues. But here we underline that stipulation; every race of this planet earth is to be found in the strictest parallelism there, in numbers the same—only, as I say, with an entirely different set of traditions, ideals, ideas, and purposes, and so moving under those different skies to an altogether different destiny.

There follows a curious development of this to anyone clearly impressed by the uniqueness and the unique significance of individualities. Races are no hard and fast things, no crowd of identically similar persons, but massed sub-races, and tribes and families, each after its kind unique, and these again are clusterings of still smaller uniques and so down to each several person. So that our first convention works out to this, that not only is every earthly mountain, river, plant, and beast in that parallel planet beyond Sirius also, but every man, woman, and child alive has a Utopian parallel. From now onward, of course, the fates of these two planets will diverge, men will die here whom wisdom will save there, and perhaps conversely here we shall save men; children will be born to them and not to us, to us and not to them, but this, this moment of reading, is the starting moment, and for the first and last occasion the populations of our planets are abreast.

We must in these days make some such supposition. The alternative is a Utopia of dolls in the likeness of angels—imaginary laws to fit incredible people, an unattractive undertaking.

For example, we must assume there is a man such as I might have been, better informed, better disciplined, better employed, thinner and more active—and I wonder what he is doing!—and you, Sir or Madam, are in duplicate also, and all the men and women that you know and I. I doubt if we shall meet our doubles, or if it would be pleasant for us to do so; but as we come down from these lonely mountains to the roads and houses and living places of the Utopian world-state, we shall certainly find, here and there, faces that will remind us singularly of those who have lived under our eyes.

There are some you never wish to meet again, you say, and some, I gather, you do. "And One——!"

It is strange, but this figure of the botanist will not keep in place. It sprang up between us, dear reader, as a passing illustrative invention. I do not know what put him into my head, and for the moment, it fell in with my humour for a space to foist the man's personality upon you as yours and call you scientific—that most abusive word. But here he is, indisputably, with me in Utopia, and lapsing from our high speculative theme into halting but intimate confidences. He declares he has not come to Utopia to meet again with his sorrows.

What sorrows?

I protest, even warmly, that neither he nor his sorrows were in my intention.

He is a man, I should think, of thirty-nine, a man whose life has been neither tragedy nor a joyous adventure, a man with one of those faces that have gained interest rather than force or nobility from their commerce with life. He is something refined, with some knowledge, perhaps, of the minor pains and all the civil self-controls; he has read more than he has suffered, and suffered rather than done. He regards me with his blue-grey eye, from which all interest in this Utopia has faded.

"It is a trouble," he says, "that has come into my life only for a month or so—at least acutely again. I thought it was all over. There was someone——"

It is an amazing story to hear upon a mountain crest in Utopia, this Hampstead affair, this story of a Frognal heart. "Frognal," he says, is the place where they met, and it summons to my memory the word on a board at the corner of a flint-dressed new road, an estate development road, with a vista of villas up a hill. He had known her before he got his professorship, and neither her "people" nor his—he speaks that detestable middle-class dialect in which aunts and things with money and the right of intervention are called "people"!—approved of the affair. "She was, I think, rather easily swayed," he says. "But that's not fair to her, perhaps. She thought too much of others. If they seemed distressed, or if they seemed to think a course right——" . . .

Have I come to Utopia to hear this sort of thing?

§ 7.

It is necessary to turn the botanist's thoughts into a worthier channel. It is necessary to override these modest regrets, this intrusive, petty love story. Does he realise this is indeed Utopia? Turn your mind, I insist, to this Utopia of mine and leave these earthly troubles to their proper planet. Do you realise just where the propositions necessary to a modern Utopia are taking us? Everyone on earth will have to be here;—themselves, but with a differ-

ence. Somewhere here in this world is, for example, Mr. Chamberlain, and the King is here (no doubt *incognito*), and all the Royal Academy and Sandow, and Mr. Arnold White.

But these famous names do not appeal to him.

My mind goes from this prominent and typical personage to that, and for a time I forget my companion. I am distracted by the curious side issues this general proposition trails after it. There will be so-and-so, and so-and-so. The name and figure of Mr. Roosevelt jerks into focus, and obliterates an attempt to acclimatise the Emperor of the Germans. What, for instance, will Utopia do with Mr. Roosevelt? There drifts across my inner vision the image of a strenuous struggle with Utopian constables, the voice that has thrilled terrestrial millions in eloquent protest. The writ of arrest. drifting loose in the conflict, comes to my feet; I impale the scrap of paper, and read—but can it be?—"attempted disorganisation? . . . incitements to disarrange? . . . the balance of population?"

The trend of my logic for once has led us into a facetious alley. One might indeed keep in this key, and write an agreeable little Utopia, that like the holy families of the mediæval artists (or Michael Angelo's Last Judgment) should compliment one's friends in various degrees. Or one might embark upon a speculative treatment of the entire Almanach de Gotha, something on the lines of Epistemon's vision of the damned great, when

"Xerxes was a crier of mustard.
Romulus was a salter and a patcher of pattens . . ."

That incomparable catalogue! That incomparable catalogue! Inspired by the Muse of Parody we might go on to the pages of "Who's Who," and even, with an eye to the obdurate republic, to "Who's Who in America," and make the most delightful and extensive arrangements. Now where shall we put this most excellent man? And this? . . .

But, indeed, it is doubtful if we shall meet any of these doubles during our Utopian journey, or know them when we meet them. I doubt if anyone will be making the best of both these worlds. The great men in this still unexplored Utopia may be but village Hampdens in our own, and earthly goatherds and obscure illiterates sit here in the seats of the mighty.

That again opens agreeable vistas left of us and right.

But my botanist obtrudes his personality again. His thoughts have travelled by a different route.

"I know," he says, "that she will be happier here, and that they will value her better than she has been valued upon earth."

His interruption serves to turn me back from my momentary contemplation of those popular effigies inflated by old newspapers and windy report, the earthly great. He sets me thinking of more personal and intimate applications, of the human beings one knows with a certain approximation to real knowledge, of the actual common substance of life. He turns me to the thought of rivalries and ten-

dernesses, of differences and disappointments. I am suddenly brought painfully against the things that might have been. What if instead of that Utopia of vacant ovals we meet relinquished loves here, and opportunities lost and faces as they might have looked to us? •

I turn to my botanist almost reprovingly. "You know, she won't be quite the same lady here that you knew in Frognal," I say, and wrest myself from a subject that is no longer agreeable by rising to my feet.

"And besides," I say, standing above him, "the chances against our meeting her are a million to one. . . . And we loiter! This is not the business we have come upon, but a mere incidental kink in our larger plan. The fact remains, these people we have come to see are people with like infirmities to our own—and only the conditions are changed. Let us pursue the tenour of our inquiry."

And with that I lead the way round the edge of the Lake of Lucendro towards our Utopian world.

(You figure him doing it.)

Down the mountain we shall go and down the passes, and as the valleys open the world will open, Utopia, where men and women are happy and laws are wise, and where all that is tangled and confused in human affairs has been unravelled and made right.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NOTE ON SUAREZ AND ST. PIUS V.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—In an article which I contributed to the June number of this REVIEW, I had occasion to consider the argument in support of Shakespeare's Protestantism derived from the language about tyrannicide put by him into the mouth of the legate Pandulph. I contended that the argument was bad, because "the lawfulness of tyrannicide, although assuredly no doctrine of the Catholic Church, has been maintained by Catholic divines of great name and authority," Suarez being among them, "as a corollary to the doctrine of the deposing power." I further remarked, "it is clear from the account of St. Pius V., given by the Bollandists, that he meditated the assassination of Queen Elizabeth."

These statements of mine have elicited criticisms to which I have given my best consideration. I venture to think that whatever my faults and defects as a writer—and no one can be more conscious of them than I am—I may, at all events, claim for myself an abiding desire to speak the truth, and an unfailing readiness to correct mistakes into which imperfect knowledge or errant judgment may have betrayed me. I am quite willing, nay, I am most desirous, to rectify anything which requires rectification in my statements regarding Suarez and St. Pius V. I shall proceed to reconsider them.

First, then, as to Suarez. It is laid down by him, in a well-known passage of his *Disputatio de Bello*, that there is one kind of tyrant who, in his judgment, may be lawfully slain by a private individual, viz., an unlawful usurper, under conditions which will be mentioned hereafter. It was held by some Catholics, and the view was acted upon, as the celebrated royal murders of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries sufficiently show, that a prince deposed by the Pope was in the like case with an unlawful usurper. But Suarez, in his *Defensio Fidei*, distinguishes. A sovereign so deposed, he teaches, may not be slain by a private individual *statim* (out of hand, we may translate), or unless this was specifically provided for in the sentence, or another sentence, or command to that effect should be given: (donec ei præcipiatur vel generalis commissio hæc in ipsa sententia, vel jure declaretur).

I remark in passing that history does not proceed by syllogism, and makes small account of casuistry. In those turbulent and savage times, qualifications such as *non statim* and *donec ei præcipiatur*, dictated doubtless by the best intentions, were little regarded in practice. My present concern is, however, with Suarez's actual teaching. He is a voluminous writer, and I do not profess to have given to him my days and my nights—they have been otherwise occupied; but I believe my account of his position regarding tyrannicide is substantially correct. It seems vouched for by Cardinal Hergenröther, a writer whose candour was on the same high level with his erudition. A sharp controversialist he was, indeed, but ever mindful of the obligations both of charity and courtesy; in-

capable alike of misrepresenting the argument of an opponent and of meeting it with invective. In his well-known work, *Die kathol. Kirche und der christl. Staat*, he writes as follows. (I must refer my readers to his own pages for the learned Notes by which he supports what he advances.)

Suarez distinguishes strictly between an unlawful usurper and a legitimate but tyrannical ruler. The former may be removed, he says, by force, either by the whole nation, or by individual members, whenever the conditions of a just warfare are present, when no other means exist for being rid of him, and when the consequences of his death will not be worse than the tyranny itself. . . . But Suarez also teaches that a legitimate prince, how great soever his tyranny, must never be assassinated by a private individual: only the body and commonwealth of the nation, under the conditions of a just warfare, and in self-preservation, might revolt against the tyrant. . . . It has been particularly objected to Suarez that he assumes that a legitimate ruler, who has been lawfully deposed, is to be treated as an illegitimate usurper; because having been rightly deposed he has ceased to be a legitimate ruler. . . . It is a question whether the aforesaid assumption can be made; but if it is made, Suarez is quite consistent. For the rest he teaches that all action in this matter should be gradual; that a deposed king may not at once be killed by any private person or forcibly expelled, unless this was specifically declared in the sentence, or another sentence or command were issued to that effect.

And, now, as to St. Pius V. The Bollandists give us Gabutio's *Life* of that Pontiff, in the course of which occurs the statement quoted by me in my article: "Cogitabat illam [sc. Elizabetham] de medio tollere." I observe upon this statement that the ordinary and generally accepted sense of "de medio tollere" unquestionably is to make away with, *i.e.*, to kill. Facciolati gives as the equivalents of the phrase the three words "evertere," "exterminare," "occidere"; and St. Pius V. must have been well aware that if his designs against Elizabeth had succeeded she would, in all probability, have experienced all the catastrophes indicated by those verbs. This by the way. My point is that a writer who chooses the phrase, "de medio tollere" may be presumed to employ it in its ordinary sense unless there is reason for thinking otherwise. This is, of course, to use a legal term, a rebuttable presumption. Is there, in the case before us, evidence which rebuts it?

Since I wrote my article for the June number of this REVIEW, a learned Jesuit, Father Pollen, has produced such evidence. In a letter printed in the *Tablet* newspaper of the 20th inst. he has pointed out the fact, previously unknown, or known to very few (of whom I was not one), that Gabutio's *Life of St. Pius V.* is a translation from an Italian biography of that Pontiff by Catena, and that the Italian word rendered by "de medio tollere" is "levare." Now, this seems conclusive. "Levare" does not mean to slay but to remove. I, therefore, unreservedly withdraw the statement:—"It is quite clear from the account of St. Pius V., given by the Bollandists, that he meditated the assassination of Queen Elizabeth." The presumption that the phrase "de medio tollere" was used by Gabutio in its usual sense is rebutted by Father Pollen's evidence. I add that, so far as my knowledge extends, there is no other evidence which warrants us in positively attributing such an intention to St. Pius V., though we must agree with Father Pollen, who observes, in a letter published in the *Tablet* of the 15th inst.: "It is still to be wished that our documents spoke more clearly in his defence"; and adds: "Papal representatives occasionally . . . instead of denouncing plans to assassinate Elizabeth, which came under their notice, bore themselves neutrally towards them, and that to a degree

which almost amounted to toleration." Assuredly, it is not an excessive statement of the case. But we may here fairly apply certain other words of this learned writer that only "those who are unaware how rough the times were . . . will be much shocked." For myself, I yield to no one in admiration of the great qualities of St. Pius V.—a truly heroic figure, in whom "the antique Roman more appears" than in any other of the Popes of that age. Stern he was, indeed. But his sternness began with himself. He was ever ready to lay down his life for the faith which, first as Inquisitor, and then as Supreme Pontiff, he defended vigorously with the weapons usually employed in his time; and as Father Pollen, who is really versed in the history of that time, very judiciously remarks (*Month*, February, 1902, p. 19 n.): "It is a mistake to presume that the Pope's high reputation requires us to believe that he would have heard of [a plan for the capture or putting to death of Elizabeth] with the same horror that we should."

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

W. S. LILLY.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, *August 22nd*, 1904.

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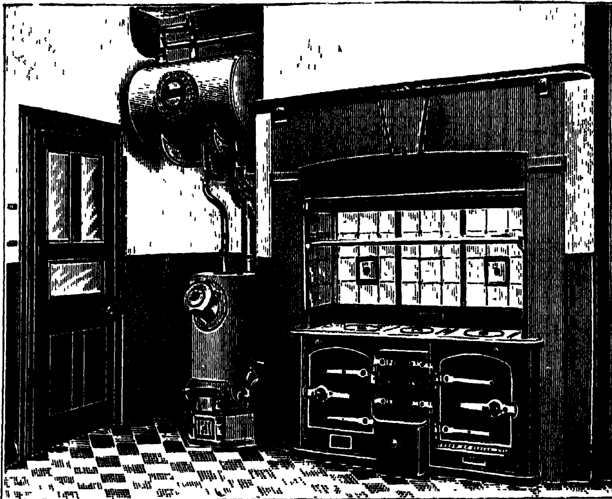
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THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

I.

The Navy as Peacemaker.

As a nation, looking back on the acute crisis which inevitably followed upon the tragedy in the North Sea, we have much for which to thank the British Navy. Once more it has been the peacemaker. During the dark week of negotiation, when war seemed so close at hand, the life of the country went on as usual; even the Stock Exchange was hardly affected, not because the horrors and sufferings of war were not appreciated, not because the danger of a European conflagration was not foreseen as a possible outcome of hostilities between this country and Russia, but owing to the absolute confidence which all sections of the community reposed in the great fleets at sea.

What a striking contrast this spectacle of a strong nation armed to defend its just rights presents in comparison with the year 1879, when the fear of war fell upon us, again through Russian aggression, and a number of useless ships were hastily bought, and the whole nation was thrown into a turmoil! What a contrast the late crisis must also call up in the minds of those who remember the Penjdeh incident, when again the prospect of war with Russia was at hand! Parliament was in session at the time, and we were muddling through with the Soudan operations. Mr. Gladstone came down to the House of Commons and demanded a vote of credit of £11,000,000. "It is not a case of war," the Prime Minister stated; "there is no war before us, actual or, I may say, proximate. What we present to you is a case for preparation." The country knew it was not ready for war. The Navy had been starved for years past, consequently the Penjdeh affair plunged the nation into a state of panic. The Stock Exchange was convulsed, and the national feeling of alarm found expression at a meeting in the City of London, when the Government was called upon to increase the strength of the Navy. In

disordered fashion efforts were made to mobilise the Fleet which remained after years of so-called economy. With much delay, a show of naval force was assembled. At Portland a squadron gathered, which was described by the late Admiral Colomb as "a menagerie of unruly and curiously assorted ships." These scathing words of criticism were well merited. England's weakness, and not her strength, was exhibited. The whole country realised the deplorable lack of preparedness for war, and face to face with the possibility of hostilities and all they might mean —interference with trade, and possible disasters—the population could draw no consolation from the fact that in the years that had gone before they had been called upon to pay little for naval defence. When a man's house is about to be burgled he does not think of the money he saved by not putting locks to his doors and hasps to his windows. The Fleet had been so starved that it was little more than equal to the French Navy alone.

Nearly twenty years have passed since the Penjdeh incident occurred, but the "Little Navy" party still exists. The lesson of 1885 was lost on many of the chief actors in the events of that year. Mr. Gladstone, as Mr. John Morley records, finally went into retirement, ten years later, because he would not be party to the ship-construction programme which Lord Spencer and the Board of Admiralty considered essential. If Lord Spencer had not triumphed, with the assistance of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Frederick Richards and Admiral Sir John Fisher, the Controller of the Navy, we should not have had as powerful a Fleet as the Admiralty were able to assemble last month to defend the honour and interests of this country. It is a coincidence that the battleships which Earl Spencer and his colleagues insisted must be built were some of the *Majestics*, which, under the command of Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, the father of the Naval Defence Act, gathered at Gibraltar, within a few hours of the North Sea outrage, ready to take any action the Cabinet ordered. The late crisis has dotted the i's and crossed the t's of the events in 1885, and the country can look back upon a week of anxiety in which they were sustained by confidence in the fleets at sea and in the authorities at Whitehall.

It is a frequent error to speak of the British Navy as though its whole duty were to make war. Its essential function is to preserve peace by being prepared for war. Not since the battle of Trafalgar was fought and won has the British Navy been engaged in war, but repeatedly it has prevented the outbreak of hostilities. Thrice within less than ten years it has acted as this country's bulwark against assaults upon her honour. When the German Emperor sent his thoughtless telegram to the late President

Kruger after the Jameson Raid, a special service squadron was hastily fitted out, as Lord Goschen explained, to go anywhere and do anything. When the unfortunate trouble over Fashoda occurred, and a conflict with France seemed likely, two squadrons stood on the leash at Malta and Gibraltar and a force of reserve ships was assembled at Portland—not a force of much fighting value, but it proved sufficient for the occasion, because the French Navy was in a far worse condition at that moment than our own. Now again we can congratulate ourselves that the British Fleet has preserved the peace; the darkest clouds called up by the North Sea outrage have been dispelled by the silent influence of the Navy. In face of these events, who will have the courage to say that the expenditure on the Navy is not money well spent? It is the invested insurance capital of the Empire. But there is this difference between this national insurance and the premiums which a private individual pays on his own life; however great the sacrifices he may make he cannot ward off death; but if the sum which the nation sets aside for insurance is sufficiently ample and is wisely expended, it can be sure of peace on the seas, it can be certain of the peaceful continuance of commerce on which its industries and its very food supplies depend.

This matter of national insurance against war risks is not one where cheese-paring economy pays. If Great Britain had cut down the annual sums spent on the Fleet—the premiums of insurance, in other words—the possibility is that peace might not have been secured. A weak fleet is always a danger to the nation whose flag it flies. The average man has no knowledge of its sufficiency or its readiness for war. Its existence in all its weakness will bolster up a confidence which is a delusion and a snare. Spain had a Navy when the *Maine* went down, and the Spanish people believed in it. Italy, in 1866, had a Navy, and relied on its ability to meet and defeat the Austrians under Tegethof. China had a Navy in 1894, and entered on the war with Japan having faith in the power of her naval forces to command the sea. The story of ill-merited confidence, of foolish attempts to cut the garment of defence to the closest measure, and thus save a few thousand pounds, and the indifference of the people to the condition of their defences, might be illustrated by other incidents. The point, however, is that it is never safe for any country in the position of the United Kingdom to pare down the provision for its essential defence. A fleet more or less on an equality with the forces against which it has to contend may be weakened by storm, accident, a well-aimed torpedo or a cunningly sown mine, and thus an inferiority produced which nothing can alter. As long as two antagonists are more or less equal, the aggressor will probably

decide to fight if he thinks he has little to lose and small chance of losing it, and much to gain. If, on the other hand, the aggrieved party (as, in the present instance, Great Britain) possesses a Navy of unrivalled power, the conflict is avoided. Peace without war is the reward which the people of the British Isles have reaped of late years, because they have realised the vital duty which must devolve on the Fleet whenever our relations with a neighbour become strained. We have no other defence; not even hedgerow riflemen could have done any good during the late crisis.

It is the margin over and above the standard of bedrock sufficiency which impresses the world when peace hangs trembling in the balance. Those who most esteem the blessings of peace, even those who gather at Peace Society meetings and pass amiable resolutions which would be suited to a Utopia, should be stalwart advocates for the sufficiency and efficiency of the British Fleet. In the light of events they would be consistent friends of peace. To-day, as in the past, to quote the Articles of War read periodically on board our men of war, "It is on the Navy, under the providence of God, that the wealth, prosperity, and peace of this country mainly depend." Diplomacy may do much under some circumstances, but will anyone aver that without the Fleet any diplomatist could have rescued this country from war or dishonourable humiliation after Fashoda, or the "unwarrantable action" of the Baltic Squadron of Russia in the North Sea? The country owes peace—the highest interest of a great manufacturing nation, which is also the centre of a widely distributed Empire—to the fact that the Fleet in October last was ready, and was in such strength that no probable combination could prevail against it. British policy was well defined by Admiral Sir Cooper Key twenty years ago, when he remarked, in a letter to Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby, that "our Fleet at home should always be much superior to any attacking fleet. We ought always to be in such a position that an enemy's fleet would not like to risk an encounter with ours." Earl Selborne has given a definition of the views held by his Board at Whitehall in the two following passages:—

The Board of Admiralty are well aware that the charge they are asking Parliament to sanction is a heavy one, but Parliament must remember how heavy is the responsibility cast by it on the Board of providing the country with a Navy strong enough to sustain a struggle with the navies of any two Powers, and also strong enough to ensure reasonable security to its vast seaborne trade, and to the food of the people.—(Statement Explanatory of Navy Estimates, 1904–5.)

. . . . What is the standard successive Governments have endeavoured to maintain of our naval strength? It has always been called the Two Power standard. Now I have looked back through the records of discussions on the subject in both Houses for some years, and I find that

the date at which this standard may be said to have met with general acceptance was when Lord George Hamilton was First Lord of the Admiralty, and it is to that standard successive Governments have since worked. Now what Lord George Hamilton really meant, and what the House of Commons meant, was that we should be prepared to face any two naval Powers with a reasonable probability of success. . . . No other Admiralty in the world has to consider, besides safeguarding the country from invasion, the fact that on the Navy depends the supply of food to the people. Our Navy is responsible for the safety of the whole Empire, to ensure reasonable immunity from invasion or raid. . . . You cannot compare with any reason or fairness the naval expenditure of this country with any two or more Powers, because what our Navy has to do is totally different from what the navies of any one, two, or three other Powers have to do. . . . Do not attempt to deceive the nation by stating you are maintaining a standard when you have not asked for the money to do it. . . . Those who realise what a naval war must mean to this country know that the Two Power standard, properly interpreted, means a reasonable assurance of victory, and that reasonable assurance of victory predicates a margin over the strictest numerical point.—(House of Lords, August 9th, 1904.)

It is the margin above the Two Power standard of battleships that ensures peace when the clouds gather. "The little more, and how much it is; the little less, and what worlds away!" This is strictly true of the British Fleet: if the little less, which the Little Navy party advocate, be cut away, the Empire might soon be under the foot of some combination of Powers.

The response to the orders of the Admiralty, issued after the receipt of the news of the North Sea outrage, formed the most remarkable naval spectacle ever presented to the world. The Mediterranean, Home, and Channel Fleets were directed to render "mutual support and co-operation." Hardly had the instructions gone forth than Lord Charles Beresford, commanding the Channel force, brought his ships into Gibraltar; Admiral Sir Compton Domvile, who was being *fêted* in the Adriatic, cancelled all festivities, and steamed away to Malta; while Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, in command of the Home Fleet, steamed from Cromarty round to his base in the English Channel, Portland, where he was joined by a crowd of mosquito craft and the ships of the Cruiser Squadron. Thus, in a few days, the Navy, which is always ready for war, had reached its war-posts prepared to open hostilities if diplomacy and the pressure of the Fleets-in-being did not provide a solution of the difficulty. The life of the nation went on as usual; Parliament was not called together. The Board of Admiralty merely despatched orders to three fleets, and they proceeded to their stations; not a single ship was specially commissioned. It has been said that this demonstration of the power of this country was unique. Possibly this claim can be best supported by comparing the outcome of Admiralty action in

1898, when the Fashoda incident threatened to embroil us with France, with the assembly which occurred after the North Sea incident. Such a comparison reveals in the strongest light the return which the Admiralty has made for the expenditure which the nation and Parliament has sanctioned year after year. The forces assembled at the two dates were as follows, the dates of the design of the ships being given in parentheses :—

Mediterranean Fleet.

1898.	1904.
10 Battleships :—	12 Battleships :—
2 *Majestics* (1893–5).	8 *Formidables* (1897–1900).
3 *Admirals* (1883–9).	4 *Duncans* (1898–9).
5 *Royal Sovereigns* (Naval Defence Act).	4 Armoured Cruisers :—*Aboukir, Bacchante* (1897–8), *Lancaster*, and *Suffolk* (1900).
9 Protected Cruisers and Sloops.	6 Protected Cruisers.
5 Torpedo Gunboats.	3 Torpedo Gunboats.
6 Torpedo Boat Destroyers.	27 Torpedo Boat Destroyers.

Home Fleet.

1898.	1904.
None, but a number of old ships were moored round the coast, and were given full complements and assembled.	8 Battleships :—
	4 of the *Royal Sovereigns* (Naval Defence Act).
	Swiftsure and *Triumph* (purchased from Chili in 1903).
	2 of the *Duncans* (1898–9).
	2 Armoured Cruisers :—*Bedford* and *Essex* (1898–9).
	2 Protected Cruisers :—*Dido* and *Juno*.
24 Torpedo Boat Destroyers.	36 Torpedo Boat Destroyers.
	(All the torpedo craft did not actually assemble at Portland, but they were held in readiness at the home ports.)

Channel Fleet.

1898.	1904.
6 Battleships :—	8 Battleships :—
6 of the *Majestics* (1893–5).	8 of the *Majestics* (1893–4).
4 Protected Cruisers.	4 Protected Cruisers.

Cruiser Squadron.

1898.	1904.
None.	6 Armoured Cruisers :—*Drake* and *Good Hope* (1898–9); *Kent, Monmouth, Donegal, Berwick* (1898–1900).

Summary of the Chief Warships.

1898.	1904.
16 Battleships.	28 Battleships.
13 Protected Cruisers.	12 Armoured Cruisers.
5 Torpedo Gunboats.	12 Protected Cruisers.

1898.	1904.
30 Torpedo Boat Destroyers.	63 Torpedo Boat Destroyers. (In addition, the two armoured cruisers, *Hogue* and *Sutlej*, and the protected cruisers, *Æolus*, *Andromache*, *Melampus*, and *Spartan*, and a number of torpedo boats joined the Home Fleet at Portland.)

Principal Guns Carried.

1898.	1904.
32—13·5in. (1,250lb. projectile; obsolescent).	16—13·5in.
32—12in. (850lb. projectile).	88—12in.
	8—10in. (500lb. projectile).
4—9·2in. (380lb. projectile).	12—9·2in.
	28—7·5in. (200lb. projectile).
224—6in. (100lb. projectile).	417—6in.
63—5 or 4·7in. (50lb. projectile).	12—4·7in.
8—4in. (25lb. projectile).	24—4in.

The contrast between the naval demonstrations at these two dates should convince the British people that they are to-day obtaining good value for their money. In this period of six years the whole organisation of the naval forces in the Near Seas has been changed. The old battleships and cruisers which acted as coastguard vessels in 1898, dotted singly round our shores, only occasionally cruising in company, and but partially manned—a loose organisation, entailing a large and useless expenditure—have disappeared. Small cruisers now do coast duty. In the place of the partly-manned and seldom exercised battleships, we have an entirely new fleet which is always at sea preparing for war, with full crews and stores. This force was created after the advance of the naval power of Germany in the North Sea became threatening to this country, and out of the units placed in his charge Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson has evolved a smart, well-drilled force of two divisions of battleships. Indeed, it seems inevitable that the Home Fleet should supersede the Mediterranean Fleet as the foremost fighting force of the United Kingdom. The cordial relations which now exist between this country and France, and the other Powers in the Mediterranean, have led already to some reduction in strength in the Midland Sea in the past two or three years, and there is every indication that this movement from the Mediterranean to the North Sea and English Channel will be even more marked in the future. The advance of Russia and Germany as naval Powers has been accompanied by a serious set-back of the fleets of France and Italy. For the moment the success of Japan in the Far East, and the loss of Russian war shipping which has occurred, have arrested the naval aggrandisement of Russia. This, how-

ever, is only a momentary check, and since the German Fleet is being augmented without reference to the naval position of Russia —in fact, it would seem as though some working arrangement between the two countries already existed—the shifting of power from the Mediterranean to the North Sea is likely to continue. In time the admiral commanding the Home Fleet will be the senior officer flying his flag afloat. It may be some years before this change is consummated, but already this officer has precedence over the flag officer who controls the Channel Fleet. The latter force is really the flying battle fleet of the Navy, and whether it co-operates with the Mediterranean Fleet or the Home Fleet depends on the circumstances of the moment.

The Home Fleet, which Germany has called into being by her aggressive policy, is not, however, purely a North Sea force. It is what its name implies, the Home Fleet. In 1898, when the Channel Fleet steamed to its war post at Gibraltar, the English Channel was left without immediate defence. Strategists may not have regarded this fact with any anxiety, but the absence of a fleet in British waters had, and must necessarily have, a disturbing effect on the public. On the occasion of the late crisis the Home Fleet, in every detail ready for action, was able to steam round from the Scottish port, where it happened to be at the moment, and take up its station at Portland within a few days. Six years ago the only visible defence afloat in home waters was provided by the coastguard ships, a non-sea-going force, and, events might not improbably have shown, a non-fighting force, as judged by the British naval standards of what constitutes a fighting force which can be trusted to defend the honour of the British flag. It was not exactly "a menagerie of unruly and curiously assorted ships," like the assembly in 1885, but it was not a command in which any admiral could take much pride, or on which he could place much reliance. The best that can be said is that the officers and men, working under conditions not conducive to fighting efficiency, would, if necessity had arisen, have given as good an account of themselves as circumstances would permit.

In addition to the Home Fleet, the Admiralty have fitted out another sea-going and fighting force, the Cruiser Squadron. This has been evolved out of the old sailing-ships which formed the Training Squadron under the old *régime*. It is a flying squadron of six well-armoured ships, and has a nominal speed of 23 knots, and a sea speed of about 20 or 21 knots. The Navy has no force which is more efficient in all warlike drills, and this result is due to the efforts of the first commander, Rear-Admiral Sir Wilmot Fawkes, who struck his flag last month, and to the officers it was his good fortune to have associated with him. Consequently, in

six years we have gained two new squadrons, a net result on which the nation has reason to congratulate itself.

The demonstration of naval power afforded by the assembly of these four forces at their war posts provided the world with an illustration of the lines on which a national fleet should be disposed. The rapid mobilisation for war was due to the concentration practised while as yet there was not a cloud on the horizon. This policy, which has been previously advocated in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW,[1] has found favour at Whitehall, and a number of "tin ships," of no fighting value, are already under orders to return home, or to be paid off and placed in reserve at their Colonial bases, thus releasing a number of officers and men for definite war duties. But the principle needs to be carried further still.

1. The North American Squadron should be reduced to a commodore's command, and should comprise only sufficient men-of-war to afford protection to the Newfoundland fishermen, and to render aid to merchant ships in case of emergency.

2. The Australian Squadron should also be either transformed into a flying squadron of armoured cruisers, similar to the Cruiser Squadron at home, ready for any Imperial mission, or it should be reduced until the cost of maintenance corresponds to the contributions of the Colonists, and it should continue to be regarded mainly as a Colonial force.

3. On these lines we may throw off some of the wasteful burdens at present borne by the poor British taxpayer, and at a less cost fit out, as already suggested in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, flying squadrons of armoured cruisers which would be always ready to go anywhere and do anything. This change in the naval organisation, first broached in these pages, has, it is said, commended itself to the Board of Admiralty, and one or more of these squadrons, always carrying out definite war training, and showing the flag in an imposing and impressive manner, will, it is stated, be established.[2] Instead of single ships wandering along the coasts of the world, as men-of-war have done in the past, and as is still the practice on some stations, we shall have these swift, heavily-gunned, and well-armoured squadrons.

Single ships are useless for war; masses are what an admiral requires. It is a hopeful sign of the times that Vice-Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, on taking over the command of the China Squadron,

(1) FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, August, 1903, "The Navy that we Need"; and April, 1904, "Naval Concentration—and a Moral."

(2) Since this was written the Admiralty have decided to add four more armoured ships to the Cruiser Squadron—raising the strength to ten vessels—and divide it into two forces, the "First Cruiser Squadron" and the "Second Cruiser Squadron"; in fact, they will become flying squadrons of 23-knot ships.

which includes five battleships and two armoured cruisers, has introduced on this station cruises in company for the big ships, and the silly sauntering of the old *régime* has been abandoned. On all hands there is gratifying evidence that at last the British Navy is being massed in tactical units, and trained in peace so as to fit the vessels to act together in war. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when the whole wasteful system of flag-showing by individual ships of small power will give place to flying squadrons which will sweep round the world periodically, but not necessarily frequently, giving to inhabitants of distant regions a better idea of the might of the British Navy than a poor little "bug-trap," or even a small cruiser, can convey. By such a reform, which is certain to come, we shall economise in actual money, and shall add immensely to the strength and war efficiency of the Navy, besides giving to reserve men opportunities at all times of the year to put in their training. At present men must go afloat during the busy summer season, or not at all.

In another direction the war organisation of the British Fleet has been immensely improved. The admirable system now followed in the Naval Reserve was illustrated during the late crisis. Any officer will admit that in 1896, when the Kaiser's telegram set England ablaze with anger, the emergency found the "A" Reserve of ships, presumed to be ready for sea in forty-eight hours, little more than a sham. Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle was then Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, and he recognised the deficiency which the crisis exhibited and suggested reforms. These have now been carried out, and it is no idle boast that the ships in the "A" Division of the Fleet Reserve are ready for sea in forty-eight hours. They are kept stored and with their bunkers full, and there is a skeleton crew on board each vessel, with one or more engineer officers, a gunner, a boatswain, and a carpenter, who are responsible for the upkeep; at the local depôt every ship has its full quota of officers and men assigned to her, so that on the order being given to mobilise every officer and man shall know to which ship he must go. This is a most important forward move, and it is doubtful if any nation has reached an organisation as perfect. All that is necessary is that it should be carefully watched by the Commanders-in-Chief at the various ports, in order that it may be maintained in time of peace in absolute efficiency. When the late crisis turned attention to the condition and readiness for sea of the vessels in the "A" division of the Fleet Reserve, the opportunity was seized to review all the arrangements for mobilisation, and never before had this vital organisation for quickly utilising the resources of the home ports been found to be so efficient.

The demonstration of the efficiency of the Fleet and of its mission as peacemaker could not have come at a more opportune moment. It brought home to the people in the busiest manufacturing centres and the remotest hamlets a realisation of the *rôle* of the Navy as the chief bulwark of our national security. The assembly of ships, so swiftly and quietly accomplished, cannot have failed to remind even those most indifferent to Imperial questions that the Navy is the sole and only defence of this country, and the only court to which, in some circumstances, the British people can appeal for justice. The naval spectacle also impressed Europe. Two fishermen were killed and a dozen or more injured, and the fleets of the greatest of the navies of the world swept majestically to their allotted war posts, prepared to demand satisfaction for the outrage on these humble toilers. The incident and its sequel may have seemed theatrical to the bureaucracy of Russia, where the peasant and the town dweller of the working classes are considered of less than no account, where human life is sacrificed with so little thought, sometimes at one blow, but more usually by lingering years of exile.

The assembly of the British Fleet was a demonstration of naval strength unrivalled in the annals of the world's fleets; it was an illustration of the efficiency of the machinery behind the ships; and it was also a reminder to autocratic and bureaucratic chancelleries of the fact that the British Empire looks mainly to the Navy for defence, and that the Army is a luxury which we, as a people, understand apparently as little as the Russians understand the organisation and training of a modern Fleet. The mere possession of ships does not constitute naval power. This is the lesson which all modern naval conflicts have taught, and no nation, however great its resources, however distinguished its technique, can improvise a fleet on the eve of a war. Its requirements need to be carefully studied years in advance, its fleets continually practised, and its plans evolved with scrupulous care, honesty, and attention to detail, so that every pound spent may produce an adequate return. The Fleet which is provided in time of peace is also the Fleet with which war must be waged. When the gage has been thrown down it is too late to strengthen a Navy. The fate of a nation which places reliance on its sea-power must be decided by the fleets it can mobilise while diplomacy is saying the last word.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

II.

Anglo-Russian Relations.

If an understanding with Russia is the logical consequence of our understanding with France, and (short of the destruction of the German Fleet on the Copenhagen precedent of September, 1807) the only means by which the isolation of Germany can be assured, the present Foreign Minister deserves well of the country. Some people assert that Lord Lansdowne's management of our military affairs, previous to the Boer War, deserved impeachment. However this may be, even severe critics cannot deny his masterly handling of the situation since the events of October 21st. Lord Lansdowne has faced unusual difficulties, not only on the Russian side, from the Grand Dukes and from Anglophobia at Potsdam, but also from the petulant patriotism of the Prime Minister. The Russian Admiral may be addicted to the habit associated with the names of Ananias and Sapphira his wife, but until the International Court has pronounced a verdict to that effect, it is premature for one of the parties to the case to pronounce the decision.

Lord Lansdowne is the Minister of a Power which has successfully and successively contested the command of the sea with Spain, Holland, and France. There is no reason to doubt that the history of English Sea Power since 1588 would repeat itself in the event of a struggle with a maritime alliance between the Baltic Powers in 1905, even on the hypothesis of their being joined by France. The history of England and the present state of the Fleet under Sir John Fisher warranted ministers in facing the crisis with tranquillity—a task of some difficulty when writers and speakers, who are the countrymen of the defenders of Lucknow and of Londonderry, were imputing cowardice and falsehood to an admiral who is a countryman of the defender of Port Arthur.

To understand the difficulties in the way of good relations between England and Russia let us fearlessly examine the situation as it is affected; first by the Kaiser; and secondly, by the grand ducal relatives of the Tsar.

We must remember, in the first place, that the true storm centre is not in Admiral Rojestvensky's Fleet, London, St. Petersburg, or the Far East. It is in the New Palace at Potsdam. There, wrapt in the lingering memories of Frederick the Great, the busy brain and insatiable ambition of the greatest ruler in

Europe are engaged in weaving nets for the entanglement of other nations and the extrication of his own from an *impasse* of his own making.

During the crisis on the Rojestvensky affair I can imagine the German Emperor as I last saw him at Potsdam, erect, every inch a king, clad in a white uniform, clanking spurs, and high cavalry boots, pacing the stone-flagged terrace, looking on to the peaceful gardens of the Palace. It was a warm June day. As the Emperor walked and talked of high affairs, I noticed processions of ants issuing from the crevices of the pavement, and wending their way towards the garden. As the Kaiser looked round towards me from time to time in his discourse, I felt the magnetism of his handsome, eager countenance, and noted how the big jack boots crushed now a company, now a half battalion, of the ant processions. The busy ants impeded neither his Majesty's march nor conversation. He was unconscious of their existence, but the impression left on my mind was that the Kaiser is not more careless of the destruction of Potsdam termites than of any nation or people under the sun which crosses his path. England has crossed his path.

What were the Kaiser's thoughts after the outrage on the Dogger Bank fishermen? Adroit fishery in troubled waters is a speciality in Potsdam. Heligoland was obtained from the British Foreign Office in return for something which did not belong to Germany. So great was the good nature of Lord Salisbury that the Sea Lords of the Admiralty read in their morning papers of the cession to Germany of an island which is equal to the possession of nine battleships and a torpedo station and without which the Kiel Canal could not be held by Germany in time of war.

During the Dogger Bank crisis, accordingly, the Kaiser was probably thinking, not of Port Arthur or of Baghdad, but of the Scheldt, Holland, Port Mahon, and the Balearic Islands.

The wisdom of his Majesty's Ministers in refusing to be hustled into war with Russia by Hotspurs of the inkstand was signally justified. To prevent the arrangement of an understanding with Russia is the secular object of the white-clad figure whom I watched unconsciously crushing the busy ants of Potsdam. A glimpse of the inner life of a military monarch was given when his Majesty spoke to me of never retiring for the night without uncertainty as to what news the morning would bring to a ruler whose country was devoid of natural frontiers for hundreds and hundreds of miles. The Kaiser is not a "week-ender"; he is charged with a divine mission and is always on the watch.

Most people admit that an understanding between England and Russia is desirable, but few of them understand the German

factor in the problem that dictates British policy, not only to Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, but to their successors. Germany numbers now nearly 57,000,000 people. She outnumbers France by more than 17,000,000. The port of Kiel is already crowded with warships. The German colonies are failures—economically, strategically, and as a field for emigration. The furtive attempt to establish a footing in Brazil or elsewhere on the South American Continent has been effectually stopped by the shipbuilding policy of the United States and the clear hint of President Roosevelt that the Monroe Doctrine should be studied at Potsdam, unless its illustrious owner is seeking practical explanation on the spot. The miscarriage of these enterprises, together with failure during the Boer war to humiliate England by compulsory intervention, added to the constant growth of German population by a million a year, have brought matters to a crisis. The venerable Emperor, Francis Joseph, remains on the scene, and some authorities consider that his expectation of life, if not as good as the Kaiser's, is sufficient to compel German policy to precede action in the Adriatic by action in Holland. Everything is ripe for the enterprise. Russia, preoccupied in the East, has denuded her western frontiers of troops. The army of Holland is a negligible quantity—according to one high military authority, not one-tenth of the value even of the Belgian army. The British Army is disorganised, first, by the creation of six army corps; secondly, by their abolition; thirdly, by the adoption of the short service system since the Boer war; fourthly, by its re-conversion into a long service system; and, fifthly, by the acceptance of a British War Minister of the German Order of the Black Eagle within a year of the time when the German Chancellor had publicly declared that a comparison between the English and the German armies was an insult to the latter. Furthermore, the Netheravon property on Salisbury Plain, acquired from the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, is unsuited for the practical purpose for which it is required.

If Germany is to be stopped from seizing Holland three things are necessary.

I. That peace shall reign between England and Russia.

II. That a sufficient body of competent over-sea fighting British troops shall be ready to embark at an hour's notice and able to hold the strategic points until the cumbrous French mobilisation has taken place, and the necessary negotiations with the Belgian Government—or defeat of the Belgian troops—are completed, so as to enable the French armies to hold Germany in check on the plains of Holland. Neither Salisbury Plain nor Aldershot is suitable as a "jumping off" place, and England does

not possess a body of 70,000 men capable of embarking to-morrow for the Scheldt and holding their own against the German Army.

Thus the situation to-day is exceptionally favourable to the Kaiser's plans. The annexation of Holland may be looked upon as the inevitable destiny of that interesting country, unless Englishmen and Russians consent to drop irrational antagonisms and refuse to be catspaws of the German Machiavelli.

III. The third essential to prevent the occupation of Holland by Germany is the declaration of war by France. Such a declaration of war is inevitable if German troops cross the frontier of Holland. The guns will go off of themselves, and the only thing that could prevent a general rising in France against Germany would be an active quarrel between England and Russia. France knows that in her next struggle with Germany it is advisable to have allies if she is to win, more especially maritime allies. M. Pelletan has mingled discipline with the rights of man to such effect that the present state of the French Navy recalls the early days of the revolutionary war with England, when French seamen, unmolested by their officers, openly debated the expediency of obeying the orders of their commanders.

Consider the consequences of the war that will arise when the Kaiser seizes Holland, in consequence of an Anglo-Russian quarrel. The occupation of Holland by Germany is a pistol held behind the ear of France and in the centre of the forehead of Britannia. Neither England nor France could exist with the Pan-Germans in Holland. No alliance between Germany and England, or Germany and France, is within the region of practical politics. Therefore, the only quarter from which assistance against England (who is the rival that Germany fears) can be obtained is Russia. Everything points to the existence of a Russo-German understanding—the price being that Germany should have a free hand in Holland and in the English Colonies. At the time of writing the coveted Baltic Provinces of Russia lie temptingly exposed to the embraces of the Teuton ravisher, but they are as safe from attack as Una from the lion. Nothing but a quarrel between England and Russia is necessary to enable Germany to have her pleasure of England.

These things being so, common sense points to the necessity of vigorously supporting his Majesty's Ministers, and seeking, notwithstanding the Rojestvensky affair, the arrangement of an understanding with Russia. Whether it is a cordial understanding or not is immaterial. The main thing is to bar the success of German policy by the prevention of an open quarrel between England and Russia, or between England and France. The great European war that will follow the seizure of Holland by the

Kaiser, as surely as the report of a loaded gun follows the pressure of its trigger, will not be begun by Germany if English and Russian statesmen understand one another.

The next point for consideration is, How Russia stands in regard to war with England? England and Russia nearly at the same time were conquered by Norsemen. Both England and Russia believe themselves to be the World Power of the future. During the last hundred years both Powers have made enormous strides in wealth, population, and area. Here the likeness ends. The evolution of England has circled round the liberty of the individual. Russia embodies the submission of the individual to the State. Both England and Russia have fought for their existence, but Russia, for 200 years, has been uniformly unsuccessful in war, while employing a matchless diplomacy to obtain that which other nations only obtain at the sword's point. England, in the last three centuries, has deliberately challenged, fought, and overthrown the three greatest World Powers—Spain, Holland, and France. In the same period Russia, single-handed, has never sought conflict with a great White Power. In the war with Sweden, Peter the Great was totally defeated by Charles XII. at Narva. The tables were turned nine years later at Pultowa, but Pultowa is a lonely instance of single-handed victory over white men by the Russians during two centuries. Wherever the Russians have fought single-handed against a foreign foe—with the exception of Pultowa—they have been beaten by land and sea. Peter the Great was beaten in 1711. At the end of the century, in 1796, Russia was unsuccessful in her preliminary attempt in Persia. As an ally in the coalition against France, she was defeated at Austerlitz. She was beaten by the Turks in 1809 and vanquished at Smolensk and Borodino in 1812. To General January and General February may be scored a victory against Napoleon; but cold and hunger, not strategy and tactics, were on the Russian side and gained the day. In 1840 an expedition against Khiva failed to achieve success. Russia was defeated in 1855 by the French and the English.

In contrast to this tale of military disaster, Russian diplomacy has always been signally successful. In 1871 she regained, at a stroke, everything lost by the Crimean War. The success of Russian diplomacy is due to three causes :—

(1) She knows her own mind.
(2) She knows when to push on or retire.
(3) She is unscrupulous in the sense that no pledge binds her; no oath is sacred; and no treaty valid after it has outlived its usefulness to Holy Russia.

Six years ago, after a careful study of the situation in every

part of Russia, I wrote, in the *National Review* of August, 1898 :—

The future of Russia, so long as she keeps the peace and limits her disputes with other nations to the field of diplomacy, may possibly be prosperous and bright, but if her unwieldy Empire should be plunged into the hazard of war, the ignorance and superstition of her people, the corruption and inebriety of her administrators, the absence of a master-mind in the Tsar or of an educated middle class, her alienation of the Jews, and her slipshod unreadiness for vast combinations at a distance, are more likely to result in a humiliating and perhaps ridiculous collapse than in the establishment of universal dominion over the civilised world.

Why Russia was persuaded to repeat the inevitable tale of military disaster by engaging in a conflict with Japan will be an interesting revelation, when the time comes for its full disclosure. The matter of paramount interest at the present time is not whether Russia was right or wrong in going to war with Japan, or even whether Admiral Rojestvensky combines the worst qualities of Ananias and Nero, but whether it is possible for England and Russia to come to an understanding that shall endure; based not upon treaties that may be broken but on a mutual conviction of the fact that England and Russia have no such conflicting interest as to warrant a breach of the peace, while their common interests are sufficient to render a compact advantageous to both. To attain this end it is necessary that Englishmen should understand the situation in Russia.

The Real Government of Russia.

The Government of Russia rests, to some extent, in the hands of the Tsar, and power belongs also to the Ministers and the governors of provinces. But the real rulers are the Grand Dukes. The most powerful element in the Government of Russia is the irresponsible grand ducal influence over the departments of the Admiralty, Finance, and Foreign Affairs. Two of them exercise predominant influence at the Russian Admiralty, but the Grand Duke Alexis, the High Admiral, is not concerned in the engagements entered into by his Excellency the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Sometimes the friction between the Admiralty and the Foreign Office reaches a point when the Tsar is made to speak with two distinct and contradictory voices. Through Count Lamsdorff he is reasonable, peaceful, and conciliatory, and Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador in London, has no difficulty in convincing the British Prime Minister that his august master deserves public eulogy.

The Grand Dukes, on the other hand, who command the Russian

Press and control Vice-Admiral Avellan, the Minister of Marine, use language of a different kind. They are insulting, harsh, and provocative. Admiral Rojestvensky is praised, his "dear Fleet" commended, and Mr. Balfour inferentially ridiculed.

Is it not clear that anyone who grasps the fact that the real Government of Russia is shared by an irresponsible syndicate, in which the grand ducal element is sometimes predominant, and sometimes submissive to higher authority, will realise that it cannot successfully be dealt with by the methods applicable to Governments where the centre of gravity is not shifting from day to day?

The unreasoning Anglophobia of the Grand Dukes is the most serious obstacle to an understanding with Russia. It is unapproachable by diplomacy. Public opinion in neither country affects the situation. The princes of the blood in Russia number about thirty. Some of them are dissolute and incapable men. Others are politically ambitious, astute, and resolute, while the avarice of many has enabled them to amass immense wealth at the cost of the common people. These august persons are a danger to the peace of the world and to the welfare of the Russian people as long as they continue to exist in an irresponsible position, interfering at moments of national crisis, compelling the Foreign Minister to eat his words, and thus augmenting international friction. The Grand Dukes of Russia are the chief allies of the Kaiser. It is through the Grand Dukes, in times of peace, that the *Malacca* was seized by a Russian vessel disqualified by international law from all naval enterprise. Lord Lansdowne, knowing that he was dealing not with Count Lamsdorff, Vice-Admiral Avellan, or even with the Tsar, but with the irresponsible Grand Duke Alexis, kept his head with exemplary patience and prevented war. It is the universal opinion among Russian educated men that as long as the Grand Dukes hold their present position the regeneration of Russia is impossible and the peace of the world will always be hanging in the balance. It is necessary that the English people should understand that Russian policy is sometimes the whimsical action of an irresponsible Grand Duke and sometimes the deliberate intention of the Russian Government. Russia is not a warlike Power. She is unsuited for war because ignorance is the basis of her government, while knowledge is the condition of success in modern war.

The recent birth of the Tsarevitch and the sufferings of the Russian reservists, with the long tale of defeat at the hands of the Yellow Dwarfs—as the Russian Grand Dukes are accustomed to speak of the Japanese—have abridged the power of the uncles and relations of the Tsar. Under the grand ducal *régime* women

and favourites play the same part as in the corrupt society of France in the time of the Grand Monarque. The English public and English newspaper men will do well to distinguish between the acts of the Grand Dukes and the acts of the legitimate rulers of the Russian people, and to remember that behind the Mad Dog Fleet there is a Mad Dog influence at the Russian Court.

If we look at these facts calmly we shall stedfastly refuse to quarrel, not because we love Russia. but because it is necessary to "get along" with her, if the great war Germany is trying to provoke is to be avoided. There is everything in the point of view. When Admiral Rojestvensky sank the *Crane*, news that only interested the Russians infuriated the English. The English looked upon it as a repetition, on a small scale, of Blagovestchensk, where 15,000 Chinamen were done to death on July 15th, 1900. Englishmen looked upon the Dogger Bank episode as an outrage that was wilfully perpetrated by an incompetent, drunken, or cowardly admiral. The real fact was that it was the outcome of an administration of irresponsible, incompetent, grand ducal Anglophobes.

Nor must we forget the view held in grand ducal circles. On many previous occasions England has been insulted, the interests of her people sacrificed, the honour of her flag compromised, and the lives of her citizens, and even of her officers and soldiers, laid down without resort to any other weapons than those supplied by diplomatists and lawyers. The Grand Dukes, who are well-informed, could have pointed out to the Tsar that on December 23rd, 1893, at Waima, Konno Country, Sierra Leone, Lieutenant Maritz, of the French Army, attacked a British force on British soil, under the command of Colonel A. B. Ellis (1st West Indian Regiment). The French killed Lieutenant R. E. Liston, Second Lieutenant Wroughton, one sergeant-major, and four privates, and severely wounded fifteen non-commissioned officers and men. Captain Lendy, D.S.O., who was serving with the Frontier Police, and two men of that force were also killed, and two were wounded. Waima was in British territory; British officers and men were killed by the French by accident, carelessness, or mistake, exactly as the Hull trawlers were killed by Admiral Rojestvensky. The British Government entered no plea in respect of the claims of the massacred British officers and men until they were made to do so. The British Foreign Office sought neither indemnity nor apology. Seven years' public agitation took place before a British Government could be induced to take action in the matter of the Waima outrage, and Monsieur Delcassé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, himself mentioned to the present writer that he had never even heard of the Waima

affair until five years after it had happened, thus exhibiting the indifference of the British Government in a case where great political interests were not at stake.

The Grand Dukes of Russia, acquainted with the Waima case, would naturally believe that in the Dogger Bank affair, however indignant the English Foreign Office might be for a day or two, their indignation would subside.

England's reputation for love of peace is founded on a succession of actions which, though harmonising with the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, are not calculated to impress the Grand Dukes with a sense of John Bull's ferocious pride. When H.M.S. *Iphigenia* steamed out of Port Arthur at the order of a Russian admiral—as an organ-grinder is ordered to move on by a policeman—the Grand Dukes at St. Petersburg took special note of the affair. Russian and German opinion of English flabbiness was confirmed by many events that occurred between the flight of the *Iphigenia* from Port Arthur and the torpedoing of the British steamer *Hipsang*, the seizure of the *Allanton* and the sinking of the *Knight Commander*. The events of the Boer war—more especially the compensation paid to Germany for the *Herzog* and *Bundesrath*, and the surrender at Nicholson's Nek, on October 30th, 1899, of 24 British officers and 912 men to an inferior force of Boers—created an erroneous impression of British incapacity and unwillingness for war. Lord Wolseley's answer to the Royal Commissioners to the effect that the surrenders were "not creditable to the Army" made a profound impression on the Russian Staff. During the Boer war there were 225 surrenders by the British to the Boers. To-day England is regarded at Potsdam and in grand ducal circles as a braggart, overgrown, flabby Power, without an Army, suffering from heart disease and inflamed with a sense of importance that has no corresponding basis in fact.

The expedition to Thibet exasperated the Grand Dukes. The expedition to Seistan and the Kej Valley may precipitate a breach. Next year Indian affairs will be at boiling point and by that time the German Emperor will probably have gained the right of interference in Asiastic affairs by Papal licence through the Concordat renounced by France.

The question of peace is in the hands of the Jews, the Kaiser, and the Grand Dukes. It does not rest with England.

ARNOLD WHITE.

ADAM SMITH AND SOME PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY.

UNDER any circumstances the publication of a new edition[1] of *The Wealth of Nations*, edited by a scholar of repute, would be a noteworthy event. But never, surely, since the original publication in 1776, could it have been more opportune than it is to-day. For in regard to few great works or great writers is the popular conception more grotesquely wide of the mark. Adam Smith shares, of course, the common lot of classics, that of being more often quoted than studied, and more talked about than read. And quotations from such a work as *The Wealth of Nations*, even though made with honest purpose and *totidem verbis*, are apt to be singularly misleading. Nor has Adam Smith been entirely fortunate in his avowed disciples, some of whom must be held largely responsible for the erroneous conceptions of the character of his teaching which undoubtedly prevail. It is commonly supposed, for example, that his style is repellent, difficult, and dull, whereas, in truth, it is conspicuously clear, and frequently illuminated by touches of dry humour and by pregnant and not easily forgotten epigrams. His arrangement of topics may perhaps leave something to be desired; it is less systematic than that of a modern manual; but it must be borne in mind that Adam Smith was a pioneer in his subject, and that his method, therefore, is likely to lack the lucidity and clear-cut precision of those who can follow a well-beaten track. Original people, it has been truly said, are apt to be confused "because they are feeling their way." But more serious criticisms are frequently urged by those who know him only at second-hand. His method, they say, is entirely abstract, and his conclusions, therefore, are hopelessly remote from the actualities of business life. No accusation could be wider of the mark. Nothing could be more alien to Adam Smith (as I shall presently show) than that abstraction of abstractions—Ricardo's *Economic Man*. It would, perhaps, be going too far to describe Adam Smith as the father of the historical method as applied to economics; but it is certainly true that one main interest of *The Wealth of Nations* is its extraordinary fertility in historical illustration and its constant and varied appeal to the actual phenomena of business. Not less grotesque is the suggestion

(1) *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, by Adam Smith, edited, with an introduction, notes, marginal, summary, and an enlarged index, by Edwin Cannan, M.A., LL.D., Teacher of Economic Theory in the University of London at the London School of Economics. Methuen, 1904.

that Adam Smith was hidebound in economic dogmatism. It is here most conspicuously that the disciples have betrayed the master. It is not Adam Smith who can be convicted of stating his conclusions with dogmatic narrowness and insolence; though the charge may not unfairly lie against the subsequent encrustation of economic doctrine, falsely designated by the Germans as "Smithianismus." Adam Smith himself was, as I propose to show, studiously careful not merely to admit, but to emphasise, the strictly limited and conditional nature of conclusions derived from hypotheses of imperfect validity. It is to be hoped that the publication of a new edition of the central work in English economics may lead many glib critics to study it at first hand, and thus conduce to the dissipation of misconceptions as unjust to Adam Smith as they are intrinsically mischievous. Should this be so, Dr. Cannan, we may be sure, will feel repaid for his labours.

This paper is concerned, primarily, with Adam Smith, and not with his most recent editor. But it would be churlish to omit to recognise the tact and judgment which Dr. Cannan has displayed in the performance of his obviously congenial task. He has adopted the text of the fifth edition, which was issued in 1789, and was the last published during the lifetime of the author; but this has been "carefully collated with the first, and wherever the two were found to disagree the history of the alteration has been traced through the intermediate editions." Dr. Cannan appears to anticipate that his critics may complain "of the trivial character of many of the notes which record the result of the collation of the editions." The apprehension is probably groundless; but, in any case, Dr. Cannan may be assured that his "triviality" will earn the gratitude of all serious students of Adam Smith. Moreover, some of the variations are of great intrinsic interest; as, for example, the change of phrase used in referring to the rebellion of the American Colonies. The paragraph in the original edition, written, as we learn from a footnote in the third edition (1784), in 1775, contains a reference to "the *late* disturbances" in our North American Colonies. From this we can only conjecture, as Dr. Cannan points out, "that Smith thought that the disturbances were over when he was writing, or when he returned the proof to the printers, or that they would be past by the time his book was published." In the second (1778) and subsequent editions he writes of "the present disturbances." This is but one instance of the interest attaching to Dr. Cannan's editorial trivialities. His "Introduction," too, is an admirable piece of work, being devoted, for the most part, to an ingenious attempt to trace the genesis of the leading ideas of *The Wealth of Nations*. It is, indeed, conclusively shown that they may in large measure be found in

embryo in that portion of his earlier "lectures on jurisprudence, which he called 'Police, Revenue, and Arms.'" Those lectures were delivered in the University of Glasgow in his capacity as Professor of Moral Philosophy. They were reported by a student in 1763, and were edited a few years ago by Dr. Edwin Cannan. That they formed the basis of *The Wealth of Nations*, and, indeed, that they anticipated many of the leading arguments, can be denied by no one who is familiar with both works. But in the intervening thirteen years Adam Smith had seen and learnt much. His visit to France in 1764–6 was especially instructive, and influenced his later work in two distinct ways. In France he found, in full working order, an administrative and fiscal system so replete with absurdities as to provide a veritable "museum of economical errors"; and there, at the same time, he came into contact with the most advanced and enlightened economic thinkers in Europe. It would, indeed, be difficult to exaggerate the influence exercised upon Adam Smith by Quesnay and the French School of Physiocrats, and Dr. Cannan appreciates it to the full. Not less interesting, and more original, is his estimate of Smith's debt to Francis Hutcheson, in whose *System of Moral Philosophy* economic doctrine occupies considerable space; and (more conjecturally) to Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*. The last suggestion is peculiarly ingenious, for, as Dr. Cannan shows, "we can scarcely fail to suspect that it was Mandeville who first made him realise that it is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker that we expect our dinner, but from regard to their own interest." Our editor, indeed, goes so far as to say that Smith put Mandeville's "doggerel into prose," and added something from the Hutchesonian love of liberty, when he propounded what is really the text of the polemical portion of *The Wealth of Nations*:—

> The natural effort of every individual to better his own condition, when suffered to exert itself with freedom and security, is so powerful a principle that it is alone and without any assistance, not only capable of carrying on the society to wealth and prosperity, but of surmounting a hundred impertinent obstructions with which the folly of human laws too often encumbers its operations."

I trust that I have said enough to suggest the interest which attaches to Dr. Cannan's editorial work. Nor is his tact anywhere at fault. He declines definitely "to criticise Adam Smith's theories in the light of modern discussions," on the ground that "the book is surely a classic of great historical interest, which should not be overlaid by the opinions and criticisms of any subsequent moment—still less of any particular editor." As applied to the work before us, the argument would appear to be irresistible

and the editor's judgment absolutely sound. But where the permanent editor rightly fears to tread, the ephemeral critic may, perhaps, be permitted to step in. For to attempt to apply the teaching of Adam Smith to some of the problems of to-day is precisely the task which I propose to myself in the following pages.

Such a task is difficult, chiefly by reason of its immensity. For there is no error more egregious than to suppose that Adam Smith's teaching is "remote," and that it has little bearing on the problems of our own time. Its modern applicability is, indeed, one of its most conspicuous characteristics. Do we seek for enlightenment as to the wisdom of encouraging colonisation by chartered companies? Adam Smith affords it in terms which leave us in no doubt as to the opinion he holds. "The government of an exclusive company of merchants is, perhaps, the worst of all governments for any country whatever."[1] And the reason is to be found in the conflict of functions and interests pertaining to traders and rulers respectively.

No two characters[2] (he says) seem more inconsistent than those of trader and sovereign. If the trading spirit of the East India Company renders them very bad sovereigns, the spirit of sovereignty seems to have rendered them equally bad traders. While they were traders only they managed their trade successfully, and were able to pay from their profits a moderate dividend to the proprietors of their stock. Since they became sovereigns, with a revenue which, it is said, was originally more than three millions sterling, they have been obliged to beg the ordinary assistance of government in order to avoid immediate bankruptcy. In their former situation their servants in India considered themselves as the clerks of merchants; in their present situation those servants consider themselves as the ministers of sovereigns.

Or take the question of municipal trading. Could any problem be more unquestionably "modern"? But no one who reads the chapter from which the last extract is taken could be in any doubt as to the verdict Adam Smith would pass upon it. "Small republics," he admits, "have sometimes derived a considerable revenue from the profit of mercantile projects. The Republic of Hamburg is said to do so from the profits of a public wine-cellar and apothecary's shop." But, as he caustically adds, "The State cannot be very great of which the sovereign has leisure to carry on the trade of a wine merchant or apothecary." He even doubts the advisability of governmental banking. The sole exception which experience seems to admit is the Post Office. And the reasons for the success of governments in the conduct of this one "mercantile project" are given with admirable succinctness. "The capital to be advanced is not very considerable. There is no mystery in the business. The returns are not only certain, but

(1) Bk. IV., Ch. VII., Pt. II. (2) Bk. V., Ch. II.

immediate." Nor does the lapse of time seem to have materially affected the validity of the following argument if for "princes" we read "governments," or even "municipalities." "The profusion with which the affairs of princes are always managed renders it almost impossible that they should [succeed in mercantile projects]. The agents of a prince regard the wealth of their master as inexhaustible; are careless at what price they buy; are careless at what price they sell; are careless at what expense they transport his goods from one place to another." *Mutatis mutandis*, could the case against allowing municipalities to embark upon trading enterprises be more succinctly put?

But it is to Adam Smith's views on the Colonial question and upon the problems of Free Trade, Protection, and Retaliation that the practical politicians of to-day will probably turn with most eagerness—an eagerness prompted, primarily, it may be, by a desire to find confirmation for the opinions severally held.

Mr. Lucas, Mr. Egerton, and others have recently made very valuable contributions to the study of the history of colonisation. But they would be the first to admit that Adam Smith's great chapter on "Colonies" remains the best summary of Colonial policy ever written. It is divided into three parts, and really comprises three essays: (1) *Of the motives for establishing new Colonies*, in which he rapidly reviews the Colonial enterprise of Greece, of Rome, of Venice, Portugal, and Spain; (2) *causes of the prosperity of new Colonies*, in which he contrasts the comparative "liberality of England" with the mischievously narrow and restrictive policy of Portugal and Spain; and (3) *of the advantages which Europe has derived from the discovery of America and from that of a Passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope.* Adam Smith is frequently represented as having pronounced a judgment of wholesale condemnation upon the Colonial policy of Great Britain. But though many passages might be quoted in support of the conclusion, it is not strictly true. At any rate, he admits that her policy compares more than favourably with that of other Powers. "Though the policy of Great Britain has been dictated by the same mercantile spirit as that of other nations, it has upon the whole been less illiberal and oppressive than that of any of them. In everything except their foreign trade the liberty of the English colonists to manage their own affairs in their own way is complete."[1] Moreover, candour compels him to admit that although commercial restrictions and prohibitions must be condemned as a "manifest violation of the most sacred rights of mankind," yet, as a matter of fact, such prohibitions "have not hitherto been very hurtful to the [English] Colonies."

(1) Bk. IV., Ch. VII., Pt. II.

This had been due partly to the large measure of independence already noted, partly to the cheapness and abundance of good land, and partly to the fact that Great Britain gave to her Colonies great reciprocal advantages in her own markets—in fact, to a policy of Preference. Economically, however, the system, despite its palliating features, could not be defended.

But Adam Smith, economist as he was, never regarded the economic argument as final and conclusive. Politically, he distinctly favoured the policy of what we now call Imperial Federation. Mr. Lecky asserts[1] that, "like Tucker, Adam Smith would gladly have seen a peaceful separation." With great diffidence I submit that Mr. Lecky's conclusion is stated too absolutely. It is, of course, true that from the economical standpoint Adam Smith condemned the existing system, and that he would have preferred a voluntary surrender combined with a commercial treaty on the basis of Free Trade. "*Under the present system of management*" (I venture to italicise these words) "Great Britain," he writes, "derives nothing but loss from the dominion which she assumes over her Colonies." But that is very far from an assertion that under no system would the political connection be an advantage; and Adam Smith was far too shrewd an observer of current events to imagine for an instant that "peaceful separation," however desirable from some points of view, was within the range of practical politics. On the contrary, he says, with emphasis (p. 254) :—

> To propose that Great Britain should voluntarily give up all authority over her Colonies, and leave them to elect their own magistrates, to enact their own laws, and to make peace and war, as they might think proper, would be to propose such a measure as never was, and never will be, adopted by any nation in the world. No nation ever voluntarily gave up the dominion of any province, how troublesome soever it might be to govern it, and how small soever the revenue which it afforded might be in proportion to the expense which it occasioned. . . . The most visionary enthusiasts would scarce be capable of proposing such a measure, with any serious hopes at least of its ever being adopted. If it was adopted, however, Great Britain would not only be immediately freed from the whole annual expense of the peace establishment of the Colonies, but might settle with them such a treaty of commerce as would effectually secure to her a free trade more advantageous to the great body of the people, though less so to the merchants, than the monopoly which she at present enjoys. By thus parting good friends the natural affection of the Colonies to the Mother Country, which perhaps our late dissensions have well nigh extinguished, would quickly revive.

It will be noted, in this characteristic passage, that he is discussing the policy of voluntary separation as a means to two ends: (1) The restoration of goodwill between kindred peoples; and (2)

(1) *England in the Eighteenth Century*, III., 391.

the conclusion of a commercial treaty which should secure freedom of trade between the Mother Country and the Colonies. But since the whole discussion is admittedly academic he does not think it worth while to discuss the possibility that separation might be effected without conducing in any degree to either of the desired ends.

Still less does he consider whether those ends might not be secured without the "voluntary surrender"; whether, without it, the Colonists might not, under a reformed system of Colonial administration, be led to "favour us in war as well as in trade, and instead of turbulent and factious subjects become our most faithful, affectionate, and generous allies," and thus revive "the same sort of parental affection on the one side and filial respect on the other" as subsisted between the independent Greek Colonies and the Mother States.

Things being as they were, the only practical point to be determined was, how the Colonies might be induced to contribute to the expenses incurred by the Mother Country on their behalf. He discusses, therefore, three alternative schemes. (1) That the Colonies should be taxed through their own assemblies: a plan which he rejects on the ground that the Colonial assemblies cannot be in possession of adequate information, and that if they were, their grants would probably fall short of the necessities. (2) That the British Parliament should tax the Colonies by requisition, "determining the sum which each Colony ought to pay." But he doubts whether the authority of Parliament is sufficient for such a task, and whether the Colonial assemblies would submit to such a curtailment of their existing rights. (3) There remains, therefore, only the third alternative, that the Colonies should be represented in the Imperial Parliament in proportion to their several contributions "to the public revenue of the Empire." To this plan Adam Smith gave his firm and definite adherence. That there were difficulties in the way of its realisation he frankly admitted; but that they were insuperable he denied. The ruin brought upon the Roman Constitution by the union between the Mother City and the Italian Colonies might be adduced as a warning example; but the discovery of the principle of representation vitiated the analogy. His conclusion, therefore, is stated in terms sufficiently unequivocal to satisfy the most exacting Imperialist of to-day:—

> There is not the least probability that the British Constitution would be hurt by the union of Great Britain with her Colonies. That constitution, on the contrary, would be completed by it, and seems to be imperfect without it. The assembly which deliberates and decides concerning the affairs of every part of the Empire in order to be properly informed ought certainly to have representatives from every part of it.

An academic preference for the policy of "peaceful separation" may well be forgiven to one who has stated the case for "closer union" with such unanswerable force.

From a discussion of Adam Smith's views on the Colonial problem it is a natural transition to his views on fiscal policy. I use the term "fiscal policy" advisedly, with a view to a clear distinction between it and the economic doctrine of Free Trade. As to the latter, Adam Smith's views are unequivocal, and no refinements, or deductions, or distortions can make them otherwise. As to the former, there is room for discussion. The distinction I suggest between policy and doctrine is, it may be thought, too obvious to require reiteration; but, though obvious, it is frequently ignored in controversy, the result being a darkening of counsels which demand "dry light" and a confusion of issues which ought to be kept apart.

On Adam Smith's adherence to the doctrine of Free Trade it is surely superfluous to insist. His whole work is one extended commentary on the text of "natural liberty." In particular, the famous Chapter II. of Book IV. is the *locus classicus* of Free Trade argument. From that chapter alone innumerable citations might be made to prove that as to the economic validity of the doctrine he had no sort of doubt. I content myself with one :—

> It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. . . . What is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom. If a foreign country can supply us with a commodity cheaper than we ourselves can make it, better buy it of them, with some part of the produce of our own industry employed in a way in which we have some advantage.

The economic argument for the free exchange of commodities between different countries has never been more succinctly stated; and as far as it goes it is irrefutable.

The difficulty begins when we pass from the enunciation of doctrine to the discussion of policy. No one ever perceived more clearly than the author of *The Wealth of Nations* that the economic argument covers only a part of the ground, and no one was ever less inclined to dogmatise on the relative validity of the arguments derived from social or political considerations on the one side and the purely economic on the other. It may be instructive, however, to examine in some little detail the limitations upon the economic rule which he himself suggests.

There seem, he says, "to be two cases in which it will generally be advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign for the encouragement of domestic industry.[1] . . . So there are two others

(1) Bk IV., Ch. II., p. 427.

in which it may sometimes be a matter of deliberation; in the one, how far it is proper to continue the free importation of certain foreign goods; and, in the other, how far, or in what manner, it may be proper to restore that free importation after it has been for some time interrupted."

The first clear case is where national security is concerned. In a famous passage, quoted of late *ad nauseam*, he insists that "defence is of much more importance than opulence"—a consideration which leads him to extol the policy of the Navigation Acts as highly as if "they had all been dictated by the most deliberate wisdom." The importance of the admission has been generally recognised alike by the apologist and the assailants of the existing fiscal system. But it may be doubted whether either party has perceived its full significance. That Free Traders should seek to confine the controversy to the economic issue is natural enough; what is incomprehensible is that their opponents should, with some exceptions, have shown hardly less readiness to do the same. A close reading of *The Wealth of Nations*, a clear grasp of the argument of Adam Smith might be expected to have pointed to the better way. His position may be defined in a sentence: frontal economic attacks upon the entrenchments of Free Trade are worse than useless; the position is impregnable; but though it cannot be stormed, it may be turned. Economically unassailable, politically it is open to attack. Now, if Adam Smith be right, nothing could be more fatuous or misguiding than the conduct of the campaign by the assailants of the existing system. It is true that in its inception the present campaign avoided, or, at any rate, did not attempt to emphasise, the economic issue. Change was advocated on the ground of political, social, physiological and humanitarian advantage. Only thus could the connection between the Mother Country and the Colonies be firmly cemented; only thus could the physical deterioration of the people be arrested; only thus could the ruin of agriculture be averted and the steady townward migration be stayed; only thus could we forge a weapon armed wherewith we might negotiate with powerful protected rivals.

I am not, for the moment, concerned with the validity of any one of these arguments. They may be sound, or they may be fallacious. What I am concerned to point out is that they are non-economic; that they are not questions on which the opinion of the economist, as such, is entitled to any special consideration; that they may, with equal consistency, be affirmed or denied by Free Traders of unimpeachable orthodoxy; and, finally, that they are not contrary either to the spirit or the letter of the teaching of Adam Smith himself. But what is matter for regret to all

who are convinced of the impregnability of the economic doctrine of Free Trade is to observe that in the speeches and writings of the "Reformers" these considerations are gradually sliding into the background. The attacking party would seem to be deliberately abandoning the ground where they have a natural advantage in order to assail a position which is impregnable. There may be good electioneering reasons for this apparent change of tactics; the directors of the campaign may be presumed to be experts in the mysteries of caucus management and political manipulation. But it may be permissible to express a doubt whether in the long run such considerations are valid; whether any great reform can be permanently secured which does not command the assent of the intelligence and conscience of the nation as a whole. But if such assent is to be secured it will not be by a conscious or unconscious confusion of the issues, nor by the adoption of methods which are in the highest degree inimical to clearness of thought and lucidity of exposition. The problem confronting us is admittedly of vast complexity, and nothing but disaster and disillusionment can, in the long run, result from a confusion of its bases and its bearings. And there is, I submit, no better means of avoiding these results and getting the issues straightened out than a re-reading of Adam Smith.

So far I have dealt with one only of the exceptions admitted by him to the general policy of Free Trade. But no one can fail to perceive how fundamental and far-reaching this limitation is. It is virtually an admission that the sphere of the economist's authority is strictly limited, and that where his function ends that of the statesman begins. The determination of actual policy must be left in the hands of the statesman, whose duty it is to take a large view of the situation and to balance the purely economic advantages against considerations suggested by national greatness and security, or physical or moral well-being.

The other exceptions, though more limited in application, deserve brief notice.

"The second case,"[1] he says, in which it will generally be advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign for the encouragement of domestic industry is when some tax is imposed at home upon the produce of the latter. In this case it seems reasonable that an equal tax should be imposed upon the like produce of the former." This consideration is more limited in scope than the first, but it meets an important objection frequently urged against the policy of complete *laissez faire*. An excise duty, for example, or a local rate may be so levied as to be practically protective in favour of the foreign and to the detriment of the home producer. But in all economic science there is no more complex problem than

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the precise incidence of taxation. *Solvitur ambulando* seems, indeed, to be the despairing expedient, alike of the more candid economic theorist and of the practical administrator. Experience, they both practically admit, alone can teach. But that there is some foundation for the "clamorous complaints of our merchants and manufacturers" in regard to taxation is not denied either by Adam Smith, or by his more reasonable disciples. To work out the point in detail is, however, beside my immediate purpose.

More directly interesting and important is the teaching of Adam Smith in regard to the two other possible exceptions to the general policy of Free Trade. I take them in the inverse order to that which he adopts. First:[1] It may be desirable, on grounds of humanity, that "freedom of trade should be restored only by slow gradations, and with a good deal of reserve and circumspection." This is especially true of those trades which have been long encouraged by protective duties, and which "have been so far extended as to employ a great multitude of hands." At the same time, Adam Smith is careful to insist that the dislocation of trade would, even if the change were suddenly effected, be less than is commonly supposed. The position of those manufacturers who can already compete successfully with their foreign rivals would, he contends, be "very little affected by the freest importation of foreign goods." It is scarcely necessary to point out that the validity of this argument is seriously affected by the modern "law of increasing returns," and is directly traversed, on purely economic grounds, by the advocates of a "scientific tariff." The revolution in industrial methods effected since his time has also seriously weakened Adam Smith's argument as to the transference of capital and labour from one employment to another. Even on the assumption that a particular industry were ruined by the abolition of protective duties, the dislocation of trade would, he contends, be inconsiderable, especially if the privileges of guilds and the law of settlement were abolished. "The stock which employed (the hands) in a particular manufacture before will still remain in the country to employ an equal number of people in some other way. The capital of the country remaining the same, the demand for labour will likewise be the same, or very nearly the same, though it may be exerted in different places and for different occupations." Probably, in the long run, the argument would still hold; but the run would certainly be much longer to-day than in the days anterior to the "industrial revolution"; and it would, therefore, seem to be at once simpler and more candid for the disciple of Adam Smith to admit frankly that this is one of those cases to which his master's prescience could not be expected to extend. In the eighteenth century the whole

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apparatus of industrial life was incredibly simpler than to-day. The amount of fixed capital was very small, and labour was very seldom specialised. There were, it is true, as Smith notices, artificial restraints on the mobility of labour and an absence of facilities for the transferability of capital. But there can be no doubt that both capital and labour could then be transferred from employment to employment with an ease and rapidity which would now be inconceivable. Thus Adam Smith's original argument in favour of introducing changes in the fiscal system "slowly, gradually, and a very long warning" has been strengthened by the lapse of time and by the revolution in industrial conditions, while the considerations by which he seeks to minimise the concomitant disadvantages have lost much of their validity.

It remains only to notice his reference to the subject of retaliatory duties. There is no question of more immediate practical concern and none on which Adam Smith displays more conspicuously his sterling common sense, his economic sanity, and his complete detachment from that *a priori* dogmatism which is so often, but so erroneously, associated with his name.

> The case[1] (he writes) in which it may sometimes be a matter of deliberation how far it is proper to continue the free importation of certain foreign goods is where some foreign nation restrains by high duties or prohibitions the importation of some of our manufactures into their country. Revenge in this case naturally dictates retaliation, and that we should impose the like duties and prohibitions upon the importation of some or all of their manufactures into ours.

Such a policy is, he goes on to show, very commonly adopted. France has been "particularly forward in this respect"; and, indeed, "retaliation" might be regarded as the basis of the fiscal policy of Colbert. But at the same time he points out that "it is at present the opinion of the most intelligent men in France" (it will be remembered that he wrote at the zenith of physiocratic influences) "that his operations of this kind have not been beneficial to his country."

What, then, are the conditions on which Adam Smith would approve of the imposition of retaliatory duties? His answer is eminently characteristic. Don't retaliate, he says in effect, merely for fun; don't cut off your nose to spite your face; don't try the experiment—for it must cost something, and it may cost much—unless it is tolerably certain to achieve its purpose. If there is a reasonable certainty, then the weapon may be used, for "the recovery of a great foreign market will generally more than compensate the transitory inconveniency of paying dearer during a short time for some sorts of goods." Who, then, is to decide as to the probabilities of success? That function belongs not "to

(1) Bk. IV., Ch. II., p. 431.

the science of the legislator," but rather to "the skill of that insidious and crafty animal vulgarly called a statesman or politician." In his hands it must, indeed, be left. It is not primarily a question for the economist. The latter may properly be called upon to analyse its scientific bearings and even to predict its probable effects, but it is the statesman who must, in the last resort, decide whether the game is worth the candle. Nowhere could we obtain a better illustration of the clearness and insistence with which Adam Smith discriminates between the two functions. No man ever had a loftier conception of the duties of the economist, but no man ever recognised more clearly the limits of his authority. Had his professed disciples possessed equal clearness of vision and equal modesty in exposition, economic science would have escaped not a little of the derision it has incurred, and its maxims would not have been relegated to a planetary exile. Political economy has suffered in popular estimation less by reason of the *a priori* character of its method than from the dogmatism of its professors. From both faults the father of English economics was, as I have attempted to show, conspicuously free. The sooner we return to his methods and profit by his example the better both for economics and politics.

It has been no part of the purpose of this paper to discuss the merits of the fiscal question, or any other of the political problems of to-day. Still less have I been anxious to claim Adam Smith as the adherent of any particular party, or the apologist for any particular policy. My hope has rather been to contribute something, however little, to a disentanglement of the complexities of an immensely difficult problem and to a simplification of the issues it must involve. But, above all, my earnest desire is that I may have said something to induce those with whom the ultimate decision lies to ascend to the fountain head of English economics, and read, and re-read, the pertinent chapters in *The Wealth of Nations*. There is probably no single work in the language which has in its day exercised an influence so profound alike upon scientific economic thought and upon administrative action. There is every reason why it should exercise it still. But neither student nor statesman will find in its pages any cut-and-dried prescription for the cure of all the diseases of the body politic. And of this I am convinced, that the more intimate our knowledge of Adam Smith's great work, the more diffident shall we be in claiming the support of his authority for any given policy; but at the same time the more profound will be our gratitude for the help which his ripe wisdom affords towards the solution of not one only, but many, of the problems of to-day.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

ARTEMIS AND HIPPOLYTUS.*

THE Arician legends of Orestes and Hippolytus, though worthless as history, have a certain value in so far as they may help us to understand the worship at Nemi better by comparing it with the ritual and myths of other sanctuaries. We must ask ourselves, Why did the authors of these legends pitch upon Orestes and Hippolytus in order to explain Virbius and the King of the Wood? In regard to Orestes, the answer is obvious. He and the image of the Tauric Diana, which could only be appeased with human blood,[1] were dragged in to render intelligible the murderous rule of succession to the Arician priesthood. In regard to Hippolytus, the case is not so plain. The manner of his death suggests readily enough a reason for the exclusion of horses from the grove; but this by itself seems hardly enough to account for the identification. We must try to probe deeper by examining the worship as well as the legend or myth of Hippolytus.

He had a famous sanctuary at his ancestral home of Troezen, situated on that beautiful, almost landlocked bay, where groves of oranges and lemons, with tall cypresses soaring like dark spires above the garden of the Hesperides, now clothe the strip of fertile shore at the foot of the rugged mountains. Across the blue water of the tranquil bay, which it shelters from the open sea, rises Poseidon's sacred island, its peaks veiled in the sombre green of the pines. On this fair coast Hippolytus was worshipped. Within his sanctuary stood a temple with an ancient image. His service was performed by a priest who held office for life; every year a sacrificial festival was held in his honour; and his untimely fate was yearly mourned, with weeping and doleful chants, by unwedded maids, who also dedicated locks of their hair in his temple before marriage.[2] His grave existed at Troezen, though the people would not show it.[3] It has been suggested, with great plausibility, that in the handsome Hippolytus, beloved of Artemis, cut off in his youthful prime, and yearly mourned by damsels, we have one of those mortal lovers of a goddess who appear so often in ancient religion, and of whom Adonis is the most familiar type.

* Extracted, with the permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., from the third and revised edition of *The Golden Bough*, which is now in the press.

(1) Herodotus, iv. 103; Euripides, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, 38 *sqq.*; Strabo, vi 4. 2, p. 308; Pausanias, iii. 16. 7-10; K. O. Muller, *Die Dorier*,[2] i. 385 *sqq.*

(2) Pausanias, ii. 32. 1; Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 1423-1430, with Paley's comment. Diodorus speaks (iv. 62) of the "godlike honours" accorded to Hippolytus at Troezen.

(3) Pausanias, i. 22. 1, ii. 32. 1.

The rivalry of Artemis and Phaedra for the affection of Hippolytus reproduces, it is said, under different names, the rivalry of Aphrodite and Proserpine for the love of Adonis, for Phaedra is merely a double of Aphrodite.[4] Certainly in the *Hippolytus* of Euripides the tragedy of the hero's death is traced directly to the anger of Aphrodite at his contempt for her power, and Phaedra is nothing but a tool of the goddess. Moreover, within the precinct of Hippolytus at Troezen there stood a temple of Peeping Aphrodite, which was so named, we are told, because from this spot the amorous Phaedra used to watch Hippolytus at his manly sports. Clearly the name would be still more appropriate if it was Aphrodite herself who peeped. And beside this temple of Aphrodite grew a myrtle-tree with pierced leaves, which the hapless Phaedra, in the pangs of love, had pricked with her bodkin.[5] Now the myrtle, with its glossy evergreen leaves, its red and white blossom, and its fragrant perfume, was Aphrodite's own tree, and legend associated it with the birth of Adonis.[6] At Athens also Hippolytus was intimately associated with Aphrodite, for on the south side of the Acropolis, looking towards Troezen, a barrow or sepulchral mound in his memory was shown, and beside it stood a temple of Aphrodite, said to have been founded by Phaedra, which bore the name of the temple of Aphrodite at Hippolytus.[7] The conjunction, both in Troezen and in Athens, of his grave with a temple of the goddess of love is significant. Later on we shall meet with mounds in which the lovers of the great Asiatic goddess were said to be buried. Lastly, the theory which regards Hippolytus as a mythical being of the type of Adonis is strongly recommended by the neatness with which it fits into the statement of Servius, that Virbius was a deity associated with Diana as Adonis with Venus (Aphrodite). For the resemblance between the two pairs would be quite enough to account, on the principles of ancient mythology, for their identification.

If this view of the relation of Hippolytus to Artemis and Aphrodite is right, it is somewhat remarkable that both his divine mistresses appear to have been associated at Troezen with oaks. For Aphrodite was here worshipped under the title of Askraia, that

(4) S. Wide, *De sacris Troezeniorum, Hermionensium, Epidauriorum* (Upsala, 1898), p. 86 *sq.* C. Boetticher thought that "the whole legend of Hippolytus represents simply the conflict of the worship of Aphrodite with that of Artemis at Troezen" (*Der Baumkultus der Hellenen*, p. 445, n. 2)

(5) Pausanias, ii. 32. 3.

(6) Servius on Virgil, *Aen.* v. 72; Pausanias, vi. 24. 7. As to the myrtle and Aphrodite, see C. Boetticher, *Der Baumkultus der Hellenen*, p. 444 *sqq*; V. Hehn, *Kulturpflanzen und Hausthiere* [7] (Berlin, 1902), p. 220 *sqq.*

(7) Pausanias, i. 22. 1; Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 30 *sqq.*, with the scholiast's note; Diodorus, iv. 62; Tzetzes, *Schol. on Lycophron*, 1329.

is, she of the Fruitless Oak;[8] and Hippolytus was said to have met his death not far from a sanctuary of Saronian Artemis, that is, Artemis of the Hollow Oak, for here the wild olive-tree was shown in which the reins of his chariot became entangled, and so brought him to the ground.[9]

It may not be without significance that Orestes, the other mythical hero of Nemi, also appears in the legendary history of Troezen. For at Troezen there was a temple of Wolfish Artemis, said to have been dedicated by Hippolytus, and in front of the temple stood a sacred stone upon which nine men, according to the legend, had cleansed Orestes from the guilt of his mother's murder. In the solemn rite they made use of water drawn from the Horse's Fount; and as late as the second century of our era their descendants dined together on certain set days in a building called the Booth of Orestes. Before the building there grew a laurel-tree, which was said to have sprung on the spot where the things used in purifying the matricide were buried. The old traveller Pausanias, to whom we owe so much of our knowledge of ancient Greece, could not learn why Hippolytus dedicated a temple to Wolfish Artemis; but he conjectured that it might have been because he extirpated the packs of wolves that used to scour the country.[10]

Another point in the myth of Hippolytus which deserves attention is the frequent recurrence of horses in it. His name signifies either "horse-loosed" or "horse-looser";[11] he consecrated twenty horses to Aesculapius at Epidaurus;[12] he was killed by horses; the Horse's Fount probably flowed not far from the temple which he built for Wolfish Artemis; and horses were sacred to his grandsire Poseidon, who had an ancient sanctuary in the wooded island across the bay, where the ruins of it may still be seen in the pine-forest.[13] Lastly, Hippolytus's sanctuary at Troezen was said to have been founded by Diomede, whose

(8) Pausanias, ii. 32 6 Ἀφροδίτης Ἀσκραίας, where Bekker and all subsequent editors have changed Ἀσκραίας into Ἀκραίας. But Ἀσκραίας has the better manuscript authority. The title is derived from *askra*, "a fruitless oak" (Hesychius, *s.v.* ἄσκρα). See Mr. A. B. Cook in *Classical Review*, xvii. (1903), p. 415 *sq.*

(9) Pausanias, ii 32. 10. In Greek *saronis* is a hollow oak. See Callimachus, *Hymn to Zeus*, 22; Hesychius and *Etymologicum Magnum*, *s.v* σαρωνίδες; A. B. Cook in *Classical Review*, xviii. (1904), p. 370. Mythology derived the name Saronian from a certain Saron, an ancient king of Troezen and a mighty hunter, who had been drowned while swimming after a doe (Pausanias, ii. 30. 7). In this mythical hunter associated with Artemis we may perhaps detect a duplicate of Hippolytus.

(10) Pausanias, ii. 31. 4, 8, and 9.

(11) See Kuhner-Blass, *Grammatik der griech. Sprache*, ii. 288 *sq*

(12) Pausanias, ii. 27. 4

(13) Pausanias, ii. 33. 2 with my commentary, vol. iii. p. 285 *sq.*, vol. v. p. 596 *sqq*

mythical connection both with horses and wolves is attested. For the Veneti, at the head of the Adriatic, were famed for their breed of horses, and they had a sacred grove of Diomede, at the spot where many springs burst forth from the foot of a lofty cliff, forming at once the broad and deep river Timavus (the modern Timao), which flows with a still and tranquil current into the neighbouring sea. Here the Veneti sacrificed a white horse to Diomede; and associated with his grove were two others, sacred to Argive Hera and Aetolian Artemis. In these groves wild beasts were reported to lose their ferocity, and deer to herd with wolves. Moreover, the horses of the district, famed for their speed, were said to have been branded with the mark of a wolf.[14] Thus Hippolytus was associated with the horse in many ways, and this association may have been used to explain more features of the Arician ritual than the mere exclusion of the animal from the sacred grove. To this point we shall return later on. Whether his relation to wolves was also invoked to account for any other aspect of the worship at Nemi we cannot say, since the wolf plays no part in the scanty notices of that worship which have come down to us.[15] But doubtless, as one of the wild creatures of the wood, the beast would be under the special care of Diana.

The custom observed by Troezenian girls of offering tresses of their hair to Hippolytus before their wedding, brings him into a relation with marriage, which at first sight seems out of keeping with his reputation as a confirmed bachelor. According to Lucian, youths as well as maidens at Troezen were forbidden to wed till they had shorn their hair in honour of Hippolytus, and we gather from the context that it was their first beard which the young men thus polled.[16] However we may explain it, a custom of this sort appears to have prevailed widely both in Greece and the East. Plutarch tells us that formerly it was the wont of boys at puberty to go to Delphi and offer of their hair to Apollo; Theseus, the father of Hippolytus, complied with the custom,[17] which lasted down into historical times.[18] Argive maidens, grown to womanhood, dedicated their tresses to Athena before marriage.[19] On the same occasion Megarian girls poured libations and laid

(14) Strabo, v. 1. 4, 8, and 9, pp. 212, 214 *sq.* As to the topography, see Bunbury in Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography*, *s.v.* "Timavus"; H. Nissen, *Italische Landeskunde*, ii. 233.

(15) No argument can be drawn from the bronze wolf-heads of Caligula's ships found at Nemi, since these may have been purely ornamental.

(16) Lucian, *De dea Syria*, 60.

(17) Plutarch, *Theseus*, 5.

(18) Athenaeus, xiii. p. 605a. For dedications of hair to Apollo see *Anthologia Palatina*, vi. 198, 279.

(19) Statius, *Theb.* ii. 253 *sqq.*

clippings of their hair on the tomb of the maiden Iphinoe.[20] At the entrance to the temple of Artemis in Delos the grave of two maidens was shown under an olive-tree. It was said that long ago they had come as pilgrims from a far northern land with offerings to Apollo, and dying in the sacred isle were buried there. The Delian virgins before marriage used to cut off a lock of their hair, wind it on a spindle, and lay it on the maidens' grave. The young men did the same, except that they twisted the down of their first beard round a wisp of grass or a green shoot.[21] In some places it was Artemis who received the offering of a maiden's hair before marriage.[22] At Panamara in Caria men dedicated locks of their hair in the temple of Zeus. The locks were enclosed in little stone boxes, some of them fitted with a marble lid or shutter, and the name of the dedicator was engraved on a sunk panel in the stone, together with the name of the priest for the time being. Many of these inscribed boxes have been found of late years on the spot. None of them bear the names of women; some of them are inscribed with the names of a father and his sons. All the dedications are to Zeus alone, though Hera was also worshipped with him at Panamara.[23] At Hierapolis, on the Euphrates, youths offered of their beards and girls of their tresses to the great Syrian goddess, and left the shorn hair in caskets of gold or silver, inscribed with their names, and nailed to the walls of the temple.[24] The custom of dedicating the first beard seems to have been common at Rome under the Empire.[25] Thus Nero consecrated his first beard in a golden box, studded with costly pearls, on the Capitol.[26]

Some light is perhaps thrown on the meaning of these practices by two ancient Oriental customs, the one Egyptian, the other Phoenician. When Egyptian boys or girls had recovered from sickness, their parents used to shave the children's heads, weigh the hair against gold or silver, and give the

(20) Pausanias, i. 43. 4

(21) Herodotus, iv. 33 *sq* ; Callimachus, *Hymn to Delos*, 291 *sqq* ; Pausanias, i. 43. 4.

(22) *Anthologia Palatina*, vi 276, 277; Pollux, iii. 38; Hesychius, *s.v.* γάμων ἔθη. Pollux seems to imply that the hair was dedicated to Hera and the Fates as well as to Artemis.

(23) G. Deschamps and G Cousin in *Bulletin de la Correspondance Hellénique*, xi. (1887) p. 390 *sq.*; *id.* xii. (1888), pp. 97 *sq.*, 249 *sqq.*, 479-490.

(24) Lucian, *De dea Syria*, 60.

(25) Marquardt, *Privatleben der Romer*, p. 599 *sq.*

(26) Suetonius, *Nero*, 12. On hair-offerings in general see G. A. Wilken, *Ueber das Haaropfer* (Amsterdam, 1886, reprinted from the *Revue Coloniale Internationale*). On the hair-offerings of the Greeks see Fr. Wieseler, in *Philologus*, ix. (1854), pp. 711-715; G. Deschamps and G. Cousin in *Bulletin de la Correspondance Hellénique*, xii. (1888) pp. 479-490; W. H. D. Rouse, *Greek Votive Offerings* (Cambridge, 1902), pp. 240-245.

precious metal to the keepers of the sacred beasts, who bought food with it for the animals according to their tastes. These tastes varied with the nature of the beast, and the beast varied with the district. Where hawks were worshipped, the keepers chopped up flesh, and calling the birds in a loud voice, flung the gobbets up into the air, till the hawks stooped and caught them. Where cats, or ichneumons, or fish were the local deities, the keepers crumbled bread in milk and set it before them, or threw it into the Nile. And similarly with the rest of the divine menagerie.[27] Thus in Egypt the offerings of hair went to feed the worshipful animals.

In the sanctuary of the great Phoenician goddess Astarte at Byblus the practice was different. Here, at the annual mourning for the dead Adonis, the women had to shave their heads, and such of them as refused to do so were bound to prostitute themselves to strangers and to sacrifice to the goddess with the wages of their shame.[28] Though Lucian, who mentions the custom, does not say so, there are some grounds for thinking that the women in question were generally maidens, of whom this act of devotion was required as a preliminary to marriage.[29] In any case, it is clear that the goddess accepted the sacrifice of chastity as a substitute for the sacrifice of hair.[30] Why? By many people, as we shall afterwards see, the hair is regarded as in a special sense the seat of strength; and at puberty it might well be thought to contain a double portion of vital energy, since at that season it is the outward sign and manifestation of the newly-acquired power of reproducing the species. For that reason, we may suppose, the beard rather than the hair of the head is offered by males on this occasion. Thus the substitution permitted at Byblus becomes intelligible; the women gave of their fecundity to the goddess, whether they offered their hair or their chastity. But why, it may be asked, should they make such an offering to Astarte, who was herself the great goddess of love and fertility? What need had she to receive fecundity from her worshippers? Was it not

(27) Herodotus, ii. 65; Diodorus, i. 83. The latter writer's account is the fuller, and has been followed in the text

(28) Lucian, *De dea Syria*, 6.

(29) W. Robertson Smith, *Religion of the Semites*,2 p. 329. He refers to Sozomenus, *Histor. Eccles* v. 10. 7; Socrates, *Histor. Eccles.* i. 18; and Eusebius, *Vit. Constant*, iii. 58, from whose testimonies we learn that at Heliopolis, in Syria, it was the custom to prostitute maidens to strangers before marriage. Eusebius speaks of the religious prostitution of married women as well as of maidens. Constantine destroyed the temple of the goddess in which these impure rites seem to have been performed. To moderns, Heliopolis (the City of the Sun) is better known as Baalbec; its magnificent ruins are the finest remains of Greek architecture in the East.

(30) This is recognised by G. A. Wilken (*Ueber das Haaropfer*, p. 105).

rather for her to bestow it on them? Thus put, the question overlooks an important side of polytheism, perhaps we may say of ancient religion in general. The gods stood as much in need of their worshippers as the worshippers in need of them. The benefits conferred were mutual. If the gods made the earth to bring forth abundantly, the flocks and herds to teem, and the human race to multiply, they expected that a portion of their bounty should be returned to them in the shape of tithe or tribute. On this tithe, indeed, they subsisted, and without it they would starve. Their divine bellies had to be filled, and their divine reproductive energies to be recruited; hence men had to give of their meat and drink to them, and to sacrifice for their benefit what is most manly in man and womanly in woman. Sacrifices of the latter kind have too often been overlooked or misunderstood by the historians of religion. Other examples of them will meet us in the course of our inquiry.

If the sacrifice of hair, especially of hair at puberty, is thus intended to strengthen the divine beings to whom it is offered by feeding or fertilising them, we can the better understand, not only the common practice of offering hair to the shadowy dead,[31] but also the Greek usage of shearing it for rivers, as the Arcadian boys of Phigalia did for the stream that runs in the depths of the tremendous woody glen below the city.[32] For next perhaps to rain and sunshine, nothing in nature so obviously contributes to fertilise a country as its rivers. Again, this view may set in a clearer light the custom of the Delian youths and maidens, who offered their hair on the maidens' tomb under the olive-tree. For at Delos, as at Delphi, one of Apollo's many functions was to make the crops grow, and to fill the husbandman's barns; hence at the time of harvest tithe-offerings poured into him from every side in the form of ripe sheaves, or, what was perhaps still more acceptable, models of them in gold, which went by the name of the "golden summer."[33] The festival at which these first-fruits were dedicated may have been the 6th and 7th of the harvest-month Thargelion, corresponding to the 24th and 25th of May, for these

(31) G. A Wilken, *Das Haaropfer*, p. 61 *sqq.*; W. Robertson Smith, *Religion of the Semites*,² p. 323 *sqq.*

(32) Pausanias, viii. 41. 3. To the references given in my note on the passage add Pollux, ii. 30.

(33) Callimachus, *Hymn to Delos*, 278 *sqq.*; Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* iv. 91; Strabo, vi. 1. 15, p. 264; Plutarch, *De Pythiae Oraculis*, 16. In Apollo's temple at Delphi there were dedicated a radish of gold, a beet of silver, and a turnip of lead, which was thought to signify the respective value of these vegetables (Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xix. 86). A poet speaks of tithes and first-fruits hung up for Apollo on a high pillar at Delphi (Clement of Alexandria, *Strom* i. 24. 164, p. 419, ed. Potter).

were the birthdays of Artemis and Apollo respectively.[34] In Hesiod's day the corn-reaping began at the morning rising of the Pleiades, which then answered to our 9th of May,[35] and in Greece the wheat is still ripe about that time.[36] In return for these offerings the god sent out a sacred new fire from both his great sanctuaries at Delos and Delphi, thus radiating from them, as from central suns, the divine blessings of heat and light. A ship brought the new fire every year from Delos to Lemnos, the sacred island of the fire-god Hephaestus, where all fires were put out before its arrival, and afterwards rekindled at the pure flame.[37] The fetching of the new fire from Delphi to Athens appears to have been a ceremony of great solemnity and pomp. All the chief Athenian magistrates repaired to Delphi for the purpose. The holy fire blazed or smouldered in a sacred tripod borne on a chariot and tended by a woman who was called the Fire-bearer. Soldiers, both horse and foot, escorted it; magistrates, priests, and heralds accompanied it; and the procession moved to the music of trumpet and fife.[38] We do not know on what occasion the fire was thus solemnly sent from Delphi to Athens, but we may conjecture that it was when the Pythaists at Athens, watching from the hearth of Lightning Zeus, saw lightning flash over Harma on Mount Parnes, for then they sent a sacrifice to Delphi, and may have received the fire in return.[39] After the great defeat of the Persians at Plataea, the people of that city extinguished all the fires in the country, deeming them defiled by the presence of the barbarians. Having done so, they relit them at a pure new fire fetched by a runner from the altar of the common hearth at Delphi.[40]

(34) Diogenes Laertius. *Vit. Philos* ii. 44, iii 2; Plutarch, *Quaest Conviv.* viii. 1. 2; J. T. Wood, *Discoveries at Ephesus Inscriptions from the great Theatre*, pp 4, 16. Apollo's birthday (the 7th of Thargelion) was probably the festival known in the Delian calendar as the Apollonia, not the Delia as was formerly supposed. The Delia seems to have fallen in early spring not in early summer. See C. Robert in *Hermes*, xxi. (1886), pp 161-169; Aug. Mommsen, *Feste der Stadt Athen.* (Leipsic, 1898), p. 451. On this harvest-festival at Delos see W. Mannhardt, *Antike Wald- und Feldkulte*, p. 232 *sqq.*, who, however, took the festival to be the Delia.

(35) Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 383 *sq.*; L. Ideler, *Handbuch der mathematischen und technischen Chronologie*, i. 242.

(36) *Folk-lore*, i. (1890), p. 518.

(37) Philostratus, *Heroica*, xx. 24.

(38) See *Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique*, xviii. (1894), pp. 87-93; *id.* xx. (1896), pp. 639-641; E. Curtius in *Archaologischer Anzeiger*, 1895, p. 109 *sq.*; Dittenberger, *Sylloge Inscriptionum Graecarum*,[2] Nos. 611, 665, 718.

(39) Strabo, ix. 2. 11, p. 404.

(40) Plutarch, *Aristides*, 20. Probably the custom of sending out new fire from Delos and Delphi was common, though the existing evidence of it is scanty. The same remark applies to the practice of bringing tithes of the harvest to these sanctuaries.

Now the maidens on whose grave the Delian youths and damsels laid their shorn locks before marriage were said to have died in the island after bringing the harvest offering, wrapt in wheaten straw, from the land of the Hyperboreans in the far north.[41] Thus they were in popular opinion the mythical representatives of those bands of worshippers who bore, year by year, the yellow sheaves with dance and song to Delos. But, in fact, they had once been much more than this. For an examination of their names, which are commonly given as Hekaerge and Opis, has led modern scholars to conclude, with every appearance of probability, that these maidens were originally mere duplicates of Artemis herself.[42] Perhaps, indeed, we may go a step farther. For sometimes one of this pair of Hyperboreans appears as a male, not a female, under the name of the Far-shooter (Hekaergos), which was a common epithet of Apollo.[43] This suggests that the two were originally the heavenly twins themselves, Apollo and Artemis, and that the two graves which were shown at Delos, one before and the other behind the sanctuary of Artemis, may have been at first the tombs of these great deities, who were thus laid to their rest on the spot where they had been born. As the one grave received offerings of hair, so the other received the ashes of the victims which were burned on the altar.[44] Both sacrifices, if I am right, were designed to strengthen and fertilise the divine powers who made the earth

(41) Herodotus, iv. 33, Callimachus, *Hymn to Delos*, 278 *sqq.* Herodotus does not tell us in what the sacred offerings consisted; Pausanias says (i. 31. 2) that no one knew what they were But from the evidence of Callimachus, compared with that of Pliny (*Nat Hist* iv. 91) and Mela (iii. 37), it appears that they were believed to be the first-fruits of the corn.

(42) H. Stein on Herodotus, iv. 33; O. Crusius in Roscher's *Lexikon der griech. und rom Mythologie*, i. coll. 2813, 2831; Preller-Robert, *Griechische Mythologie*, i 298 *sq.*; Wernicke in Pauly-Wissowa, *Real Encyclopadie der class. Altertumswissenschaft*, ii. coll 1355, 1350, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1380, 1383, 1393, 1402. The names of the maidens were variously given as Hyperoche and Laodice (Herodotus, iv 33), or Hekaerge and Opis (Pausanias, i. 43. 4, v. 7. 8; Servius on Virgil, *Aen.* xi. 532), or Upis, Loxo, and Hekaerge (Callimachus, *Hymn to Delos*, 292). Herodotus further mentions (iv 35) another pair of Hyperborean maidens, Arge and Opis by name, who came with Apollo and Artemis to Delos, and were buried behind the sanctuary of Artemis in the island. They are clearly the equivalents of the Hekaerge and Opis or Upis of the other writers. For Hekaerge as an epithet of Artemis see Servius, *loc. cit.*, Clement of Alexandria, *Strom* v. 8. 49, p. 674, ed. Potter, quoting Apollodorus of Corcyra: μέλπετε ὦ παῖδες ἑκάεργον καὶ ἑκαέργαν. For Opis or Upis as a name of Artemis see Macrobius, *Saturn.* v 22. 3-6; Callimachus, *Hymn to Artemis*, 204; Palaephatus, *De incredib.* 32.

(43) Pseudo-Plato, *Axiochus*, p. 371a; Servius on Virgil, *Aen.* xi. 532; "*Alii putant Opim et Hecaergon nutritores Apollinis et Dianae fuisse; hinc itaque Opim ipsam Dianam cognominatam, quod supra dictum est, Apollinem vero Hecaergon.*"

(44) Herodotus, iv. 34 *sq.* According to Herodotus, each grave contained the dust of a pair of Hyperborean damsels. See above.

to wave with the golden harvest, and whose mortal remains, like the miracle-working bones of saints in the Middle Ages, brought wealth to their fortunate possessors. Ancient piety was not shocked by the sight of the tomb of a dead god. The grave of Apollo himself was shown at his other great sanctuary of Delphi,[45] and this perhaps explains its disappearance at Delos. The priests of the rival shrines may have calculated that one tomb sufficed even for a god, and that two might prove a stumbling-block to any but the most robust faith. Acting on this prudent conviction, they may have adjusted their respective claims to the possession of the holy sepulchre by leaving Apollo to sleep undisturbed at Delphi, while his grave at Delos was dexterously converted into the tomb of a blessed virgin by the easy grammatical change of *Hekaergos* into *Hekaerge*.

But how, it may be asked, does all this apply to Hippolytus? Why attempt to fertilise the grave of a bachelor who paid all his devotions to a barren virgin? What seed could take root and spring up in so stony a soil? The question implies the popular modern notion of Diana or Artemis as the pattern of a straight-laced maiden lady with a taste for hunting. No notion could well be further from the truth. To the ancients, on the contrary, she was the ideal and embodiment of the wild life of nature—the life of plants, of animals, and of men—in all its exuberant fertility and profusion. As a recent German writer has admirably put it: "From of old a great goddess of nature was everywhere worshipped in Greece. She was revered on the mountain heights as in the swampy lowlands, in the rustling woods and by the murmuring spring. To the Greek her hand was everywhere apparent. He saw her gracious blessing in the sprouting meadow, in the ripening corn, in the healthful vigour of all living things on earth, whether the wild creatures of the wood and the fell, or the cattle which man has tamed to his service, or man's own offspring from the cradle upward. Her destroying anger he perceived in the blight of vegetation, in the inroads of wild beasts on his fields and orchards, as well as in the last mysterious end of life, in death. No empty personification, like the earth conceived as a goddess, was this deity, for such abstractions are foreign to every primitive religion; she was an all-embracing power of nature, everywhere the object of a similar faith, however her names differed with the place in which she was believed to abide, with the emphasis laid on her gloomy or kindly aspect, or with the particular side of her energy which was specially revered. And as the Greek divided everything in animated nature into male and female, he could not imagine this female power of nature without her male counter-

(45) Porphyry, *Vit. Pythagorae*, 16.

part. Hence in a number of her older worships we find Artemis associated with a nature-god of similar character, to whom tradition assigned different names in different places. In Laconia, for instance, she was mated with the old Peloponnesian god Karneios, in Arcadia more than once with Poseidon, elsewhere with Zeus, Apollo, Dionysus, and so on."[46] The truth is, that the word *parthenos* applied to Artemis, which we commonly translate virgin, means no more than an unmarried woman,[47] and in early days the two things were by no means the same. With the growth of a purer morality among men a stricter code of ethics is imposed by them upon their gods; the stories of the cruelty, deceit, and lust of these divine beings are glossed lightly over or flatly rejected as blasphemies, and the old ruffians are set to guard the laws which before they broke. In regard to Artemis, even the ambiguous *parthenos* seems to have been merely a popular epithet, not an official title. As Mr. Farnell has well pointed out, there was no public worship of Artemis the chaste; so far as her sacred titles bear on the relation of the sexes, they show that, on the contrary, she was, like Diana in Italy, specially concerned with the loss of virginity and with child-bearing, and that she not only assisted but encouraged women to be fruitful and multiply; indeed, if we may take Euripides's word for it, in her capacity of midwife she would not even speak to childless women. Further, it is highly significant that while her titles and the allusions to her functions mark her out clearly as the patroness of child-birth, we find none that recognise her distinctly as a deity of marriage.[48]

(46) Wernicke, in Pauly-Wissowa's *Real-Encyclopadie der class. Altertumswissenschaft*, ii. col. 1339. This general statement the writer supports with a wealth of detailed evidence, to which I can only refer the reader.

(47) This appears from the name *Partheniai* applied at Sparta to the men who were born of the *parthenoi* (unmarried women) during the absence of the married men at the Messenian war. See Ephorus, cited by Strabo, vi. 3. 3, p. 279. Whether this explanation was historically correct or not (and other explanations of it were given, see W. L. Newman on Aristotle, *Politics*, vii. (v.), 7, p. 1306 b. 29), it proves that in Greek of the best period *parthenos* did not connote chastity. Compare what Herodotus says of the Thracians (v. 6): τὰς δὲ παρθένους οὐ φυλάσσουσι, ἀλλ' ἐῶσι τοῖσι αὐταὶ βούλονται ἀνδράσι μίσγεσθαι. As to the worship of unmarried goddesses in Western Asia, Prof. W. M. Ramsay observes: "It is, in fact, probable, though with our present knowledge not susceptible of proof, that the term Parthenos in connection with the Anatolian system should be rendered simply as 'the Unmarried,' and should be regarded as evidence of the religious existence of the pre-Greek social system. The Parthenos goddess was also the Mother; and however much the Parthenoi who formed part of her official retinue may have been modified by Greek feeling, it is probable that originally the term indicated only that they were not cut off by marriage from the divine life" (*Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia*, i. p. 96).

(48) L. R. Farnell, *The Cults of the Greek States*, ii. p. 444. The whole of Mr. Farnell's treatment of this subject is excellent (pp. 442-449). He suggests doubtfully that the epithets *Peitho*, *Hegemone*, and *Eukleia* may possibly refer to marriage. But clearly "persuasion," "leader," and "good fame" do not in

Nothing, however, sets the true character of Artemis as a goddess of fecundity, though not of wedlock, in a clearer light than her constant identification with the unmarried, but not chaste, Asiatic goddesses of love and fertility, who were worshipped with rites of notorious profligacy at their popular sanctuaries.[49] At Ephesus, the most celebrated of all the seats of her worship,[50] her universal motherhood was set forth unmistakably in her sacred image. Copies of it have come down to us which agree in their main features, though they differ from each other in some details. They represent the goddess with a multitude of protruding breasts; the heads of animals of many kinds, both wild and tame, spring from the front of her body in a series of bands that extend from the breasts to the feet; bees, roses, and sometimes butterflies, decorate her sides from the hips downward. The animals that thus appear to issue from her person vary in the different copies of the statue; they include lions, bulls, stags, horses, goats, and rams. Moreover, lions rest on her upper arms; in at least one copy, serpents twine round her lower arms; her bosom is festooned with a wreath of blossoms, and she wears a necklace of acorns. In one of the statues the breast of her robe is decorated with two winged male figures, who hold sheaves in both hands.[51] It would be hard to

themselves imply any allusion to wedlock. The passage of Euripides referred in the text is *Supplices*, 958 sq. : οὐδ' Ἄρτεμις λοχία προσφθέγξαιτ' ἂν τὰς ἀτέκνους.

(49) Thus she was identified with Anaitis (Plutarch, *Artaxerxes*, 27; Dittenberger, *Sylloge Inscr. Graec.*[2] No. 775), and with Nana (*Corpus Inscriptionum Atticarum*, iii. 131), or Nanaea, the goddess of Elymais (2 Maccabees, i. 13 and 15, compared with Polybius, xxxi. 11, and Josephus, *Antiquit. Jud.* xii. 9). This Nanaea was sometimes identified with Aphrodite instead of with Artemis (Appian, *Syriace*, 66). She seems to have been the old Babylonian goddess Nana, Nanai, or Nannaia, who was identical with the Ishtar (Astarte) of Erech. See H. Zimmern, in Schrader's *Die Keilinschriften und das Alte Testament*,[3] p. 422; R. F. Harper, *Assyrian and Babylonian Literature* (New York, 1901), pp. 116 *sq.*, 245; Roscher's *Lexikon der griech. und röm. Mythologie*, iii. col. 4 *sq.* *s.v.* "Nana." For the identification of Artemis with another Semitic mother-goddess, see W. Robertson Smith, *Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia*[2] (London, 1903), p. 298. As to the dissolute worship of Anaitis, see Strabo, xi. 14. 16. p. 532. And as to the identification of Artemis with Asiatic goddesses of this type see L. R. Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States*, ii. 478 *sqq.*; Wernicke, in Pauly-Wissowa, *Encycl. d. class. Alter.* ii. col. 1369 *sqq.*

(50) Pausanias, iv. 31. 8; Dittenberger, *Sylloge Inscript. Graecarum*,[2] No. 656.

(51) The statues on which this description is based are in the Vatican, the Lateran, and the Palazzo dei Conservatori on the Capitol at Rome. The first of these is figured and described in Baumeister's *Denkmaler*, i. 130 *sq.*, and the second is described by O. Benndorf and R. Schoene, *Die antiken Bildwerke des Lateranischen Museums*, p. 260 *sq.* See also Roscher's *Lexik. d. griech. und röm. Myth.* i. 588 *sqq.*; S. Reinach, *Répertoire de la Statuaire Grecque et Romaine*, i. pp. 298, 299, 300, 302, ii. p. 321 *sq.* Both the Vatican and the Lateran statues have the necklace of acorns, and the Lateran copy (No. 768) has in addition a circlet of acorns hanging on the bosom. The acorns probably refer to the oak-tree under which the Amazons were said to have set up the

devise a more expressive symbol of exuberant fertility, of prolific maternity, than these remarkable images. No doubt the Ephesian Artemis, with her eunuch priests and virgin priestesses,[52] was an Oriental, whose worship the Greek colonists took over from the aborigines.[53] But that they should have adopted it and identified the goddess with their own Artemis is proof enough that the Grecian divinity, like her Asiatic sister, was at bottom a personification of the teeming life of nature.

To return now to Troezen, we shall probably be doing no injustice either to Hippolytus or to Artemis if we suppose that the relation between them was once of a tenderer nature than appears in classical literature. We may conjecture that if he spurned the love of women, it was because he enjoyed the love of a goddess. On the principles of early religion, she who fertilises nature must herself be fertile, and to be that she must necessarily have a male consort. If I am right, Hippolytus was the consort of Artemis at Troezen, and the shorn tresses offered to him by the Troezenian youths and maidens before marriage were designed to strengthen his union with the goddess, and so to promote the fruitfulness of the earth, of cattle, and of mankind. It is some confirmation of this view that within the precinct of Hippolytus at Troezen there were worshipped two female powers, named Damia and Auxesia, whose connection with the fertility of the ground is unquestionable. When Epidaurus suffered from a dearth, the people, in obedience to an oracle, carved images of Damia and Auxesia out of sacred olive wood, and no sooner had they done so and set them up than the earth bore fruit again. Moreover, at Troezen itself, and apparently within the precinct of Hippolytus, a curious festival of stone-throwing was held in honour of these maidens, as the Troezenians called them; and it is easy to show that similar customs have been practised in many lands for the express purpose of ensuring good crops.[54] In the story of the tragic death of the

image of the goddess at Ephesus (Callimachus, *Hymn to Artemis*, 237 *sqq*). The statue in the Palazzo dei Conservatori (No. 47) has serpents twined round the arms

(52) Strabo, xiv 1. 23, p 641. That a goddess of fertility should be served by such ministers may strike us as a contradiction. Yet it is typical of the Oriental worship of the great Mother Goddess. An explanation of the custom will be suggested later on Meantime I will only point to the analogy between the practice of Ephesus and the legend of Hippolytus

(53) Pausanias, vii. 2 7 *sq.*; Preller-Robert, *Griechische Mythologie*, 1. 329; L. R. Farnell, *The Cults of the Greek States*, ii. 480 *sqq*

(54) Herodotus, v. 82-87; Pausanias, ii. 30. 4, ii. 32. 2; Schol. on Aristides, vol. iii. p. 598 *sq.*, ed. Dindorf. As H. Stein (on Herodotus, v. 82) rightly observes, Damia and Auxesia were "goddesses of tilth and of the fruitful field, agrarian deities who were accordingly compared and identified with Demeter and Kora [Proserpine], but who were in truth only separate personifications of the two sides of Demeter's character."

youthful Hippolytus, we may discern an analogy with similar tales of other fair but mortal youths who paid with their lives for the brief rapture of the love of an immortal goddess. The tales of these hapless lovers were probably not always mere myths, and the legends which traced their spilt blood in the purple bloom of the violet, the scarlet stain of the anemone, or the crimson flush of the rose, were no idle poetic emblems of youth and beauty fleeting as the summer flowers. Such fables contain a deeper philosophy of the relation of the life of man to the life of nature.

J. G. Frazer.

WHY JAPAN WILL WIN.

WHY and how Japan is succeeding in the war with Russia has quite taken the place of all other Far Eastern questions in the public mind. In the early stages of the war the situation was very different: then there were only a few who admitted even to themselves that Japan could make any, much less a good, showing against her gigantic adversary. After the naval successes, it was admitted that at sea Japan could more than hold her own; but the unknown possibilities of the military forces on land were regarded with doubt. The land campaign has, however, been conclusive enough to convince even the most obdurate adherents of Russia that for Russia the struggle is hopeless, and that all that remains is an honourable withdrawal by the Tsar and his Government of their former demands. There still are to be found a few who, pointing to the great resources—largely undeveloped—and the vast population—almost wholly uneducated—of Russia in Europe and in Asia, declare that nothing can ultimately avail against such power. But with this minority it is not necessary to deal. The future must demonstrate even to them that the enormously powerful and aggressive Russia, fit bugbear for any nation, must be stripped of her military panopoly and given over to the education of her peoples to learn wherein lies a nation's real force. If they be true friends of Russia, if they feel with the Russian people, they will rejoice that there is some hope of the Russian nation fulfilling its destiny in its true way, unhampered by the fetters imposed upon it by a venial bureaucracy and an intolerant Church. That Russia has a great future in store for her no one can deny, and only by her own action is the day postponed when she shall take the first step along that path of education which alone can lead her to ultimate greatness. Without education Russia can but be an inverted pyramid, without stability, without any promise of solidarity. When the head of the Russian nation, be he autocratic Tsar or constitutional monarch, can look over his land and see on every side the children of the country going as freely to school as do those of the United States or Japan, then may he take heart and know that Russia can for the first time rightfully take her place among the foremost nations of the world. And so it is that, after less than nine months of war, the question of the day has become, not "Will Japan win?" but "How and why?" If it be permitted to speak paradoxically, the answer

is simply that Japan will win because she has already achieved victory! This seemingly bold statement becomes more capable of comprehension when we remember what are the reasons and objects of the war. It is useless to hold any idea that Japan seeks to annihilate her enemy, or to crush Russia at home; to occupy Moscow or even Irkutsk. There has never been any ground for such supposition, and yet in this case alone would Russia's greatest acquisite, territorial vastness, be of value to her. There is ground for the belief that an invasion of Russia by any Power would be, must be, doomed to failure, except under the most exceptional conditions. An insane Government or a nation led by madmen might attempt or dream of such a war, but Japan is not governed by madmen. Far from it! There has never been the slightest uncertainty in the minds of the Japanese statesmen and people as to what the war was about, and what results had to be attained thereby. Russian generals may have talked glibly about signing treaties of peace in Tokio, but there is no instance recorded of a Japanese vaunt of negotiations in the Russian capital. Japan went to war with Russia for certain definite reasons, and the accomplishing of these she considers should be taken to constitute success. Japan stands in this war as the advocate of the high principles of justice, freedom, and Christian civilisation. She stands for education against ignorance, for freedom of religion against religious intolerance. Truly she is fighting the battle of all that is highest in our Western civilisation, even against our wishes it would seem, so difficult do the Western nations find it to keep up to those principles, which they profess their missionaries teach, and leave to an Asiatic country to defend It was of vital interest for Japan to secure Korea from the Russian domination which was threatening it, and also to take such steps in Manchuria and in Korea as should prevent Russia from being able to menace Japan permanently. Secondly, there was the question of influence over China, which depended on the comparative prestige of the two nations, the possession of Manchuria largely deciding this. Russia had taken Manchuria, temporarily or permanently, from China. If Japan could give back to China the ancient tombs of the Manchu dynasty and at least part of Manchuria, there could be no doubt as to which nation would have the dominating influence in China. This is clearly shown by a letter of Li-Hung-Chang published in the *Times*. Li-Hung-Chang was as thoroughly Russian a Chinaman as any member of that nation can ever become foreign, and yet the following quotation shows that he regarded the matter with an undecided mind. "Wait until you can be sure, and then back the winner," was his sage advice.

"In the event of war," he wrote, "should things take an unfavourable turn for the Japanese, it will be our business to join the Russians and help them to crush the Japanese, thus establishing a claim upon the gratitude of Russia, who, retaining Korea for herself, will give back Manchuria to China. If, on the other hand, the Russians are unable to withstand the Japanese, we can join with the latter and help them to drive the Russians out of Manchuria. Thus we shall get back Manchuria without running any grave risks, whilst in present circumstances it might be difficult for us to recover possession of it."

The Chinese people as a whole, it is worth observing, agree with Li-Hung-Chang.

It is not difficult, when once it is understood what the war was and is about, and what results were expected by the Japanese, to see that Japan has already practically obtained all that she is fighting for. Korea is under her protection; Manchuria proper has been cleared of Russians to Mukden; battle after battle has demonstrated to the Chinese the superiority of Japan, and at the present moment the immediate peril to Japan of Russia as an armed neighbour has been rendered very slight. And, strive how she will, it is very difficult to imagine that Russia can undo any of these things. In the field nothing more can be done by Russia except under very different conditions. Oyama and Kuropatkin south of Mukden have settled finally the question of the possibility of a Russian advance south. Such an advance would only have a chance of success were Kuropatkin able to dispose of such an overwhelming preponderance of numbers as is quite out of the question for Russia to send and to maintain in Manchuria. The effect upon the Chinese of the Japanese successes may be judged by the nonchalant way in which the Chinese Government dealt with M. Lessar's protest against the seizure of the Russian destroyer at Chifu. Especially efficacious has been the slow but sure reduction of Port Arthur, because here a question of principle is involved. The Peking correspondent of the *Times* also bears testimony to the commercial part of Japan's victory:—

The Japanese have certainly obtained a position in the empire superior to that secured by any other nation. Japanese agents are active in all the provinces, and Japanese travellers are to be met with even in such remote provinces as Yunnan and Sze-chuan, and right away in Kashgaria. Chinese are also proceeding in large numbers to Japan, and nearly every week we hear of the departure of fresh batches of students, many of them of a superior class, well born and well connected. There is also a continuous immigration of Japanese into China. The Chinese at present are more closely in contact with the Japanese than with any other foreigners.

As far as the military part of the war is concerned, Japan can more than hold her own with Russia. There may be talk of second and third Russian armies, but Japan can raise man for

man with her adversary, and can place the men in the field in a fourth of the time. She need thus never despatch her extra troops until the Russians have been some time on their way—a considerable saving. Above all, she can feed all her troops, even should she place a million men in the field. It is doubtful whether Russia can feed and maintain 500,000 men.

Dissension in high quarters has had much to do with the absolute failure of the Russian strategy. Mr. Millard, an American correspondent who has been with the Russian Manchurian army since the war began, wrote in July :—

> The Russian Commander-in-Chief has had more handicaps than numerical weakness, a strategically difficult position, and a lack of support in certain high quarters. It is not to be wondered at that of late his temper has become so irritable that even his chief lieutenants hesitate to approach him. As for General Kuropatkin's relations with the Viceroy, they are no longer even outwardly amiable. All pretence has been thrown aside, and the whole army knows that the Commanding General and the Viceroy hold no communication with each other beyond what is absolutely necessary. As will readily be understood, this knowledge does not tend to increase the general *moral*

Writing upon the Russian chances of success, Mr. Millard said :—

> The beginning of the rainy season finds the Russian army still at a decided disadvantage, and with no very promising prospect, that I can see, of any material improvement by the time operations are resumed. There seems little probability that General Kuropatkin will be able to obtain a numerical superiority over his opponents for many months to come, if ever And until he does gain such superiority he will have to remain on the defensive, in a situation more or less difficult from a military standpoint. . . .
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> It is entirely too soon to predict the outcome of this war, but the man who can feel optimistic over the prospects for the success of the Russian army in Manchuria must give greater credit to favourable staff reports than I, after some months on the scene, am able to do.

The value of this evidence from within the Russian army, by a man who is in sympathy with the Russian Commander-in-Chief, and who had seen three months of the war when he wrote, is great. If necessary, there is also much evidence from other sources to demonstrate the impossibility of the Russian soldiers succeeding in the future where they have failed in the past. The letters of the late General Count Keller contain much information concerning the conduct of the troops and the organisation of the army. He wrote that whole regiments were without uniforms or proper clothes, others had no boots, the deficiency of the sanitary arrangements was appalling, and confusion was general. Another officer's letters from the front contained the following pregnant passage :—

Given equal numbers on either side, there is on our part—on the staff, at any rate—no hope of absolute and indisputable victory after the refusal of the Twenty-second Regiment to attack at Tuirencheng, and after the terrible havoc wrought by the Japanese artillery at Wafangkau.

Evidence might be piled upon evidence. As far as stores are concerned, what can be hoped from a country wherein there is always doubt felt as to whether a letter posted will reach its destination or not? How much more uncertain must be the carriage of all kinds of stores over thousands of miles! Even the Red Cross supplies paid for by the Imperial family are reported to have been tampered with. This uncertainty of integrity in the supply of munitions is in itself a serious handicap to the Russian armies. Corruption amongst contractors in Russia seems to be almost as rife as it was in China before the war of 1894. It is, on the other hand, a remarkable refutation of the current stories of Japanese lack of commercial morality that there has not been from first to last even the breath of a suspicion of dishonest dealing amongst the Government contractors. This crowning proof should demolish for good and all what has at best been only an accusation based on past conditions. As to the organisation and conduct of the Japanese troops, there is a universal chorus of praise. Everything is of the best, and best of all is the human unit. There has been in the past carping criticism, largely due to the despatches of unhappy war correspondents, of the generalship; but the last battles have effectually removed this unjust reproach. To those who cried out against the apparent slowness of the Japanese movements, the success of the armies under Marquis Oyama is sufficient answer. Beyond the necessary precaution which is the foundation of sure success, the totally different topographical conditions render it quite impossible to judge this war by the standard of others. In Manchuria there are no roads, there are literally thousands of watercourses to be crossed, the rain transforms the plains into seas of mud, and the hills are so arduous that the Russian artillery found it impossible during times of peace, when brigand-hunting formed the sole diversion, to avoid working their horses to death in a two-days' march.

Although Japan has practically won all that she is fighting for, there is no guarantee that the war will cease in the immediate future. No nation humbled in its military pride likes to make peace; and so there is every possibility that Russia will continue to make war although she has no chance of success. That the Japanese regard a long war as at least probable may be gathered both from their preparations and from the message of the Japanese Emperor to his people, which runs :—

'Since the commencement of hostilities our army and navy have displayed conspicuous loyalty and bravery, and with the officials and people, with united minds, complying with our instructions, we have hitherto steadily advanced by progressive steps.

Nevertheless, our prospects of final success are still distant. I earnestly hope that the sincerity of the national spirit will enable us to realise our final object.

This message is a distinct contrast to the bombastic proclamation with which the Russian Government burdened Kuropatkin on the eve of his attempt to retake Liao-yang. Granted that the war will drag on its course through weary months, until Russia finally comes to see the uselessness of it all, it then becomes of interest to examine how the two nations are fitted financially, nationally, and economically for this test.

First and foremost, the Japanese have the enormous advantage arising from the fact that the whole of the nation is unanimous upon this question of the war, and full of determination to carry it to a successful termination. On the other side, even amongst the people of Russian blood, there are many who would rejoice were the war to terminate, even without any Russian victory. Then the conquered races situated within the Empire, the Poles, the Finns, the Georgians, the Armenians, all these look upon Russia's defeat as the forerunner of better things for them. Hopes of freedom are aroused, and these subject races cannot be numbered amongst the resources of Russia. Those resources of Russia! —how much is spoken of them, and how little is seen! They remind us of the Humbert millions in the famous safe. The fable of the mountain in labour producing a mouse has its counterpart in Russia striving with this war. And the unfortunate Russian mouse has to run several thousands of miles before it can get to work. A divided people against a people unanimous means everything in favour of the latter, and in this respect Japan holds an advantage which is hard to over-estimate.

Then, again, the relative cost of the war must not be forgotten. Russia's bill is three times as great as that of Japan, and she has not even the satisfaction of being sure that much of the money spent does not go into the hands of fraudulent contractors or officials. This freedom from corruption is another strong point in favour of Japan. A well-known authority upon Russia wrote recently :—

The war is a terrible drain on the financial resources of the Empire. The savings of a number of years are being lavished in the span of a few months, after the lapse of which a cheque has to be drawn upon future economy. It is roughly calculated that during the first five months the needs of the campaign have swallowed up $431,014,668. In order to realise what that sum means, one would do well to remember that it is

nearly equal to all the receipts taken by the State from direct and indirect taxation. It is obvious, then, that one year of war must entail the expenditure of a sum equal to at least twice the revenue obtained by the Treasury from all sources of taxation. But as the current expenses of the administration continue and have also to be met, it follows that during one year of war the Government must spend three times more than it receives from the population during that time.

Baron Kaneko, dealing with the same subject as affecting Japan, writes :—

As the fixed monthly revenue of the Japanese Government ranges all the way from £1,900,000 to £6,400,000, and as our war expenditure for this present fiscal year does not exceed £3,190,000 monthly, it is obvious that Japan can easily support the financial burden of the war, and will be able, from its financial resources, to tide the country over any difficulty in the near future.

The Russian Government, again, is loaded with foreign debts, no less than £36,000,000 being borrowed in the three years 1900–1903 alone. The total sum of money borrowed by Russia from France even is enough to make the thrifty French investor shudder and pray that Russia may never be forced to repudiate her debts. In Japan the case is very different. A Japanese writer states that :—

From the year 1870, the date of our first national loan, to the date of the loan of £30,000,000 for the war expenditure, issued the present year, the gross total of our loans has aggregated the sum of £86,500,000 outstanding in foreign and home markets, a sum which in amount is about three times the national revenue of Japan.

Now, what of other countries? France, for example, has a national loan more than eight times the annual revenue of that country; Italy has a national loan equivalent to seven years of its revenue, in the case of England, the national loan represents about five years of the Government's income, with the United States, nearly four times the total revenue equals the amount of the national loan.

Japan's entire national debts are but three times the national income, and only amount to some thirty-five shillings *per capita*. The Russian authority quoted above deals also with other sides of the question of the war. He says :—

In Russia proper, the symptoms of the crisis are many and alarming. Even in the two capitals, St Petersburg and Moscow, scarcity of money, stagnation of trade, bankruptcy, and a large increase of the contingent of able-bodied paupers, beggars, and thieves mark some of the most obvious consequences of the war, and as yet, unhappily, the high-water mark of destitution has not by any means been reached. . . . When a campaign directly cripples industrial and commercial enterprise, the effects are much worse than those which the war itself brings in the form of unproductive outlay.

'It must also be remembered that Russian industry and commerce are very largely built up on credit, so that a war, which above all other things disturbs credit, is bound to have a disconcerting effect on all branches of business. That the war has really only hastened on economic troubles in Russia which promised to cripple her most effectually, may be gathered from the following:

> But the greatest danger to Russian finances lies not so much in any of the transitory difficulties which the campaign against Japan has created as in the chronic poverty of the Russian people, who can no longer bear the burden of taxation. Forty years ago, when serfdom prevailed, the life of the average peasant was relatively tolerable. He dwelt in airy rooms adequately furnished, and owned horses, cattle, sheep, and poultry. Wood for fuel could be had in abundance, and he possessed the needful materials to make his own clothing, boots, and bed-coverings. To-day, he lives in the smoky room of a squalid hut, which he shares with any four-footed animals he may possess, and for all the expenses of bringing up his family, tilling his land, repairing his dwelling, and paying rates and taxes he disposes at most of sixpence a day. On food for himself and his wife and children he can generally, but not always, spend three-halfpence a day. The difficulty not of increasing the taxes of such a man, but of maintaining them much longer at their present level, is too manifest to need pointing out. It is in this chronic impoverishment of the bulk of the people, therefore, and not in the acute crisis brought on by the war, that those who know Russia best discern the source of the coming troubles, economic and other, which they foresee but cannot prevent.

Thus the Russian Government has to face the problem of how to promote solidarity, to increase taxation, and to spend more money than can be received, without breaking down under the strain. The very economics effected in the Russian Budget bring disaster, since they have had as a result the throwing out of work in many districts of thousands of men The most vital point in the whole Russian economic situation to-day is that, even were the peasants anxious to defray the cost of the war, it is impossible for them to pay more taxes That this is no idle statement may be judged from the fact that in one of the prosperous districts of Russia the District Council reported, after investigation, that "The economic state of the peasantry is so straitened that further taxation is impossible without facing the risk of utterly ruining agriculture."

In this same district it was found that the peasant families were often paying as much as 34 per cent. of their incomes in taxes, 15 per cent. of which was in indirect taxation.

Already there are rumours that it may be necessary for the Russian Government to draw upon the wealth of the Orthodox Church. This may well be a mere idle tale, but should it prove to have any foundation, no greater confession of weakness could be made. It is far more probable that foreign loans will be

resorted to before the revenues of the Church; but foreign loans mean adding to the yearly expenditure, already unbearably heavy.

In Japan, on the other hand, the people are comparatively lightly taxed, the loans are low, and there is no difficulty to be foreseen in the way of increasing taxes and raising further loans. The most recent estimate of the probable cost of the war was made by Count Okuma, the veteran leader of the Progressives. Although it is not possible to regard his figures as absolutely accurate, the Japanese people rejoice at this evidence of optimism from one whose position has too often induced pessimism. Count Okuma said :—

> If the war lasts two years more the total cost to Japan will probably be from 1,200 to 1,300 million yen (£120,000,000 to £130,000,000). Therefore, together with the present debt and the cost of *post bellum* undertakings, the country's liabilities would aggregate 2,000 million yen (£200,000,000), which would nevertheless amount to only 40 yen (£4) a head of the population, whereas the Russian war outlays would approximate to 4,000 to 5,000 millions (£400,000,000 to £500,000,000)

As a means of gauging the amount of indebtedness which such a cost would mean, it may be remarked that in one of the Australian States a measure was regarded as a decided step towards retrenchment which proposed to limit the borrowing to a sum which represented 20s. per head per annum! And with regard to the actual expense of the war, not the relative cost, a very significant point was brought out in a letter to the *Globe* by an old resident in Japan. He wrote :—

> It does not by any means follow that this enormous sum of money will be lost to Japan This is the amount that the Japanese Government expect to spend, but the bulk of it will remain in the country. Japan manufactures all her field guns and their equipments, rifles and small arms, accoutrements, saddles, boots, clothing, blankets, &c. All ammunition is made at home, and many of the ingredients are found in the country, such as camphor, sulphur, &c. All her field telegraph is supplied at home, copper she has in abundance. Nearly all the food required for the army is grown in the country, with the exception of a few tinned meats, but the Japanese soldier prefers fish, and there are large salmon canneries in the Hokkaido. Of ponies and horses, up to the time I left, the supply was by no means exhausted. Japan has plenty of transports, drawn from her own mercantile marine; and for these she has an abundance of steam coal. For her warships, however, she prefers Cardiff coal, as it gives better results. She has her own docks and repairing and building yards, and with all the skilled labour required it is not necessary to import highly-paid foreign workmen. There is no doubt that she is busily engaged in building cruisers and destroyers.
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> From all this it can be plainly seen that Japan is practically self-sufficient, she having only to import such raw materials as steel, iron,

lead, wool, &c. Therefore the only money lost to the country will be the cost of native coolie labour at the seat of war, and for railway work in Manchuria and other incidentals.

A striking proof of the truth of this has been afforded by the fact that during the months of the war itself the deposits in the Japanese Post Office savings banks have largely increased. Thus the great expenditures are causing much more money to be distributed throughout the country. It is estimated that over 70 per cent. of the expenditure is spent in Japan.

Baron Kaneko thus sums up the economic and financial conditions of Japan :-

In a comparatively brief space of time there has been an enormous increase in our industrial and commercial prosperity; the national revenues have advanced in amount literally by leaps and bounds; our financial condition and prospects, even though we are carrying on a costly war, were never so good as at present, and firmly guiding her ship of state through the problems of the moment, Japan has every reason to anticipate a smooth and prosperous voyage for the future of her national life. Already the faith of the Japanese people in that future is shown by the fact that when the Government planned to issue exchequer bonds to the amount of £10,000,000 they responded with the offer of four or five times that amount, and in place of the minimum rate of application, fixed by the Government at 95 yen, showed their willingness to contribute a much larger sum. This of itself shows how patriotic the Japanese really are, but it also indicates something more, for as patriotic feeling cannot be manifested in such a matter unless there is enough money forthcoming, the taking up of bonds on such liberal terms reveals the existence of a people on whose thrift—a priceless national possession—the Government of Japan can always depend . . In all this patriotism there is an element of voluntary retrenchment, not to say self-sacrifice. Not only have our people felt encouraged to engage more extensively in industrial enterprises—they have freely given up what is known as "luxurious expenditure," and have resorted to not a few of the practical economies of life as a means of enabling them to contribute all the more to the expenses of the war It is therefore in the self-confidence born of economic strength that the Japanese people have encouraged their Government to prosecute this war to its conclusion utterly regardless of financial considerations and of what the operations may cost They have determined, should it become necessary, to spend the whole of the national wealth in realising the objects for which hostilities were begun. They have self-reliance enough to feel that, should the war be prolonged for three, or even five, years more, Japan will be strong enough to respond to its most exacting demands upon her economic and financial resources.

Both nations may be determined to fight to the last man, and to spend their last penny in carrying on the war; but the Japanese last penny is much less imminent than the Russian one, and it is probable that neither nation will reach anything like the last man. As Japan has won the war on sea and on land, so she has in advance won the financial battle. By wise and foreseeing measures of taxation and finance, Japan has prepared for this war as

thoroughly in her Ministry of Finance as in her Ministries of Marine and of Army.

To sum up, it may be said that Russia has lost, and will continue to lose, not so much perhaps because of the superiority of her adversaries, although there is sufficient proof of this, but for the following reasons—lack of preparation, lack of plans, lack of unanimity as a government or as a nation : all these are enormous obstacles in the way of success. The distance from the base in Russia, the bad quality of the majority of the Russian officers, the prevalence of corruption even in the highest quarters, the loss of the command of the sea, which the Baltic Fleet will never restore to Russia; these, added to the list given above, render it impossible for Russia to succeed. It must not be forgotten that Japan, lying far away from any other first-class Power, can reduce herself to the last straits with comparative impunity, whereas Russia is sufficiently near other Powers for her to regard a serious weakening as an almost fatal event. The Siberian line has indeed proved the rope by which Russia has hanged herself, and the sooner her rulers or friends decide to cut her down and revive her the more the world should rejoice. Russia has been defeated as much by circumstances as by the Japanese. Over the circumstances she can well plead that she has no control, but that does not excuse her culpable ignorance in overlooking their existence. In many ways Russia is to be pitied, and many worse things might happen than a cordial understanding between England and Japan on the one hand, and France and a chastened Russia on the other. The first step has been taken in the *entente* between England and France. On both sides one of the nations would come chastened in spirit—England by the South African war, and Russia by the war with Japan. Such an *entente* would make for the peace of the world. Russia is much less of a danger to the British Empire than is Germany, and if, after the war, Russia were to seek an amicable arrangement with Japan, her ally, the idea might well be entertained. But the wish must come from Russia to both the allies; any idea that Japan would throw over her ally in order to curry favour with Russia, as suggested by the Master of Elibank in his singularly ill-advised letter in the *Times*, is so absurd that Baron Suyematsu's answering letter was scarcely needed. We may be assured that there will be no attempt even to keep only to the letter of the alliance by our ally, however events might arise which would render such a course advantageous to Japan. Japan is a sincere, honest nation, and in this, as in many other directions, sets an example which other nations would do well to follow.

ALFRED STEAD.

A NOTE ON RUSSIAN FINANCE.

RUSSIAN finance has recently become a matter of general interest, and it may at any moment, through the failure of negotiations now pending, become one of overwhelming importance to the British Empire. We turn, therefore, eagerly to the new volume of the *Bulletin Russe de Statistique Financière*, which has just appeared, and which claims to bring our information up-to-date as far as September 1st, 1904. At the end of the introduction we find the initials of an expert (G. B. V.) attached to the Russian Ministry of Finance who is well known to have possessed the confidence of M. de Witte, and this signature assures us that we have here the ablest statement that can be penned of the situation, in the light in which Russian statesmen would wish European capitalists to see it.

The information provided seems to group itself under three principal heads, and it will be perhaps, best to give a brief summary, and to add in each case a few observations with regard to the official view.

I. *The General Financial Position.*—The editor states that at the beginning of the war the economic and financial position of Russia was stronger than it ever had been; there was more gold in circulation than paper, and the Bank of Russia had gold enough in its coffers to pay off all its notes, its deposits, and its current accounts, except those of the Treasury. There had been two good harvests in succession (1902 and 1903), the profits from the railways and the liquor monopoly in 1903 were very large, and there was a greater increase in savings banks deposits than in any other year. The Russian Four per Cents. were at par. By September, after seven months of war, the external debt had been increased by 300 million roubles, and the internal by 150 millions. The Four per Cents. were at 92½. The notes in circulation had been increased by 151 million roubles, but there was more gold in the Bank of Russia than before. The deposits in the savings banks and other State revenues continued to come in satisfactorily; commerce continued to show each month an excess of exports and there has been a good harvest in 1904. The extra taxes imposed three and a half years before the commencement of the present struggle, on account of the war in China, have been levied ever since and are still in force. Although Russia has raised a war loan there is no prospect of increased taxation.

Perhaps the most important statement here made is that with regard to the satisfactory position of trade and the receipts from the railways and the liquor monopoly. I have elsewhere shown that Russia's ability to pay the interest on her foreign loans depends very largely on the maintenance of a favourable balance of trade, and it is a matter on which many experts would now be inclined to be sceptical. But it appears from the statistics published for the first half of the current year by Russia's best customer, Germany, that the war has not, so far, exercised any prejudicial effect upon business. As far as England is concerned there are complaints of a shrinkage of credit from Odessa and elsewhere; and reports of a failure of the harvest in Bessarabia, and of a general but not unnatural uneasiness, have come in. But to take the two capitals, it may be said that there is no serious reduction of work and no large number of unemployed workmen in St. Petersburg; and in the Moscow district the number of establishments ceasing to work or reducing their output is not particularly striking, if the figures given in the *Times* may be trusted. With regard to the receipts from the railways and the liquor monopoly, the two gigantic experiments in State Socialism which are responsible for something like half the revenue of the Russian Empire, it is almost impossible to control the statements made. But it is worth recording that in a report of a secret sitting of the Russian Imperial Council in January, 1903, the authenticity of which has not, so far as I am aware, been denied, it is stated that "in 1903 the total excess of railway expenditure over receipts will reach the enormous sum of 60,000,000 roubles," and in the same document the deficit on the Eastern Chinese Railway alone for 1904 was estimated at 18,000,000 roubles. On the other hand, the initial expenditure with regard to the liquor monopoly has been brought to an end, and the expenses of administration are not likely to increase, so that a larger profit than heretofore may be anticipated on this account.

It is less satisfactory to note that the money deposited in the savings banks appears to be reckoned amongst the State assets (not merely among the national assets). As a matter of fact, the savings banks deposits should, according to a high authority, be reckoned among the State liabilities. At any rate, appeals were published to the people of St. Petersburg early in the year, advising them to draw their money out of the savings banks for fear the Government should seize it. The *Russkiya Viedomosti* pointed out that if the savings banks have been obliged to take up the new internal loan their interests have been sacrificed, as they must be out of pocket by the transaction.

With regard to additional taxation it has been stated that it would be almost impossible to raise fresh taxes, as the population

is already taxed to the limit of endurance. Increase of indirect taxation would bring little or no result, while a general increase of direct taxation would mean great arrears in payment. But an income-tax has been more than once under discussion, and might, if imposed on the wealthier classes alone, yield a considerable addition to the national revenue.

As to the new issues of notes, the *Bulletin de Statistique Financière* asserts that these have been due to the activity of trade following good harvests and the flow of money to the East, and that a great many notes will be withdrawn after the harvest transactions are over. In spite of the new issues, there are said to be still more than 444 million roubles in gold in the Bank beyond what is required for covering the issue of notes. On the other hand, the correspondents of the *Times* state that gold is becoming scarce, and that there is an extraordinary increase in the paper money in circulation. A great many new notes have appeared bearing the date of 1898, but some of the notes do not bear the signature of M. de Pleske, then Steward of the Treasury, but of M. de Timaschcff, who was appointed some years later. Other new notes have the date of 1893, and old notes of a type long withdrawn from circulation have reappeared.

II. *Latent Reserves.*—According to G. B. V., the Treasury has large latent reserves arising from the surplus of actual receipts over Budget estimates and the unspent grants to special departments. The amount of the free balance which appears in the Budget each year to balance receipts and expenditure is not really spent, since the excess of actual receipts over the estimates suffices to cover the expenditure, except in cases of exceptional misfortune such as war or famine, when the free balance is actually used and a loan has to be raised to restore the balance. The Siberian and other railway lines have been built out of the savings of the Treasury, not out of special loans. Repairs and improvements of railway lines have also been made out of the ordinary Budget.

With regard to these latent reserves the *Bulletin de Statistique Financière* gives the estimates and actual receipts for 1903. The total excess of receipts over estimates amounts to 303 million roubles, an amount at the unfettered disposal of the Minister of Finance for the year 1903 alone.

In the same volume there is also given the amount of the unspent grants to different departments for the ten years 1893–1902. The total during the ten years amounts to over 312 million roubles. This amount is also at the absolute disposal of the Finance Minister.

But later on our author also gives us some figures as to the growth of the national debt, with special reference to railways :—

	1889.	1903.
	(Millions of	Roubles.)
Loans not connected with railways	3,629	3,444
Loans for railways	1,363	3,199
	4,992	6,643

It has also been pointed out that the sales of railway bonds in foreign countries are really equivalent to foreign loans, and between 1894 and 1902 bonds to the amount 900 million marks (£45,000,000) were sold in Berlin.

III. *Proposed Economies.*—The editor of the *Bulletin Russe* considers that the expenses of the war can be met by cutting down unnecessary expenditure in the Budget, such as the expenditure on railways. He also points out that (as we have mentioned above), the liquor monopoly being now established, the money spent in former years in initial expenses will be free. With regard to railway economies, a *Times* correspondent observed on March 25th of this year that these could not amount to any considerable sum, as expenditure on the Siberian and Manchurian railways would increase rather than diminish, and it was unlikely that work would be stopped on the Central Asian railways. This prediction has been verified by later telegrams. It has been found necessary almost to relay the Siberian railway, putting stronger rails down, and inserting iron instead of wooden spans in many of the bridges. It has also been necessary to construct long sidings at frequent intervals, and to complete the line round Lake Baikal. Further, water towers have been built at intervals all along the line, to supply the engines with water. Moreover, a recent telegram states that it has been decided to construct a second line of rails as far as Lake Baikal, and that a first credit of 10 million roubles has been opened for its construction by the Minister of Finance. The Central Asian railways have also been pushed vigorously forward, and that most important line from Orenburg to Tashkent is said to be completed. The lines to Julfa, on the north-western Persian frontier, and the line to Meshed, the religious centre in Eastern Persia—which plays so important a part in General Kuropatkin's plan for the invasion of India—are also said to have been finished. The object of hurrying on this work is no doubt partly to restore Russian prestige in Central Asia, which has been much shaken by the events in the Far East, and partly to intimidate England by threatening the Indian frontier.

It is difficult to see what other economies of a really substantial nature can be effected. Fresh sums have had to be allotted to police administration since the war began, owing to the with-

drawal of the military. The money devoted to the encouragement of agriculture and road-making will probably be curtailed. In fact, the *Zemstva*, which answer, roughly, to our County Councils, have been directed to limit the expenditure on seed and improvements. The Government has, however, already reduced expenditure on public works by more than 134 million roubles, and part of the saving is said to be on improvements at Port Arthur and Vladivostok.

These are the principal points in the volume; but there are many minor matters of interest. For instance, it is stated that the *Zemstva* and municipalities received the exact equivalent of the revenues taken from them by the institution of the liquor monopoly. Chapter and verse to the contrary are given by well-known authors, like M.M. Lehmann and Parvus in *Das Hungernde Russland* and Baron von der Brüggen in *Das Heutige Russland*, so that the assertions here made cannot be accepted without reserve or examination.

On the whole the general impression one derives from the present volume, when compared with the reports of the special correspondents and the consular reports so far received, is that Russia will be able to hold out financially if the war lasts two years at the present rate of expenditure. Beyond two years it is idle to speculate. But there is one statement which is generally made against which a caveat may be entered One often hears that by this war Russia will be crippled for twenty or thirty years. It appears to me that this is by no means certain. We do not know the terms of the commercial treaty between Russia and Germany, but we do know the vast accumulation of capital that has been going on in Germany, and it does not appear beyond the realm of possibility, considering the tremendous commercial predominance that Germany is acquiring in Central Europe, that with the help of Germany Russia may recover from the effects of the war with far greater rapidity than such statements assume. As I have stated elsewhere, alike in her political and in her economic conditions, the recuperative power of Russia is simply astounding. What will be far more difficult and far more important for Russia to recover is the prestige she has lost all along the line from Constantinople to Pekin. It is this loss, far more than the financial difficulties or internal troubles (generally in her case following great wars), which may one day lead to desperate counsels against which Great Britain should be both forewarned and forearmed. Samson has got the pillars in his grasp.

GEOFFREY DRAGE.

NEXT YEAR'S BUDGET: A WORD IN SEASON.

FROM a Parliamentary point of view Mr. Austen Chamberlain's first Budget must be considered to have been a success. It strengthened his individual position; it raised no new political difficulties, and therefore disappointed the hopes of Opposition Parliamentarians. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was also clearly right in maintaining the Sinking Fund, at a time when Consols are well below par. Assuming it to be a good thing to have done nothing to precipitate a general election, or to exacerbate the fiscal disputes within the ranks of the Unionist Party, I need not further discuss the Budget of 1904, considered as an item in the political record of the Government. I will only add that those of us who support the policy of Imperial fiscal reform advocated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's distinguished father, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, are happy to think that he has had the gratification of seeing his son occupying so worthily so important an office in the government of the mother country.

In this article I am not concerned with the Budget of 1904 from the Parliamentary or the personal point of view. But it may be useful to address a few plain words to those who will be responsible for the Budget of 1905 concerning one aspect of our national finances, the evils of which come home to the taxpayers with an intensity very inadequately reflected in the attitude of the House of Commons. The most disquieting thing about the financial situation of to-day is the want of official seriousness in tackling our swollen expenditure. Too much emphasis cannot well be laid upon this side of the matter. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and the late Sir William Harcourt—whose record as Chancellor of the Exchequer will outlive all other phases of his political career—have indeed spoken earnestly to the House of Commons in the past about the paramount duty of economy; but their warnings have no perceptible result; and unless the public put more pressure upon those who are immediately responsible, nothing seems likely to be done. I do not want to encumber this article with figures, the more so as they were cited in the House of Commons this year by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and others. The question has nothing to do with the views of the Radical Party on general politics, and it will be disastrous if the Unionist leaders give them an opportunity of annexing it. In the last eight or nine years our expenditure has increased by £50,000,000, on a

comparison of peace years; and whatever else may be said in favour of the "hum-drum" Budget of 1904, its dominating—one feels tempted to say its damning—feature was that in a year when on any reasonable calculation taxation ought to have been reduced—for it was two years since the war, we had amicably settled all disputes with France, and the Russian Navy had been crippled by the war with Japan—the Chancellor of the Exchequer actually had to impose new taxation to the extent of over £4,000,000, fixing the income-tax at a shilling in the pound, and taxing tea up to a point at which the duty amounts to 100 per cent. of its cost of production.

This is really a very serious state of affairs, and one to be considered in no narrow party spirit The increase in our expenditure is, of course, mainly due to the greater cost of Army and Navy. In 1895, when we spent £18,700,000 on the Army, and £17,600,000 on the Navy, we were spending too little—certainly too little on the Navy. But we are now spending £32,500,000 on the Army, and £12,000,000 on the Navy. That is a very high jump. The time has surely come when those of us who took part in earlier years in concentrating public attention on the necessity, as it then was, of increasing our expenditure on National Defence, are entitled, nay, honourably compelled, to protest against what looks like a sort of *laisser faire* in high expenditure, which is just as irrational as the *laisser faire* in under-expenditure was before. We were behindhand then, and had to put on a spurt; but this apparently mechanical continuance of spurting will inevitably lead to a breakdown. In this particular year Mr. Arnold-Forster could perhaps hardly have been expected, in the throes of Army Reform, slowly indeed as it comes to the birth, to see his way to economising; but we ought to have had some much more definite guarantee that Army Reform is going to include a reduction of expenditure by several millions at least. As regards the Navy, it was certainly very strange in this year of all years, when, apart from the disasters which had befallen the Russian Navy, and apart from our *entente cordiale* with France, we had just added two extra (Chilian) battleships to our force, that the Naval Estimates, already the highest on record, should show an increase of £2,750,000. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach declared on Budget night that no sufficient reason had yet been given for this increase. None has since been forthcoming. Nor is it very comforting to the ordinary citizen, patriotic though he may be, to find that a sort of "funk" seems to have been established in the Unionist Press so far as any criticism of naval expenditure is concerned. If no economies are possible anywhere we are in a parlous state.

On this subject of possible reductions in expenditure one reflec-

tion as to the processes of our spending departments may be relevant. The Treasury is popularly regarded as a standing check upon their estimates: but this view requires some qualification. The Treasury, by tradition, is always against increased estimates or the addition of new items to its accounts—that is why so hard a fight has to be made to secure reforms which cost anything. But when once the new item has been accepted, it is apt to become stereotyped. Take them for all in all, there are certainly no better Treasury officials anywhere than in England, and they are the pick of our public servants. But experience seems to show that, supposing the Treasury to have sanctioned such and such an amount, covering such and such items, one year, there is not much chance of its challenging the same amount next year; retrenchment then requires some decided pressure from outside, or it is to nobody's interest to move in the matter. Such a course involves an amount of zeal in the public interest, going rather beyond the official routine. In our Civil Service no official has any personal interest in reducing expenditure; the Treasury may "cut 'em down" when a department increases its estimates, but when the increased estimates become part of the Finance Act, the Treasury is only interested in cutting down further increases, not in getting back to the level of the pre-increase period. My conclusion is that it would be sad indeed if independent critics, by whose means alone can any outside pressure be brought to bear, were to take too readily for granted that no reductions, even on the Navy, are possible without compromising the national interests. My belief is that if there was a will there would be a way, and that a drastic investigation would find them. It is very difficult to believe that, however inadequate an expenditure of £36,000,000 on National Defence was in 1895, we are really bound now, after all that has been done, to spend as much as £74,000,000; and if efficiency is, as it ought to be, the test of expenditure in other departments, I am convinced that savings might be effected in many directions. But unless the Government, impelled by public opinion, insist upon special efforts being made to discover these directions, there is not much chance of anything being done with the existing machinery; the forces normally at work make much too powerfully for *laisser aller*.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, however, has made a general reply to all these comments on the present scale of our expenditure, which I pass on to consider. Speaking on April 21st, the Chancellor of the Exchequer defended himself in the House of Commons against certain members who complained that he had not followed Sir William Harcourt and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in accompanying his Budget speech by a lecture on the need for

greater economy. He told us not to magnify unreasonably the burden we have to bear. "What you have to consider is not merely the increase in the burden, but how much stronger our shoulders have grown to bear it." In order to reassure us on this point he went back to the 'sixties, to forty years ago, and comparing 1864 with 1904, he informed the House that while our public expenditure has become twice what it was, our collective private income has also more than doubled, so that the ratio of public expenditure to the national wealth is no higher. Taking the income-tax assessments as his basis, he finds that in 1864 the national (*i.e.*, private) income was about £700,000,000, whereas now it is more like £1,750,000,000. If the public (*i.e.*, State) expenditure has risen by 125 per cent., the public (*i.e.*, private) income has increased by 150 per cent. If, in 1864, the ratio of State expenditure to private income was 8·6 per cent., now it is 7·8. And, to clinch the argument further, he points out that population has risen by 45 per cent., so that we have more people to care for; the Empire, meanwhile, has expanded, and everything (for public purposes) costs more—wages, for instance, are higher, and ships and guns more expensive. Finally, the other Great Powers have also increased their expenditure.

This defence ought, no doubt, to be consoling, but somehow it fails to convince. It is one of those specious statistical arguments which seem plausible for debating purposes, but which make the plain man exceedingly distrustful of statistics. "Lies, damned lies, and statistics"—he remembers the old degrees of comparison. Forty years is not such a very long time ago. Surely men like Sir William Harcourt, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir John Gorst, and Sir Edgar Vincent can hardly be supposed to have been speaking at random, and without being fortified by the practical touch of experience, when they refer to our existing burden as one that has reached the point of a serious grievance. The gross wealth of the country has certainly increased, but I utterly distrust these estimates of private wealth, based on income-tax assessments (calculating the national income at twice the amount assessed), with which some of our eminent statisticians play so gaily. And I should repudiate absolutely the attempt—if it is a serious attempt—to justify a doubling of the expenditure for State purposes by pointing to the doubling of the national income, even supposing the latter were a fact. State expenditure has no necessary connection with the gross private wealth. It is absurd to suppose that merely because we are privately richer, and without accounting for the way in which the increased wealth is distributed, the House of Commons is discharging its prerogative by increasing the national expenditure *pro tanto*. The mere fact that

in forty years we had doubled our wealth would presumably, in any case—supposing taxation to remain on the same basis—result in producing more money for State purposes; direct taxes would have a correspondingly greater yield, while taxes on consumption (levied over a larger population, which was also richer than before) must all bring in a larger revenue; and if the increased yield in money were not wanted, the rate of taxation could consequently be reduced. But State expenditure is not, in fact, adjusted according to any fixed ratio with the private national income, and no fair argument can be drawn from a comparison of the ratios for different years without considering the rates of the taxes and the whole problem of the incidence of taxation. The question—the sole question—at issue is the burden on the individual taxpayer. You may, of course, consider this or that sort of taxpayer as a class, but, whether it is a matter of forty years ago or of now, the person who pays (and who, be it remembered, *votes*) remains the individual taxpayer; and unless you include in your comparison the rates at which he was taxed, the whole discussion degenerates into a quibble. To point to the doubling of the national (private) income as justifying the doubling of the State expenditure is no consolation at all to the individual citizen who (say) is earning an income of £1,000 now just as he was earning it then, unless you can also show that he personally pays no more in taxation now than he did in 1864. The argument that "we" (*i.e.*, the country) are twice as rich is irrelevant. The point is, does the man who is taxed twice as much earn twice the income? And to ask this is to expose the whole fallacy. The revenue now raised from taxation is just about double what it was forty years ago, and the people who are hit by the increase are the so-called direct taxpayers, *i.e.*, the people, who, besides paying their full share of indirect taxation, pay all the income-tax and death duties. The amount taken from them by these direct taxes is four or five times as much as it used to be, while no proper allowance is ever made for the high proportion of indirect taxation which they contribute.

On this last point I will only say that nothing could be more unstatesmanlike than to speak, as Mr. Ritchie has more than once done, of the "direct taxpayers" and the "indirect taxpayers," as though they were two distinct classes, neither of which should be given an advantage over the other when a reduction of taxation is in question. The assumption that there ought to be some equality between the total amounts raised by direct and indirect taxation is a transparent fallacy. The indirect taxpayer (*i.e.*, consumer of dutiable commodities) is frequently not a direct taxpayer at all; but the direct taxpayer is not only, on his own account, the

largest indirect taxpayer because of the greater amount of dutiable commodities he can afford), but to a large extent (for instance, so far as domestic servants are concerned) he is the person who pays the indirect taxes on the dutiable goods consumed by legions of his adult fellow-citizens. Moreover, he is the person who is hardest hit by the increase in local rates.

If the leaders of the Conservative and Unionist Party do not wake up to the damage that is being done to our cause by the disproportionate burdens now laid upon the so-called direct taxpayers, the bulk of whom have only moderate or precarious incomes, the time is coming when this prolonged neglect will outweigh any other political considerations with many of their natural supporters. The incidence of taxation bears most hardly on just that class in the State from which the normal backing for a reasonable Conservatism of the modern type is to be obtained. Middle-class fathers of families will naturally look elsewhere for relief if they are forced to believe that their position is not appreciated by a Government which has two comfortable bachelors in the offices of Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The main offence is undoubtedly the income-tax. No amount of argument about a general increase in wealth will reconcile a man to paying twice the rate of income-tax that was sufficient ten years ago, and the same rate in peace-time that he was called upon to endure in the emergency of the late war. At present all the signs point to a shilling income-tax becoming a normal rate. But an eightpenny income-tax was the highest amount necessary when we were building up the Navy between 1894 and 1900, and a Government that cannot be content with that amount—which is decidedly too high—in years of peace, is, *ipso facto*, discredited in its financial management.

The attitude which the taxpayers are entitled to expect from the Government, now that no war emergency confronts them, is a perfectly simple one: for next year's Budget they should take as their guiding principle, that at least fourpence has to come off the income-tax, and on that assumption they should cut their coat according to their cloth. That would be the way to show a serious realisation of the situation; and it is only by the recognition of such a principle that there is any chance of a proper stimulus being given to economy in the various public departments. If the departments cannot sufficiently reduce their requirements, a special commission of financial experts should be set to work to overhaul their accounts; and probably some curious revelations would result. I should like to see Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Edgar Vincent, and Mr. Gibson Bowles taking part in an inquiry of this sort. In their places in the House of Commons they may criticise

the estimates, when once produced, with the utmost acuteness without producing any effect. What is wanted is a little more criticism behind the scenes, and before the estimates are brought forward.

From a purely electioneering point of view the present Government will be well advised to consider this question as the most important they are likely to have to deal with, supposing that they are still in office next year. The attempts recently made by political writers in the Unionist Press to minimise the grievance are exceedingly unwise, and display a most unfortunate inability to express the real opinion of the electorate. To take that line is simply to play into the hands of the Opposition leaders. The Budget of 1904 was a great disappointment to the rank and file of the Unionist Party from every point of view except the purely Parliamentary one. I heard a good many calculations, immediately after the Budget, about the prospect of a surplus next year which would enable this disappointment to be wiped out. But the revenue returns so far do not encourage this idea. If a satisfactory Budget is to be produced—and by satisfactory I mean one involving a considerable reduction in taxation—it looks as though it will only be by cutting down expenditure. It will require all the energy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and all the determination of the Cabinet, to get back to a healthier state of things in the financial administration of the country.

A few words must be added to meet the objection that this is not a time for reducing our insurance for National Defence. No doubt this last Russian crisis is just the sort of thing that enables such an argument to be put forward with confidence by politicians who think they can rely upon identifying financial retrenchment with the party of pro-Boers, Little Englanders, and peace faddists; but they are much mistaken. There was, undoubtedly, a time when an indictment of this nature was justified; the situation is a very different one now. It is a question of going back, not to the scale of 1895, but to that of 1899 and 1900. Nor do I contend for anything that would weaken our defences. My impression is that, owing to an insufficiently drastic audit and an inefficient co-ordination of means and results, the money is paid out more and more, the higher the total, without the discriminating economy which characterises a business-like policy. It is foolish to suppose that our present rate of expenditure can continue. If our international position, in spite of all that has been done, were so insecure that it could be alleged to require an indefinite drain upon the national purse at the existing rate, it would be high time that British statesmanship took to bolder courses. We should either insure ourselves by alliances, or we should use our strength—for

if we are not strong now it is difficult to understand what sea-power is—to stop the aggressive competition of our probable enemies. Complaint is made already that we do not use our enormous Navy even when our national interests and honour are directly menaced. I do not suggest that the Government ought to have gone to war with Russia over the North Sea outrage, or that war is a thing which we should ever lightly contemplate. But, after all, our Navy is not intended for show; and if we found that we had only brought it up to the present high standard of *matériel* and efficiency to be obliged to go on increasing it because of the corresponding steps taken by other nations, then we should have to ask in all seriousness whether our policy would not be better served by a timely determination to take the risks of our present superiority and have the struggle over? If we are merely to be led on and on, our governing men must try more Bismarckian methods. The continual multiplication of the machines of war is itself a danger, and if no international agreement to abate it is possible—such as this country offered, by the mouth of Lord Goschen, to accept several years ago, the situation can only grow more and more intolerable.

One thing is fairly certain. The speeches of the Opposition leaders have shown that they appreciate the opportunity given them of posing, without fear of the charge of want of patriotism, as the true and only economists. If, as they expect, they come into office before long, they are bound to redeem their promises and cut down expenditure. Are the national interests likely to be best served by leaving this necessary work to the Radical Party? Frankly, I think not. The task of financial reorganisation after the Boer War was one which it was the duty of the Unionist Government to carry out, and not leave to their successors. They have had time and leisure this autumn to consider it in all its bearings, and we have a right to look for fruit next year should they be responsible for another Budget. It is their duty, as well as their interest—and the national interest—to set our fiscal house in order, with that judicious regard for efficiency combined with economy which is, or was until the last year or two, the sound tradition of Unionist finance.

HUGH CHISHOLM.

COTTON AND THE EMPIRE.

THERE is a soothing touch of modern practicality in the thought that in the fibre of the cotton plant may be found the thread wherewith the British Empire will be bound together, in material as well as in sentimental bonds. And the idea is not made less attractive by the recollection that it was from the Eastern bounds of that Empire we first derived the staple for which of late we have become too dependent on the Western Continent The name itself is essentially Oriental-- from the Arabic *kotôn* or *gootn*. The categorical McCulloch says that the first mention of cotton being manufactured in England was in 1641, and that although cottons are mentioned earlier, "what were then called cottons were made wholly of wool." This may be, yet Buckle quotes from a book printed in Rome in 1609, this passage—*Toga illi in æstate ex saya erat, in hyeme ex panno quem cottonem Angli vocant*—as one of the earliest instances in which cotton is mentioned as an article of apparel, though then evidently little known in Italy But, as a matter of fact, there is evidence in the Sacred Books of the East that cotton was in use eight centuries before Christ Herodotus writes of a kind of plant in India, which, instead of fruit, produces wool, "of which the Indians make their clothes." And Virgil refers in the Georgics to

"The groves of the Ethiopians, hoary with soft wool"

At the very dawn of the Christian era the cotton plant was in Persia, for Strabo refers to it, and not long afterwards Pliny mentions, in Egypt, "a shrub called *gossypium*, by others *xylon*, from which stuffs are made, which we call *xlynia*." The passage is disputed, but without entering into the controversy we cite it, because the tendency of our Imperial needs is towards Upper Egypt and Africa generally, as well as to India. The Greeks, they say, had Indian cotton cloths two centuries before Christ, when the Ancient Britons were content with a doubtless picturesque but sufficiently scanty coating of *woad*. And yet the Americans had it all the time also, centuries before Columbus voyaged westward to prepare the way for slave-driving planters and frenzied "cotton-pits."

In the last week of May, 1904, there assembled at Zurich an International Cotton Congress, composed of representatives from all the principal cotton-using countries of Europe, to consider methods for controlling the consumption of the raw staple. and for

otherwise combating the system of gambling which has of late brought such serious injury to the cotton manufacturing industries of the world. Our point of interest, however, is not the International but the inter-Imperial aspect of the question. And that has become vitally important in many senses—partly through the intensity of the speculative fever in the Cotton Exchanges of America, and partly through the diminished quantity of the available supply in the United States. Let us consider in turn these two influences.

During the height of the famous "Sully deal," it was said that the very housemaids and shoeblacks of New Orleans were gambling with their meagre dollars in cotton "Futures"—while thousands of men, women, and children in Lancashire were starving because of the prohibitive price to which the raw material had been speculatively driven. These random American gamblers were but following the lead of a handful of daring operators, who for over twelve months did their utmost to ruin one of the greatest of the world's industries—so that they might become millionaires. Whenever the price of raw cotton rises above 5d. per lb., the consumption of it at once begins to decline, because then the manufactured material becomes too dear for several purposes. When it rises above 6d. per lb., the consumption practically ceases for one of our greatest markets. To India, for instance, we ship hundreds of millions of yards of fabric for loin cloths, and when the price of these exceeds the basis of 6d. per lb. for raw cotton the natives do not buy, because they have not the extra necessary *pice*. The Hindu looks for a substitute, and contentedly waits until the market comes down again. This may seem a small matter, but there are hundreds of millions of these customers for our cotton goods, and the temporary loss of their custom means the loss of employment for millions of spindles, hundreds of thousands of looms, and tens of thousands of workers. By a succession of speculative "deals" in New Orleans and New York, the price of American "middling" cotton was raised this year to 9d. per lb., and the gamblers vowed that they would not finish until 10d. per lb. had been reached. Mr. Sully collapsed, and the "Corner" broke, but what happened before will happen again. The whole subject demands serious attention: for the "Vegetable Lamb" of the Eastern myth is a necessity of Western life.

The year 1903 was an eventful one in the cotton trade and was full of surprises and excitement. In Liverpool "spot middling" American began at 4·64d. per lb., and the quotation on December 23rd, reached 7·24d. The Liverpool average price of the year was 5·94d. per lb. which compares with 4·77d. in 1902, 4·75d. in 1901, 5·47d. in 1900, 3·56d. in 1899, and 3·31d. in 1898. Not for twenty

years was cotton so entirely ruled by a small group of manipulators, and never in the history of the trade did speculative transactions assume such magnitude. The market was entirely at the mercy of the cliques and speculators, and 1903 finished at the highest level within a generation. The result of the famine prices was an immense loss of wages to the workpeople and enormous losses to the spinning companies.

What is called the commercial (as apart from the agricultural) crop of the United States for the cotton-year (which extends from August 31st to August 31st) 1902–3, was 10,673,759 bales, averaging 508lb. gross per bale, against a crop in the previous season of 10,768,195 bales of 507lb. gross per bale. The British consumption in the season ending September 30th, 1903, was estimated at 3,185,000 bales of 500lb. net, or 68,000 bales less than in the preceding season. The Continental consumption (excluding that of Asiatic cotton in Russia) was 5,148,000 bales of 500lb. net, or 312,000 bales more than in the previous season. The American consumption was 3,890,000 bales of 500lb. net, or 18,000 bales less than in the previous season. In both Great Britain and America the consumption was reduced in consequence of the operations of the "July Corner," though in normal circumstances it would have increased It is authoritatively stated that there are 110 million spindles in the world.

The 1903 season was, as has been said, one of the most speculative ever known in the history of the trade, although the speculation did not reach the fever-heat it attained in the early part of 1904. During the 1902–3 season the price of American "middling" was advanced by successive speculations about 5 cents per lb., in New York, or equal to an increase of 2½d. per lb. in our markets. A well-known American authority, Mr. Alfred B. Shepperson, of New York, thus writes of this eventful period :

Prices during the season were advanced by successful manipulation of the New York and New Orleans markets by several cliques of speculative operators. First in order was Mr. Theodore H. Price, of New York, with, it was said, an influential Wall Street following. By liberal buying of "Futures," and the effective use of printer's ink and telegraphic wires to disseminate ideas favourable to the market, the prices were advanced to about ten cents, when the leader of this movement advised the public that the price had undoubtedly reached the top, and a decline would soon occur. Then Mr. Daniel J. Sully, who had not heretofore been at all prominently identified with the New York cotton trade, but who had been connected with Messrs. F. W. Reynold and Co., cotton dealers of Providence, came to the front as a liberal buyer of "Futures," and actively supported the market, until May "Futures" reached eleven cents, when he withdrew from the market about May 15th. At this juncture very active and aggressive buying of "Futures" in New York was commenced in the interest of Messrs. Wm. P. Brown and Frank B.

Hayne, of New Orleans, and others, composing what was known to the trade thereafter as the "New Orleans Clique." Prices continued to advance, and July and August deliveries and "spot" cotton sold at 13 cents the last week in June (1903). The highest figures of the season were reached on July 24th, when "spot" cotton sold at 13½ cents, and July "Futures" at 13¾ cents. So high a price for "spot" cotton had not been realised in New York since December 9th, 1870, when the same figures were touched. Since September 1st, 1876, middling cotton has not been quoted in New York above 13½ cents, except on May 20th, 1879, when the price was forced to 13¾ cents, under a speculative manipulation of "Futures."

To "corner" July cotton is to obtain control of the market until the new crop begins to come forward. Practically the last of a crop is marketed by July, and the new crop does not come forward in any commercial quantity until September. In April, 1903, the New Orleans Ring began to buy all the July cotton in the market and, in order to increase the supply, they offered premiums on that month over intervening months. The effect of that was to induce holders to keep back May and June cotton from the market and also to accelerate August cotton, with the object of tendering delivery in July at the premium offered for that month. The New Orleans Ring were the promoters of the gigantic operation known as the "July Corner." It was this "Corner," not a Cotton Trust, that caused the enormous rise in price. Thousands of bales on their way to ports for shipment to Europe were arrested in transit and put into store to be available to hand over as July cotton. American manufacturers curtailed or suspended the operations of their mills in order to resell their raw cotton. The market was swept bare into the New Orleans "Corner," and the price of "middling" was raised to 7d. per lb. in Liverpool, or more than 2d. above the normal price.

The "July Corner" continued operations until the new crop began to come in, and then began the sensational operations and the rocket-like rise and fall of Mr. D. J. Sully. The feature which fascinated the speculators for the rise was that the success of the New Orleans clique was due to an accurate forecast of shortage in the 1902–3 crop. It was claimed by one of the partners in the "July Corner," that as far back as November, 1902, he figured on the conviction that the growing crop would not reach 10,750,000 bales. His figuring was approximately realised, and he and his friends made a large amount of money by backing their opinion. But it was pure chance. The crop, as it stood in November, 1902, promised to yield 11,250,000 bales, and would have done so but for a succession of storms and floods which began late in November and lasted for four or five months almost continuously. Even New Orleans speculators could not have foreseen these storms,

which, according to cotton experts, took 500,000 bales off the crop, and thus quite fortuitously played into the hands of the "Corner." Mr. Hayne, the mouthpiece of this "Corner," claims that they raised the price of cotton over the whole season by an average of $10 per bale more than it would otherwise have been. That is £2 per bale, which, on 10,750,000 bales would have been £21,500,000 had the whole season's crop been affected, but a large proportion of it was disposed of on forward contracts before the clique began operations If the "Corner" gained on no more than the 1½ million bales they were supposed to hold in July, 1903, a difference of £2 per bale would have been gain to the operators of £3,000,000 sterling. What the actual profits of the "July Corner" were is not known, but even if they were reduced by some losses on realisation they must have been enormous on the net. These profits were gained by the closing down of many mills and factories, both in the United States and in Lancashire, which could not manufacture at a profit on the inflated price for raw cotton. The speculator's gain was the manufacturers' and operatives' loss.

It is almost impossible for the plain man to understand the rapid movements in "points" in the American cotton market. The truth is that the operations in the "cotton pits" have been just like those of a poker den—a pure gamble, with big stakes and rapid play. All the reputed dealings in "Futures" for various months were merely movements in the game, and the "points" in the price were just the points made or lost by the gamblers. Figuring on another short crop in 1904, the leader in the famous Sully "bull" movement acquired all the fine staple for early and prompt delivery, so as to lower the quality and raise the price of the lower grade cotton left on the market. Thus "middling" advanced to a figure unprecedented since the early 'seventies—not that there was not enough raw cotton for actual needs but because the gamblers captured the available supply.

In the vernacular of the cotton market a "point" in America is the hundredth of a cent per lb. and in Liverpool it is the hundredth of a penny per lb. Contracts in "Futures" are in New York and New Orleans, in lots of 100 bales of 550lbs. each = 55,000lbs., so that every variation of a "point" makes a difference of $5 per contract lot. In Liverpool the contracts are in lots of 100 bales of 480lbs. = 48,000lbs., so that every variation of a "point" makes a difference of £2 per contract lot. Practically two "points" in New York are equal to one "point" in Liverpool. Speculators in "Futures" never see the cotton.

The 1904 market started early on a new career of mad speculation, followed by an excited and greedy crowd from all parts of

the States, when the Washington Department of Agriculture published an estimate of only 9,962,039 bales, averaging 490 8-10lbs. net each. The average net weight of the bales of 1902–3 was 484lb. The Department, however, under-estimated by 300,000 bales last year and by 1,000,000 bales in the previous year. Over the last seven years their estimates have averaged 500,000 bales too low. Then the Bureau's estimate was made on a bale some 7lb. heavier than that of the previous season, and the quality of the new crop was so superior to previous years that a saving in spinning was assured. The world's normal consumption of American cotton is usually from 11,000,000 to 11,500,000 bales per annum, but the consumption of the current cotton year was not expected to be more than 10,250,000 bales. In any case there would be a surplus, but for some months spinners and manufacturers were impoverished and hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children gnawed the crust of starvation.

No better authority than Mr. C. W. Macara, President of the Master Spinners' Federation, can be cited as to the amount of loss directly caused by "short time" in Lancashire mills. He estimates it to be much higher than would be computed, however correctly, from taking account only of the reduced receipts by employers and employed in the spinning departments, which led the way in opposing inflated prices with restricted buying, or from simply adding to any sum thus calculated the figures relating to looms affected by the diminished productiveness of spindles. A resolution of the Master Spinners to work only 40 hours per week, instead of the normal 55½ hours, took effect early in the year, and was so largely operative as to diminish employment in many dependent or allied branches of industry besides the weaving branch. Mr. Macara's survey of the whole of them in April brought out a weekly reduction of £110,000 in wages earned by workers in spinning, weaving, bleaching, dyeing, printing, finishing, and other processes, in packing, carrying, handling, and distribution, both of goods and raw material, and in a variety of regular labour connected with machinery, fuel, and stores. The employers' probable share of the weekly loss Mr. Macara put at £40,000, the joint loss of employers and employed added together at £150,000 per week. The bases of the computation are that about 500,000 workpeople are engaged in the various departments indicated, and that half the number, or 250,000, suffered directly or indirectly by the substitution of 40 hours a week for 55½ hours in spinning. The total value of raw cotton worked in England, when at an average price of 5d. per pound, is taken to be £35,000,000. The total value of the production is estimated at £90,000,000, more than 70 millions of which represents the export

trade; while out of the 55 millions difference between finished product and raw material, some £40,000,000 are absorbed in wages, leaving £15,000,000 for taxation, insurance, depreciation, rent, and other charges and, finally, the return upon capital.

The prosperity of this great industry is dependent upon an adequate supply of raw material at a natural price. Mr. Macara rests his valuation upon an average of 5d. per pound. The American planter, he says, would be well rewarded if he received from 3½d. to 4d. per pound for his crop, and the variation would be regulated by the yield. If the spinners on this side could be sure that what they purchase would not fall below 4½d., or rise above 5½d., per pound, the main difficulties that harass them would be removed, and a stable system would be established. But gamblers in the United States sacrifice the interests of millions to their own pockets. It is true that "the majority of cotton gamblers hitherto have ruined themselves," but these examples have never prevented others from taking the same road. The reputed insufficiency of the raw cotton available gave the stimulus to the recent gambles, but the Sully deal was the first occasion on which the speculators laid hands upon the crop as soon as it was gathered. They operated with the last supplies of the old crop, and the new one they attempted to control. The staple rose to 9d. a pound, and "the avowed object of the Ring was to force it up to 10d."

The tendency to exaggerate every injury to the crop (says Mr. A B Shepperson), is so universal in the South that careful investigators of the probable extent of the crops have always taken it into consideration. An under-estimate of all favourable conditions is quite as general as the exaggeration of unfavourable conditions, and this tendency, which is largely due to local environment, is involuntary and not at all incompatible with the highest personal integrity. It is to the general interest of the South to have high prices for cotton, and a full price is not usually associated with the idea of a large crop, while small crops and high prices are supposed to go together."

One point about the British cotton industry not generally known is that it has prospered during the last twenty years, on an average price for "middling American," under 5d. per pound. In the period of the American Civil War, say from 1861 to 1865, the price averaged 19d. But in the last twenty years it has been :—

1881–85	average	6 08d.
1891–95	,,	4·23
1896–1900	,,	4 12
1900	,,	4 75
1902	,,	4·77
1881–1902	average	4 93d.

Another point about our cotton industry, not generally known, is

that the British consumption of the raw material has been practically stationary during the past twenty years. In proof of this we present the following table of averages :—

Consumption of raw cotton in United Kingdom.

1881-85	average	3,298,000	bales	per annum.
1891-95	,,	3,244,000	,,	,,
1901	actual	3,217,000	,,	,,
1902	,,	3,341,000	,,	,,
1903	estimate	3,185,000	,,	,,

Yet there are now a larger number of spindles and looms at work. Here, for instance, is a comparison between 1892 and 1902 :—

	Spindles.	Looms.
1892	45,300,000	660,000
1902	48,360,000	719,398

The stationary consumption by an increased number of looms means that our mills and factories have been engaged on the finer grades of work, with smaller output in weight and more careful manipulation. We do not say that the increase in this higher-grade work is not a tribute to our national industry but it is also very much, if not chiefly, a matter of climate. It further means the success of America in competing with us for lower-grade cottons. Germany, as an exporter, does not greatly interfere with our foreign markets, but America does. She has practically taken the China market for low-grade cottons from us, and very much through our own stupidity. Lancashire makers persisted in pressing on the Chinese low-priced, heavily-sized goods, when the Chinese wanted real cotton, and took it from the Americans, who were willing to supply it. This was not so much a question of under-selling as of adapting production to the wishes of the consumer, but at the same time the American producers could not sell so cheaply in China as they have been doing were it not for the protected market they have at home for their products. Their mills cost a great deal more to construct than do our mills, but against the additional capital outlay they have a saving in working expenses, through the closer application and better distribution of labour, and by comparative freedom from trade union restrictions and exactions, which are the curse of the British industry. Still, with all the advantage in operative expenses, America should not produce cotton piece-goods from American cotton cheaper than we can. Our producers have simply given her an opening in China which she has made the most of and will not now lose. And this opening has naturally stimulated the zeal of America for an export trade, and aroused her enthusiasm for an "open door" everywhere—except in the United States.

The Cotton Manufacturers' Association of New England was recently addressed by Mr. Edward N. Vose on the necessity of studying foreign markets for cotton goods His point was that the United States now stands as the largest consumer of raw cotton in the world, though Great Britain has more spindles and a more valuable output. Since 1870, the value of the American production has more than doubled, the consumption of raw cotton has increased fivefold, and the number of yards of piece goods woven has increased fourfold. In the same period the exports from America have increased fivefold. But with recent additions to the spindles the producing power is now far ahead of the domestic requirements, and an increase of export markets for the American manufacturer has become imperative.

Here, then, we have a double dilemma for the British industry. The enormous growth of the American industry makes raw cotton scarce and dear for us and, while using up the raw material, of which formerly we were practically the only large consumers, America becomes our chief competitor in the largest consuming markets in the world. It is a striking fact that about 50 per cent. of all the exports of American cotton goods are to China. The particular object of Mr. Vose was to impress on American manufacturers the necessity of extending the area of their foreign markets, and he especially emphasised British India as a better field even than China, and as capable of absorbing five times the number of yards at present exported from America. The point we wish to make here is that the attention of America is being more directed to foreign markets for cotton than it has ever been, that the cultivation of these markets has become a necessity through her increased production, and that we have to face a future of excessive competition.

In the calendar year 1903, our exports of cotton were to the value of £66,219,711 in manufactured goods, and £7,407,086 in yarn; that is, in all, £73,626,797. No other item in our foreign trade approaches this in magnitude. The next is iron and steel, £30,453,190; the next coal, £27,262,779; and the third wool, £25,386,799. Of course, if with iron and steel we include cutlery and hardware, telegraph cables, machinery and new ships, we shall get a very large total But these exports involve many varied industries, and the sum total of them, £61,250,000, is still largely short of the sum total of the value of the exports of the cotton industry.

It must be obvious to the most casual observer that a trade of such magnitude deserves and requires the first care of the whole nation. It forms, indeed, one of the chief factors in our national economy. And, therefore, it becomes a matter of national neces-

sity and of Imperial importance to preserve it from the reverses to which it has been, and is, subjected by dependence upon America for its chief supply of raw material. It is that dependence which makes our industry the constant prey of the American speculator. If we can reduce American raw cotton to a minor place in our industrial organism we shall get rid of the American gambler. The first national necessity, then, is to open up alternative sources of supply within the British Empire.

The British Cotton-Growing Association was formed at Manchester in 1902, on the initiative of the Oldham Chamber of Commerce. A scarcity of cotton for three years in succession, it declared, along with a gradually increasing demand, enabled speculators to manipulate the stocks and to raise or depress prices to suit their purposes, to the embarrassment of all engaged in the trade. In consequence, short time working resulted, causing serious loss to employers and operatives Of the total cotton supply of the world, 80 per cent. now comes from the United States A failure, or partial failure, of this supply is, therefore, a very serious matter. The consumption of raw cotton in the United States is rapidly increasing and the proportion of the crop available for export is diminishing. In 1902 the United States consumed 38 per cent. of the crop. The consumption has increased only 3 6 per cent. in Great Britain during the last ten years, but it has increased 60·75 per cent. in the United States. Owing to the very largely increased demand during recent years for Egyptian and other long-stapled cotton, it has become absolutely necessary that fresh sources of supply should be found, and the Association was designed to carry out a series of experiments with Egyptian and Sea Island seed in different parts of the world. Certain British Colonies and Dependencies afford excellent opportunities for these experiments, and samples of good cotton have already been received from several of them. The movement, in short, is to broaden the basis of supply of all grades of cotton, and bring prosperity both to the cotton trade and to our Colonies.

The Association is already at work on the West Coast of Africa, with the aid of the Colonial Governors, and is beginning in the West Indies, in the Sudan, and in British East and Central Africa. A Cotton Supply Association was in existence during the whole period of the great cotton famine, but it was dissolved in 1871. The conditions which have called into existence the present movement, thirty-one years later, are even more urgent, and the movement ought to be successful. The capacity for the production of every commodity in the United States on a gigantic scale is shown forcibly in the growth of cotton. The American

aim is to consume on the spot all the cotton grown on the plantations. In 1890, the cotton crop was 7,311,392 bales, of which the United States used 32 per cent. and Great Britain 38 per cent. In 1902 the crop was 10,680,680 bales, of which the United States used 38 per cent. and Great Britain 28 per cent.; an increase of 6 per cent. in the States and a decrease of 10 per cent. in Great Britain. The tendency of consumption in the neighbourhood of the cotton field is shown by the fact that whilst in 1890 the North took 76·7 per cent. of that consumed in the States, and the South took 23·3 per cent., in 1902 the North took only 51·41 per cent. and the South took 48·59 per cent.

No one can object to America keeping her cotton in her own country; but we must secure a constant supply for this country. The Imperial design is to help an enormous number of people under our own flag, and to create a new trade between the Mother Country and the Colonies. It is a thorough Imperial movement, and may lead to the natives of Africa being employed in their own land instead of in America. Our foremost position amongst the industrial nations of the world is on trial.

Apart from the danger of the American supply being always at the mercy of speculators, the fact, indeed, seems to be established that America has almost reached the limit of her producing capacity. The world's present normal consumption of American cotton is, say, about 11,500,000 bales per annum. Lancashire alone, in ordinary times, requires 65,000 bales per week, or 3,250,000 bales per annum; the American spindles, which a short time ago consumed under 2,000,000 bales, now require 4,500,000 bales per annum. Even if the Cotton States can produce regularly 11,500,000 bales per annum, the relation between supply and demand is too close for industrial safety. It leaves the industry at the mercy of speculators, who gloat over a prospective or reputed shortage in the crop as a way of making millions by a gamble for higher prices. It is not the short crop but the "gamble" that cripples trade and starves the operatives, but the "Corner" would not be so frequently possible and so mischievous were it not for the narrowness of the reserve and the limitation of the area of supply. One-fourth of the population of these islands dependent on the cotton trade are periodically the sport of a few ruthless American speculators, who manipulate crops and regulate the "market" just to fill their own pockets, regardless of how their operations may arrest the whirr of the spindles and throw hundreds of thousands of operatives out of employment.

If it be asked why the Americans, who are an enterprising and industrial people and not merely a nation of speculators, do not increase the cultivation of a staple for which there is such an

immense and constantly growing demand, the answer is that they are limited by physical conditions. They have plenty of land in the Southern States suitable for the growing of more cotton, but they have not labour, it is said, to handle profitably more than about 11½ million bales. There are eight millions of negroes in the Southern States, but it is asserted that not more than ten acres of cotton land can be cultivated per negro. That is to say, though more land could be put under cotton not more than the product of ten acres per annum can be picked for every negro who can be employed in the industry. It would be useless for the Americans to grow more than 11,500,000 bales or so, if they have not coloured labour to pick it—and yet the growing crop of the season 1904-5 is estimated to produce from 12,000,000 to 14,000,000 bales, if all goes well.

These statements as to labour are made on the authority not only of cotton-dealers and spinners in Lancashire but also of cotton-growers in America, who certainly have no reason to minimise their own powers. They suggest a very serious view of the future of an industry which furnishes one-fourth of the value of our exports and gives employment to such an immense proportion of our population. They present a case in which the leading national industry is thrown back upon Imperial resources for its preservation. We have to provide not only against the effect of American "Corners" upon the British industry but also against the failure of the American supply to meet the world's requirements. As the report of the Executive Committee of the British Cotton-Growing Association puts it:—

> The present serious crisis through which the cotton trade is passing is sufficient proof that the work of the Association was not commenced one moment too soon, that there can be no question that new areas of cultivation are absolutely necessary, and that the basis of supply must be widened, so that the cotton trade of the world may no longer be absolutely dependent on the success or failure of the American crop, which is being more and more absorbed by American manufacturers.

Happily, we have abundance of scope in Africa and the West Indies, in Egypt and, if need be, even in Australia. It is well to recall that when Columbus first reached the Bahamas, he was offered cotton yarns by the natives; that when he reached Cuba, he found the people there clad in cotton cloth; that those who followed Vasco da Gama round the Cape of Good Hope found the inhabitants of East Africa clothed in cotton; that in the sixteenth century cotton cloth was brought from the Guinea Coast to London.

In a report to the Board of Trade on cotton cultivation in the British Empire and in Egypt, Professor Wyndham Dunstan passes in review every territory under British rule in which cotton has

been, or may be, profitably grown. The prospects of cotton cultivation in the Sudan, he says, are very favourable, and the alluvial region of the Egyptian Sudan between the White and Blue Niles is even better adapted to the growth of cotton than the lower parts of the Nile Valley. The area open for the planting of cotton is ten times as great as that obtainable in Egypt proper. The industry is already established on a small scale at Kassala and Sennar, but the primitive methods of cultivation adopted cause much loss of material. In the 1903 report of the British South Africa Company, it is stated that experiments in cotton cultivation are being conducted in Rhodesia on an extensive scale, with every prospect of success. Cotton of excellent quality grows wild in many districts, and samples submitted to experts in England have been most favourably reported on. Cotton has long been grown in Central Africa and is found in a semi-wild state on the Zambesi and elsewhere. Experiments on the cultivation of cotton were commenced in 1900 by the local Government; in 1901 it was reported that the plants were doing well and that a fair crop might be expected in two years. In a recent report on the Uganda Protectorate, it is stated that experiments are being carried out there in the cultivation of cotton. A plantation has been laid out at Kampala, and seeds have been sent to other parts of the Protectorate. It is found that cotton can be grown successfully, the only difficulty experienced being in harvesting at the proper period. Experiments are being tried with Egyptian seed, of which a consignment has been imported. Cotton grown at Entebbe has been valued in London at 4¾d. per pound, whilst the indigenous cotton is worth 2¾d. per pound. In West Africa the possibilities of cotton cultivation are most encouraging, but large quantities of cotton cannot at present be produced in Sierra Leone or the Gold Coast, owing to scarcity of labour. In Northern Nigeria, to some extent in Southern Nigeria, and in the Lagos Hinterland, there is a vast field. The native population is numerous, intelligent, and thoroughly familiarised with the cultivation of cotton, which has been carried on in several localities for hundreds of years in a primitive yet effective manner. The soil is, for the most part, suitable; there is a heavy annual rainfall; usually a well-marked dry season; and the country is fairly well irrigated. In Northern Nigeria there is a vast territory suitable for cotton, but the most serious difficulty is the question of transport, and a railway is required from the Niger to Kano. With regard to the possibility of increasing the production of cotton in India, the opinion was held some years back that there was little hope of extending the area under cultivation; but investigations on this point are still in progress, and it appears possible that some exten-

sion of the area under the plant may take place. The problem in the West Indies is not the establishment of an entirely new industry but the revival of an old one, under economic conditions different from those under which it was formerly carried on with success. The conditions prevailing in the West Indies appear to be favourable to the re-establishment of the industry. In many of the islands there is land already cleared and well adapted to cotton cultivation. Soil and climate are suitable, and in some of the islands an adequate supply of good labour is obtainable at comparatively low cost. In Australia two attempts, each of considerable magnitude, have been made to establish cotton growing as one of the resources of the country; but in both cases the industry up to the present has failed to become permanent. Both attempts took place in Queensland, which possesses a climate and soil well suited to the growth of the cotton plant, as was proved in the early days of the Colony, when a bag of cotton sent to London from Moreton Bay was reported to be of excellent quality. In New South Wales the possibility of the successful cultivation of cotton has been proved by trials in numerous localities. The soil and climate of extensive districts are suitable for the purpose, and it is considered that it would yield a fair remuneration; the reason cotton has not been grown is attributed to the fact that agricultural labour has found sufficient employment in connection with other and more remunerative crops. The plant is well adapted to the climate and has been found to thrive when other crops have succumbed to drought, and samples of the cotton grown have proved to be of good strength and staple. In the Northern Territory of South Australia, experiments indicate that cotton can be grown in certain places, and a sample of the produce of a trial has been received, and is of good quality, satisfactory colour, and fairly long staple. Such is the substance of Professor Wyndham Dunstan's report.

In presenting information as to cotton cultivation collected by the scientific staff of the Imperial Institute, Professor Dunstan further says that the statistics available show that the dependence of the British industry upon the United States for raw cotton has been brought about by the deterioration of Indian cotton, by the replacement of cotton by sugar-cane in the West Indies, by the continuous improvement in quality of the cotton fibre produced in the United States, and by the improvements in cotton-spinning machinery which, during the last century, have all been in the direction of utilising the medium and long-stapled cottons characteristic of America and Egypt. Although no actual decline in the production of Indian cotton has taken place, India now produces but little of the long-stapled varieties suited to the require-

ments of the British manufacturer. The position is worse than in the period 1861-1865, when the American Civil War led to a deficiency in the fibre similar to that now brought about mainly by economic causes. At that time British manufacturers were still able to utilise Indian cotton, and the deficiency in the American product was, to some extent, compensated for by increased imports from India. Some efforts were made at that time to extend the sources of supply in India and other countries, but the rapid recovery in the United States, which followed the close of the American War, led to their abandonment.

Since Professor Dunstan's report was published an agreement has been concluded between the Sudan Government and Mr. Leigh Hunt, of New York, and work has been commenced which is expected to have very great influence on the development of the Sudan and on the cotton industry. Mr. Leigh Hunt has acquired from the Government a large tract of territory at the mouth of the Atbara River, opposite the new capital of the Berber Province, and on the new railroad route between Berber and Suakim. He has been for some time in the Sudan perfecting a scheme for cotton-growing on an extensive scale, and the work has been initiated by a European staff now on the ground. It is intended to employ educated negroes from the United States. Planting was to begin in June and there is ample labour for immediate needs. Mr. Leigh Hunt is convinced from extensive personal observation that cotton-growing on a commercial basis in the Sudan cannot but have the most satisfactory results. He predicts that Britain will obtain the bulk of her future cotton from the Sudan, and expresses his conviction that the plant can be grown in that country as cheaply as, if not more cheaply than, in any place in the world.

With further reference to the Niger, Mr. F. S. James, Senior Divisional Commissioner, Southern Nigeria, has gone out in the interests of the British Cotton-Growing Association, to the Sobo Plains, to assist the Association in putting into operation a large scheme for the growing of cotton. The Sobo Plains are 32,000 acres in extent, and Mr. James had already reported that the soil of the district was favourable to cotton cultivation and there are waterways right up to the plains.

Of Rhodesia as a cotton field many experts are extremely hopeful, owing to the quantity and high quality of the indigenous plant. From the Board of Trade we learn that about thirty-five acres have already been grown near Salisbury, and the results so far are said to be satisfactory. Samples, from small patches of cotton grown from seed sent out, have all been well reported on, and the product of Egyptian seed appears to retain its character-

istics. The climate in Rhodesia is considered to be quite suitable, and little difficulty is anticipated in getting sufficient labour for cotton growing. An expert who has been engaged by a syndicate formed to carry out further experiments is now in Rhodesia, with a view to ascertaining the most suitable districts for planting.

The British Empire League recently passed a resolution expressing sympathy with all steps which can be taken to develop cotton-growing in countries under British influence, and satisfaction at the resolution passed on the subject in the House of Commons on April 27th. Sir William Houldsworth pointed out that although Lancashire was particularly interested in this question it was one which affected the whole of the country, and it was a source of satisfaction that steps were at length being taken to remedy a very great danger to the trade of the country. The efforts now being made should not only benefit Lancashire but the whole of the Empire, by bringing into cultivation large tracts of territory that would otherwise remain barren. The Lancashire cotton spinners are vigorously supporting the movement. The one solid fact which stares the cotton industry in the face, according to Mr. J. L. Hutton, vice-chairman of the British Cotton-Growing Association, is that the supply of cotton has been insufficient to keep the spindles of the world fully employed, and the trade has developed into a scramble for the available raw material. At the outset, the efforts of the British Cotton-Growing Association [1] to obtain fresh sources of supply were, according to Mr. Hutton, hampered by lack of adequate financial support from the members of the trade, but of late funds have been coming in rapidly and more progress is being made Mr. Hutton is convinced that Lancashire's future salvation lies mainly in West Africa. The expenditure of £500,000 or £1,000,000 in the construction of a railway to connect the interior with the navigable waters of the Niger would, he holds, turn a country which is now costing the British taxpayer £400,000 per annum into a paying concern, and at the same time afford a priceless boon to the manufacturers of cotton goods.

The Federation of Master Cotton Spinners' Associations lately discussed gambling in cotton "Futures" and arrangements for dealing with cotton supplies and the abolition of "Futures." A resolution dealing with cotton supplies was as follows:—"That, having considered the present unsatisfactory condition of the cotton trade, caused undoubtedly by the gamblers using the 'Futures' market to artificially raise the price of raw cotton to such a price that trade has become practically impossible except at a heavy loss, and having in mind the present short-time running and experience of previous years, it is hereby resolved (1) to dis-

(1) Now incorporated by Royal Charter.

continue buying or selling 'Futures,' buying 'on call,' or points on 'Futures'; (2) to increase purchase of 'c.i.f.' cotton, to carry large stocks of cotton, or instead of the latter to purchase for stipulated monthly delivery." The scheme of the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners of Lancashire involved a large curtailment of production by the entire trade, and the raising of a fund to deal with the system of "cornering."

The main object of the present effort at extension in the cotton production of the Empire is not merely to provide temporary sources but to secure permanence of supply. It will be no Imperial benefit if, when prices fall again to normal, the production in the new fields should cease. The experience gained during the American cotton famine of the 'sixties must not be forgotten, for after the effects of the Civil War had ceased and cotton became cheap again supplies from newly-opened territories dwindled away. The building of railways in British Colonies and Protectorates, and the extension of government in territories then only nominally under our administration, have removed the former obstacles to the production and marketing of cotton, and the present effort is accompanied by provisions for determining scientifically the particular kinds of cotton best suited to the soil and climate of each locality. Continuity of supply from the new fields must be ensured, even without the stimulus of scarcity and high prices.

What the industrial consumers of cotton can do to put an end to the gambling, which so prejudices and paralyses their industry, is not legislation but concerted and resolute action. There is only one ultimate market for the raw material, viz., the mill. There is but one buyer, viz., the spinner. If all the spinners would combine to refuse to purchase cotton in any Exchange where gambling in "Futures" is allowed, or where business is not strictly confined to the actual commodity, they would promptly close the "cotton pits." The existing Exchanges might, it is true, refuse to comply, but the simple and efficacious reply to their refusal would be the opening of a new Exchange, to which alone the buyers would resort for their purchases. If the buyers were to be found only in one place, or to be approached only through one avenue, the sellers would be compelled to come to them and the gamblers would be unable to make a table.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

"THE WINGED DESTINY" AND FIONA MACLEOD.

MISS FIONA MACLEOD'S last book consists of a collection of writings of varied types, and there are in it indications that one day she may bid farewell to the Gael and his imaginings and his Soul, having come to enter into that Spirit which has breathed a special excellence into all peoples. For we see very clearly in this book that she apprehends most fully that, though gifts be many, yet the Spirit is one, and all through these writings the thought runs which is contained in the suggestive words, "there is no racial road to beauty, nor to any excellence."

It is this broadness of outlook, arising from wide cultivation, that will, in the end, perhaps, make Miss Macleod forget the wind-swept shore of Iona for reverence for the great sky which stretches over all shores alike. It seems certain that all her inspiration has come from the touch of her loved Celtic life, but Miss Macleod is too full of the wine of exuberant art, too enslaved by the fascination of untrammelled thought, to hold herself bound in mind and spirit to any one people, even the people dearest to her heart. In one sentence she speaks of a belief which is probably a guiding influence with her.

> It is well that each should learn the mother-song of his land at the cradle-place of his birth. It is well that the people of the isles should love the isles above all else, and the people of the mountains love the mountains above all else. . . But it is not well that because of the whistling of the wind in the heather one should imagine that nowhere else does the wind suddenly stir the reeds and the grasses in its incalculable hour

To-day many who number themselves among the Celtic races are but freshly fevered by the intoxication of hearing, for the first time, what is old knowledge with Miss Macleod, and it may be that they, having looked to her as a priestess of the Gael, will feel disappointment that one who knows so thoroughly the joy and sorrow of her Gaelic world, should wander into broader paths whereon she meets Hellenic and English beauty, as well as Celtic beauty. But, though there is justice in irritation at any contempt of homely symbols, there is no justice in a narrow indignation at the breadth of spirit which, having given joy to many, by a proud elevation of Angus óge to a throne by Eros's throne, goes logically on to an apprehension of that kinship of all peoples, which is typified by the kinship of the gods of all nations. No critic can lay to Miss Macleod's charge that vulgar

indolence of cosmopolitanism which excuses its ignorance of the traditions of any one country by an affectation of admiration for all countries; it is well known that she has passed honourably through the home heart to such spiritual knowledge as she has attained, and it seems but natural that a sincere and full knowledge of the soul of her own people should have made her free of a feast of knowledge of the soul of the world.

Still, one may legitimately feel regret at a foreboding that one day Miss Macleod's old tales may fall dumb upon her lips, because she will be so enthralled by their vast symbolism, their universal philosophy, that she will speak only of those abstractions. We think, too, that she may grow weary of the Celtic battles, that perhaps it will be that even the Celtic destiny will seem small to her when she is caught in wider dreaming. In saying this we do not mean that such a development has come yet, but that in *The Winged Destiny* there are signs of steady growth to broader things, to an apprehension that when the strength of the Spirit is matured race-names may be but trammels. And that Miss Macleod's art and philosophy would refuse any bondage to tradition or national feeling we are very sure.

Nevertheless, in *The Winged Destiny* we find some of the most intimate studies of the Gael that have come from this pen. In *The Sunset of Old Tales, Children of Water, Seumas, and Aileen* there is all the old magic of illusion, whereby the hidden things are made clearer than the unhidden, and dreams seem more momentous than awakenings. Perhaps *Fara-Ghaol* is one of the most beautiful of these studies. Simple in structure, a story of but a few pages' length, it is a prose-poem, holding in its heart a primal emotion. It tells of a mother who, believing her child to be a changeling, takes it and leaves it upon the sea-shore to die. Yet, coming back, she finds it living still, and laughing—though it had been a sad dumb child—and she takes it again to her home.

> It was in the seventh year after that finding by the sea, when a cold wind was blowing from the west, that the child Morag came in by the peat fire, where her mother was boiling the porridge, and looked at her without speaking. The mother turned, at that, and looked at her. Her heart sank like a pool lily at shadow when she saw that Morag had woven a wreath of brown tangled seaweed into her hair. But that was nothing to the bite in her breast when the girl began singing a song that had not a word in it she had ever heard on her own or other lips, but was wild as the sound of the tide calling in dark nights of cloud and wind.

Then we are told how Morag, the child who had been so strong and childlike, was in reality the changeling, while the dumb, sad babe was the true human offspring of the mother, who finds it

again upon the beach where she left it, when she cries in loneliness for her loved Morag.

> And as for the child she had found again on the place where she had left her own silent breast-babe seven years back, it never gave a cry, or made any sound whatever, but stared with round eyes only, and withered away in three days, and was hidden by her in a sandhole at the root of a stunted thorn that grew there.

The tale is a tragedy smelling of the salt sea, and of the tears of not one woman alone, but of all women who have given life itself for what seemed better than life, only to bury the poor exchange in the sand at last. To criticise the incident of the burying of the child upon the grounds of probability, would be a foolish and superficial form of analysis, and would show ignorance of one governing law of Miss Macleod's philosophy, which seems to be that all which we think of, aspire to, or yearn violently to do, may legitimately be materialised, and presented in the form of actions done.

It is necessary, if one would appreciate fully the real nature of Miss Macleod's Celtic tales, to be cognisant of the thought that the great primal emotions are the gods to whose utterances we hearken, and that though a man may serve his genius, or his dominating emotion, with all his heart, it will yet, in the end, be the genius, or the emotion, and the man's treatment of it that we shall remember, not the joy or sorrow, success or failure, of his life. For we are swayed by the holiness of Marcus Aurelius, the power of Napoleon, the genius of Beethoven and Raphael, but the men, apart from their gifts, are of little account in our eyes.

The Lords of Wisdom is a Gaelic fable of how the wild bee is deemed so wise an insect. The tale speaks of Christ and Mary and Joseph; and this one sentence is typical of its tender beauty. "Christ slept, and put his hand in Mary's . . . and that of her which was of Heaven deepened in joy, and that of her which was mortal, had peace."

The Lynn of Dreams is the story of a poet who longed to behold the highest beauty, whereof, at his desire, a vision was granted to him.

> But on the morrow. . . . the dreamer, of whom I have spoken, knew that the learning of the secret he had won was in truth immortal knowledge, and therefore cannot be uttered by mortal tongue. . . He paid the eric. It is the law. When he again strove to put beauty into . . . . words, he knew, with bitter pain that he had lost even the artistry which had once been his.

What is this but the age-long fear of the Transfigured Face,

the dumbness of one who, "having attained the source of visions," knows what a little thing a vision is after all, to speak of, or to paint.

Maya is a study of the psychology of "waking dreams," and has much in it which will interest students of occult phenomena of the mind; but full though it is of suggestiveness and of deep thought, upon a subject which suffers much at the hands of charlatans and sceptics, it does not call for comment so insistently as many other writings in this book.

In *Sea Magic* there is the wildness, the wash of the sea, "the long scream of the gannet," sweeping mysteriously through the hearts of the island-dwellers of whom we are told, and in *The Man on the Moor*—the Gaelic legend of the three men who signed Christ's death-warrant—there is still more of the intensity of inner tragedy, partly kindled by outward desolation. Sometimes, perhaps, we should wish that illusion were less supported by adjectives as in this sentence.

"When Neil spoke once, unquestioned, it was after a long silence, when we were unconsciously listening to the loud tick-tack, tick-tack of the great wall clock, as though we were eager almost to a strained anxiety to hear urgent tidings, some news, expected, or feared, or half-guessed, coming mysteriously, on quivering lips; with a foreign sound, broken, meshed in obscurity hearing, at the same time, the gathering clamour in the sea's voice, the hoarse scroach-an-scroach' of the flung surge on the dragged, reluctant beach, and the loud demanding cry of the wind behind the confused and trampling noise of the tide, that by the sound was in the house itself and away inland." When one has made this slight criticism there is nothing to be said, and one must remember that it may be that this redundancy of adjectives, and the over-elaboration of sentences which may sometimes be observed, are perhaps reminiscences of the fireside tale-tellings, at which Miss Macleod has gathered so much for which we must be grateful, since she has given it to us in beautiful guise.

Queens of Beauty is a dreaming animated by the thought that "Cities can be ground to dust, and dominions can be as palaces built upon the sea. . . . But great beauty . . . that is a memory for ever." And that this idea should spring out of a conversation with an old boatman is yet another indication of how, one day, Miss Macleod may fly away from all Celtic things on the wings of a philosophy, bound by no symbolism. Nevertheless, the love of the Gaelic heart is still a dominating force in her writing, and she pre-eminently of all modern writers is indeed the Voice of the Gael; and though it is principally in her abstract studies that

we find this intimate insight into the soul of her people, we find her love of them manifested in other ways, particularly in this last book, in which, for the better preaching of what she firmly believes to be the Celtic destiny, she reprints her essay *Celtic*, with an explanatory prelude, in which she lays emphasis upon the fact that when she strove to instil peace into the Celtic heart she had in view, not a poor abrogation of custom, language, and ideals, but a charitable and honourable union for the good of the commonwealth. That this was clearly expressed in the original essay we should have thought, had it not been that events showed that misconceptions could arise, but we fear that those to whom *Celtic* presented a repugnant ideal, will not be appeased by the prelude, not even by these words.

"I can imagine no worse thing for Ireland than that it should sink to the vassalage of a large English shire." Perhaps, indeed, these words might have satisfied Miss Macleod's critics if she had not said in the same essay, "Strength is built out of forfeiture as well as of steadfastness, and the. . . . cause or race wins which on occasion can relinquish and forbear." And again, "I am ever but the more convinced that the dream of an outward independence is a perilous illusion—not because it is impracticable, for that alone is a fascination to us—but because it does not. . . . reveal those dominant elements which alone can control dreams, become actualities. Another and greater independence is within our reach, is ours to preserve and ennoble."

It is to preach the ideal of a Celtic destiny akin to the destiny of a Greece deprived of material dominance, yet preserving even to this day her rule over the mind of the world, that Miss Macleod enters this controversy, and we must appreciate the brave words which she addresses to the people she knows so well. We must respect, too, the imperious necessity of a fine idealism which has made her speak again to make plainer her first words. Yet we regret, in a sense, that she has entered the arena, for it has sometimes come about that in the stress of Celtic battles strugglers have forgotten the beauty of the Celtic peace, and we could ill spare Miss Macleod if controversy should weary her into silence upon things Celtic.

At all events we know that she is in no way blind to the symbolism of the falling seed as it applies to peoples, which must die if they are to live; and we hope that in any apparent failure of the words she has spoken she will remember that above the seed as it germinates there must be harsh winds and cruel frosts.

In *The Winged Destiny* we have also reprints of Miss Macleod's reviews of *The Four Winds of Eirinn*, *Cuchulain of*

Muirthemne, *Carmina Gadelica*, and *The Shadowy Waters*, all which are most interesting critical essays. *The Divine Vision*, by A. E., is also noticed, and it is in connection with this book that Miss Macleod makes a statement which will no doubt evoke much comment, for she says, "The poems of A. E. are the poems of a strayed visionary, a visionary strayed into Ireland, and in love with that imagination, and with that dream, but obviously in himself of no country set within known frontiers, of no land withheld by familiar shores." But of Mr. Yeats she says: "Mr. Yeats's poetry is pre-eminently the poetry of the Irish spirit." We in no sense quarrel with the definition of A. E.'s poetry, but what perplexes us is the distinction between his work and that of Mr. Yeats, for it seems to us that one equally with the other is ruled by the idea animating the symbol, and not by any one symbolism of the idea, so that to both it would have been as easy to voice the thought of a Land of Youth by saying Avalon or Elysium, as by saying Tirnanoge. But interesting though these essays are to-day, they are after all likely to go away upon the wind "of topical discussion; and it is not of them we desire to speak, but of those tender Gaelic studies and meditations—*Sorrow on the Wind*, *The Wayfarer*, *The Ancient Beauty*, *Orpheus and Oisin*,—the last a prose poem inspired by the thought of the brotherhood of the imaginings of all peoples. In these studies Miss Macleod is at her best, untrammelled by controversial necessity, or by literary opinion. There is no part of them which we could crown above the rest, for they are written in an equal sincerity and beauty. With them there is a little essay, *A Triad*, wherein Primitive Genius and Primitive Love are discoursed of, but the great joy of all is said to be what some would call Consciousness, which is here called Primitive Memory; she who "remembers the sons of the morning; she holds the clues of all interpretation." This is a fascinating study in abstract thought, but more subtle, more remarkable still is the title essay. Its keynote is perhaps in this sentence, which shows us that in speaking of Destiny Miss Macleod will turn especially to such crystallisations of that force as we can observe most easily.

"It is only when we turn to imaginative literature, to the drama in particular, that we can hear Destiny as a theme, as a present reality." These words also show the trend of Miss Macleod's thought: "In tragic drama it is authenticity of emotion, and not of episode, that matters." From this proposition she works out her theory that though we may for the purpose of speaking the more easily use the world's great symbols of destiny, we must not forget that solitary heartbreak is not the

doom of one Lear only, and that Conchubar is not alone in knowing the anguish of one who has "kept love as the crown of years; and seen it go . . . as a wreath of sand." It is upon the idea that all who share the destiny of Lear are of the blood of Lear, that Miss Macleod lays stress, in the hope that some may hear and come to think that it is the great emotions themselves that matter, and not the events or times wherewith they are entwined. She believes that in our circumstances of to-day these elemental forces move as surely as in glorious Greece, or Heroic Ireland, that Destiny is still the giant woman of the ancient tragedies. She perceives that in many a lesser tale there is the same essential germ of Destiny as gives life to the famous tragedies of the world. Miss Macleod would have our writers realise that a story of the fatality following a family of to-day contains the same "authenticity of emotion" as the tale of the destiny dogging the house of a Grecian king, and she laments that a certain timidity should prevent them using the great conceptions of destiny, lest it should be required of them that they should write according to a fixed tradition of manner, in a historical sequence of narration. Iphigenia, Helen, Klytemnestra, Menelaos, are not conventional figures, to be slavishly copied if one would meddle with the eternal drama of Destiny; they are rather, Miss Macleod would have us know, embodiments of the elemental emotions, crystallised as the fates decreed in certain forms, but those no inevitable forms. For as these emotions still move among us, and abide in surroundings far from stately, and invest themselves with bodies other than those of kings whose crowns have crumbled to dust, it must be possible to speak of their sincerity as beautifully when one speaks of them as dwelling in a cottage on Iona, as if one sang of them when they abode in Greece of the poets. The gist of Miss Macleod's sorrow at our fear of handling Destiny as a theme is in these words, "Klytemnestra, Helen, Iphigenia, they live. . . . It is not the themes that have receded, but the imaginations that have failed."

This essay when dealing with Destiny as crystallised in drama, and when speaking more generally of that abstract Destiny which belongs to each of us, and to which we give no names unless in fancy we speak of it by the old symbolisms, is subtle in thought and beautiful in expression. *The Winged Destiny* is written of as "a Destiny that has no concern with crowns and empires . . . . but only with the Soul. . . . whose breath shall see the wasting of hills and the drought of oceans." And there is also a dividing up of our fate into three destinies, which together comprise the spiritual life of every man.

There is first the destiny which we make, and invite, and name fatality; and above it the Destiny which calls to us as a tide calling. . . . and to which we respond from above. . . . And beyond this the winged Destiny which leans from eternity into time, and whispers to the soul through symbol and intuition the inconceivable mystery of the divine silence

The reading of such words as the words of this essay must not be superficial or hasty, for their thought is of that too rare type which needs study and leisure before comprehension can be gained. There is in them much to delight the poet, to interest the philosopher, and there is also an element in them which should hold the attention of all who look upon Miss Macleod as essentially a Gaelic priestess, for indications of Catholicity, of sympathy, leading at last to a use of the most widely-known symbolisms, are not wanting in these pages, wherein the Grecian symbolism figures largely, the Celtic equivalent types being seldom used We perceive that this is done out of obedience to a law which is coming to govern Miss Macleod, and to make her see that she gives a gift to a wider world when she uses the best known symbolism when speaking of universal truths, and we see in this development a spiritual eagerness to give gifts in the form in which they can be best received, an eagerness which has always made Miss Macleod speak to the Gaelic peoples in Gaelic symbolism, when such symbolism was plainly the most vivid and helpful. We think also, that passively Miss Macleod preaches the spiritual brotherhood of all peoples when she seeks to find one comprehensive generic name for the various symbolisms of the nations, and this teaching is, we feel, intended especially for those peoples who are so dear to her, that at all events yet, the thought of them runs through even her most abstract work.

When she tells us our old tales we know that Miss Macleod herself is best fitted to be the "Celtic William Morris," for whom she longs, who will give us—to quote her own words—"all the beauty and wonder of the past, with a new beauty, and a new wonder, gathered somehow, we know not how, out of the present." But when she speaks to us of a destiny akin to that of a fallen Greece, and a dispersed Israel, we feel that here is one who has at last dissolved a pearl in our wine of dreaming. It would be strange if any Celt could refuse to listen to this poet-philosopher, whose right to guide his destiny is to be found in the fact that she has discovered the Celtic secret, "that our most desired country is not the real Ireland, the real Scotland, the real Brittany, but. . . . the shadowy land of heart's desire."

ETHEL GODDARD.

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SUCCESS AMONG NATIONS

BY

EMIL REICH

DOCTOR JURIS

AUTHOR OF "GRÆCO-ROMAN INSTITUTIONS," "ATLAS OF ENGLISH HISTORY," "FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN EUROPE," ETC.

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EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE

In "Success Among Nations" the attempt has been made to initiate the reader into the psychological view of history, by giving, in outline and by means of a few illustrations, a bird's-eye view of the human forces that have raised some nations to the glory of success, while their absence has prevented other nations from holding their own in the battle for historic existence.

It is certain that a living knowledge of the present helps us most essentially in the comprehension of the past. But may we not also assume that a knowledge of the past so gained may guide us, to a certain extent, in a foreknowledge of the future? At any rate, in the present sketch we have also essayed to draw a few lessons from history as to the probable course of events regarding the leading nations of Europe and America. After a *résumé* of success in the past, we have tried to sketch the probable success in the future.

SOME OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

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WILL THE SCOTTISH CRISIS PRODUCE A MAN?

It would, of course, be absurd to compare the crisis which has arisen in Scottish Presbyterianism with the Reformation, or even with the period between the accession of Charles the First and the abdication of James the Second, to which, in the third volume of his *History of Scotland*, Mr. Andrew Lang has given the title of the Scottish Revolution. It may not even lead to the excitement, moral enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice which marked the "Disruption" of sixty years ago, although its theological results are morally certain to be more far-reaching. Yet the weakness of the Revolution, as emphasised by Mr. Lang, and the strength of the Reformation, as emphasised by Mr. Hume Brown, are worth recalling. On the one hand "the Scottish Revolution produced no great man at once soldier and statesman, such as Cromwell, Washington, and Napoleon." On the other hand, "it would be difficult to name another historical personage who, in such degree as Knox, revealed a nation's genius to itself, and at once vitalised and dominated its collective thought and action." Scotland is amply justified in celebrating the quarter-centenary of its most successful man of action, especially during a year which cannot fail to place Presbyterianism on its trial as a scheme not only of ecclesiastical administration and discipline, but of the Universe, provided always that there is disposed of in advance the evidence that has been brought forward to the effect that the Reformer was born not in 1505, but in 1515. Will the Scotland of to-day produce a second Knox, or even a second Chalmers, or only a second Argyll?

Since the Reformation, politics and religion have been almost inextricably mixed up in Scotland; the layman and the clergyman have stood shoulder to shoulder. Even during the Reformation Murray, Morton, and Maitland demand attention after Knox. During the Revolution Leslie, Argyll, and Baillie overshadow the celebrated Committee of Preachers whom Cromwell upbraided, to such an extent that the name of no one of them can be said to survive to this day. During the "Disruption" it is the clerical orators and "tribunes of the people"—as they were proud to proclaim themselves—like Chalmers, Candlish, and Cunningham who fill the stage; yet to this day the names of lay Aarons and Hurs like elders of the type of Moncreiff and Murray Dunlop, who held up the hands of the Moses of the "Disruption," while he bore the burden and heat of the day, are gratefully re-

membered. Even in the present agitation, laymen of the United Free Church, and still more of the Remnant, have claimed their right to be heard on public platforms and in the correspondence columns of newspapers. But the questions raised by the decision of the House of Lords will be placed before Parliament at the beginning of next session, and it is by the representatives of Scotland in the two Chambers that the "wrong" done to the vanquished in the recent litigation will be rectified. The question at issue is, comparatively speaking, a small one, but it will no more be possible to confine the discussions which may be expected in February to this point than it was to prevent counsel and judges during the late high argument before the Court of Appeal from getting lost in the wandering mazes of metaphysics and theology.

An exceptionally large number of Scotsmen belonging to both Houses are qualified to play their part in debates which will almost certainly range from the law relating to religious Trusts to the ultimate problems of Duty and Destiny. The leaders of both parties in the House of Commons have already shown by public speeches in Scotland how profoundly interested they are in recent events. The author of *The Foundations of Belief* is quite capable of holding his own with the Lord Chancellor. Lord Rosebery has always taken a profound interest in ecclesiastical questions. Like the Prime Minister, he blessed the union between the Free and United Presbyterian Churches, which was consummated in October, 1900, and which is indirectly, if not directly, threatened by the Lords' judgment of August, 1904. Two of the foremost representatives of Scotland, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Morley, have no Presbyterian or Scottish blood in their veins. But both have taken a deep interest in the public questions within the borders of which religion and secular politics meet, if only to differ, although Mr. Morley's creed is not so much popular Presbyterian orthodoxy as "Calvinism with its bottom knocked out." Three of the ablest of the Scottish members, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Asher, and Mr. Shaw, were actively engaged professionally in the recent litigation. Mr. Haldane, in the opinion of many of his countrymen, ought to have been a Professor of Moral Philosophy or Natural Theology in one or other of the national Universities. The series of Gifford Lectures, which he published recently under the title of *The Pathway to Reality*, will, as an achievement in metaphysico-theological literature, bear comparison even with Mr. Balfour's two volumes. Mr. Asher is a "son of the manse." Mr. Shaw, whose suggestion that Parliament should deal with the difficulty between the Free and United Free Churches, in so far as that is a pecuniary one, by an Executive Commission, may be adopted, is an attached—in the eyes of many of his countrymen, a

too attached—son of the United Presbyterian Church, which joined forces with the original Free Church in 1900. Both the present and the late Attorney-General, Sir Robert Finlay and Sir Robert Reid, sit for Scottish constituencies. Sir Robert Finlay may, indeed, be said to hold a watching brief for the Church of Scotland in the House of Commons, as does Lord Balfour in the House of Lords.

The representatives of Scottish public opinion in both Houses of Parliament include, therefore, an exceptionally large number of men who are qualified by birth, culture, or predilection to deal in a competent fashion with any measure, however comprehensive in its scope, that may be brought forward next session, with a view to the restoration of peace in Presbyterian Scotland. The House of Commons contains no better example of the "intellectual"—the member who can bring cosmopolitan culture and the temper of detachment to the consideration of any question that may arise—than Mr. James Bryce, who is one of the members for Aberdeen, and represents in himself the traditions both of Scottish and of Irish Presbyterianism. In the first instance, however, the much-needed leader will be sought for not in Parliament, but in one or other of the existing Churches. Of these, the first in position is the Establishment. But the foremost clergymen in that Church are either too old, too commonplace, or too timid to rise to the height of what might be made the greatest occasion of its kind since the "Disruption," if not since the Reformation. The ablest of them all is Dr. Story, Principal of the University of Glasgow. In his younger days he was the *sabreur* of Scottish Broad Churchism of the type preached by Tulloch and practised by Lee—still *clara ac venerabilia nomina,* if nothing more—although, in his case, Broad Churchism was, and still is, marred by what look like, if they are not, sacerdotal exclusiveness and æsthêtic dislike to Dissent as Dissent. But he is the one Churchman in Scotland who says precisely what he thinks, whether about the "intolerable" bonds of the Confession of Faith or about the "pretentious pharisaism" which heads deputations against the employment of that Sunday labour out of which it extracts an enormous fortune. But Dr. Story has now to bear the weight, not only of years, but of academic responsibility in a time when the spirit of materialistic progress has, in Scotland, produced such a profound indifference to culture that the excellent drop in the bucket, Mr. Carnegie's gift of £2,000,000 to the Northern Universities, has had the effect, not of a stimulus, but of a soporific. Dr. Story cannot be expected to take advantage of the present situation to attempt such an enterprise as that of making theological freedom the keystone of the arch of Presbyterianism, much less to lead

a Carlylian Exodus from Houndsditch. No younger member of the Church has shown himself a thinker or even an orator. The proceedings of its annual Assembly are dreary in the extreme, consisting generally of the reports of large committees on small questions. The Church is controlled, and is assumed in some quarters to be "led," by a coterie of elderly ministers of leading city and country charges, whose idea of ecclesiastical policy is a comfortable opportunism that smothers uncomfortable questions by the passing of "safe" resolutions. These clergymen are supported by laymen of like mind and instinct with themselves. Of such, the foremost at the present moment is Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who for many years was Secretary of State for Scotland, and whose name as arbiter between the victors and the vanquished in the recent litigation has frequently been suggested. Lord Balfour is an excellent administrator; he some time ago exhibited the honesty of his character by resigning an important Cabinet post which he liked, and which suited him; on the once all-important question of Sabbath observance he has expressed opinions which are in advance of the Church's legislation. But he has not manifested any turn for theorising, either on theological problems or on those social questions which will soon occupy, if they do not already occupy, the position of commanding importance which the older controversies once held in the eyes of the country at large.

It is too soon to dogmatise as to possibilities of personal leadership in connection with the faithful and successful Remnant of orthodox Dissenting Presbyterianism, variously known as "the legal Free Church" and the "Wee Frees." Its spokesmen, clerical and lay, were not regarded as men of distinction while they remained in the original Free Church. But they have shown all through the struggle from which they have emerged dour, dogged resolution and fidelity to principles, even although, in the opinion of most thoughtful Scotsmen of to-day, these are now a "creed outworn." It may yet prove that from the "Wee Frees" there will come a leader of reaction against the Higher Criticism, the Liberal theology, and the "science, falsely so-called," which, it is contended, are sapping the faith of Scotland, not only in the Confession of Faith, but in the Bible itself as an inerrant manual of faith and practice. Such a reaction, directed specially against an iron Straussism, has recently been making headway in Germany. Before now such a movement has triumphed in Scotland. About a century and a quarter ago the strongest and clearest voice in the country proclaimed the grotesque unthinkability of the "Calvinism" then preached in Presbyterian pulpits.

O Thou that in the heavens dost dwell!
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel,
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for Thy glory;
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done before Thee.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get such exaltation?
I wha deserv'd most just damnation
For broken laws,
Sax thousand years ere my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

It is beyond question that this play of radiant sarcasm on the doctrines of Predestination and Election was appreciated by many Scotsmen in Burns's day, that, as Mr. Swinburne says with melodious truculence,

The joyous lightning found its voice,
And bade the heart of wrath rejoice,
And scorn uplift a song to voice
The imperial hate
That smote the God of base men's choice
At God's own gate

Yet it is a simple matter of historical fact that the "New Licht" fell before the "Auld Licht," that the Evangelicals whose fervour, backed by numbers, brought about the "Disruption" of 1843 and established the Free Church, then of Chalmers and Candlish, now of Bannatyne and Thorburn, so dominated and directed Northern belief and Northern life that nine out of ten Scotsmen who have reached the age of sixty were taught to believe, and did believe, in the Creation of the World in six days, the Fall of Adam, the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, the Resurrection, a material Hell, and the damnation of Non-elect infants. A return to unquestioning Westminsterism in Scotland is no more an impossibility than that 'verting to Rome which is becoming almost fashionable on the north side of the Tweed. When regard is had to the confusion in the United Free Church, it is to the ranks of the smaller and intenser body that we must look for the Loyola of Scotland.

Writing on the Church crisis in Scotland in a spirit of friendly detachment, Mr. Augustine Birrell says of the Declaratory Acts of 1892 and 1894, which are supposed now to be the charters of United Free liberty, that they

were timid, nibbling Acts, not meant to speak out, but to soothe men's consciences and allay their just fears of incurring the sin of hypocrisy. . . . The Free Church of Scotland was founded on dogmas which, true or false, are carefully defined. It reaffirmed these dogmas in 1843, when, had it chosen or dared, it might have recast them. . . . If the Free

Church claims to be a teaching Church, and not merely to rest on past standards, let her teach synodically. Men's consciences are tired of being "soothed." They desire to be "taught." . . . Some thinkers may find in this cruel blow that has staggered the Free Church the punishment that sooner or later visits those who do not manfully speak out their minds, but are content to go on seeming to be bound by an outworn creed.

Mr. Birrell here places his finger on the weakness, not so much of the United Free Church position as of the United Free Church leadership at the present time, and, indeed, for many years. There is probably not a single fair-minded man in Scotland, attached to any of its Churches or attached to none, who, while he accepts the decision of the Court of Appeal as inevitable under the circumstances, would not regard the merciless giving effect to it as monstrously unfair. Such welcome Parliamentary action. But even they can hardly help sympathising with Mr. Birrell's "Served them right!" when they think of what the leaders of the Free Church have done, and still more of what they have failed to do. When, in 1892 and 1894, the General Assembly of the then Free Church of Scotland passed Declaratory Acts—Acts, that is to say, declaring the sense in which the Church at the time accepted its theological standards—these leaders assured their followers that no genuine alteration of the Confession of Faith had been made or intended. Now these Acts are eulogised as indicating a distinct advance in theological freedom. On this point may be quoted the opinion of Dr. Walter Smith, who is better known as a poet than as a theologian or an ecclesiastic :—

We still cling to the Westminster Confession as a weighty document, the product of the Church's faith and long thought and experience. Probably none of the learned lords who are so eager to bind its minutest points on our conscience has the faintest idea what a hold it has on the minds of the Scottish people, and not least on the United Free Church. It is a venerable creed, and the closer we examine it the more we esteem it on the whole. But we are not going to let it bind us either to intolerant principles or to incredible dogmas.

Why did not the United Free Church leaders declare, twelve years ago, what these "intolerant principles" and "incredible dogmas" are by which they decline to be bound, but by which they say the Remnant is absolutely fettered in terms of the House of Lords' Judgment, and is, in consequence, unable to preach what they term "a full and free gospel of salvation"?

During the present crisis in Presbyterianism the thoughts of many Scotsmen have naturally turned to the men who went through the struggle of 1843. Yet one of the ablest of these said :—

It is lawful to the Church to revise her Confession, and adjust it to

her present attainments and inquiries; it is lawful for her altogether to abolish or dispense with a Confession, if indeed without one any compacted organisation were possible; but to retain a Confession which has ceased to be believed can never be lawful. To adopt such a course is to practise a flagrant deception, and to trifle with the most sacred obligations, to defile the conscience and destroy the vitality of the Church.

But if the Confession of Faith contains "intolerant principles" and "incredible dogmas" its retention, in the language of this "Disruption" leader, involves the "practising of a flagrant deception" and "trifling with the most sacred obligations," and is therefore calculated to "destroy the vitality of the Church."

There can be no question that, if at the present moment, the United Free Church were to produce a man who should ally the cause of equity and common sense with that of creed-relaxation or of creed-abandonment, he might make a very considerable impression on Scotland. Were he to do so he might attract to his side the true intelligence of Scotland, which has long been divorced from the creed of Presbyterianism, even although it may have disguised its rebellion under the mask of languid conformity and spasmodic church attendance. But no such leader has presented himself, or seems likely to present himself. The Church possesses theologians such as Professors Lindsay, Denney, and Smith, of Glasgow, and Professor Stalker, of Aberdeen, whose names are not unknown outside of Scotland, and of controversialists who can hit hard she has an embarrassment of riches. In Dr. Ross Taylor, one of her ministers in Glasgow and official guardian of her Sustentation Fund, she possesses one prominent man who can spell compromise, and who, all through the storm of the past few months, has kept his head and his temper; perhaps in the school of finance he has learned to spell prudence and disillusionment as well as compromise. But Dr. Taylor has shown no special enthusiasm for the cause of theological freedom, although he has never exhibited the spirit of the persecutor. He has not the fervour and probably not the special knowledge required in one who must be the leader of a crusade rather than of a campaign.

There remains the somewhat pathetic clerical figure who is sometimes designated "the grand old man of Scotland." Since the commencement of the crisis all eyes have been fixed upon, and nearly all pens and tongues have been directed at, Dr. Robert Rainy, Principal of the United Free Church College in Edinburgh and acknowledged leader of the Church of the "Disruption" for fully a half of its existence. During that time his one-man power has been more remarkable than that of Mr. Gladstone in the days of united and exuberant Liberalism. He was the leading spirit in the first movement for union between his Church and the United

Presbyterian body. He engineered the second to what, in 1900, seemed a triumphantly successful issue. The majority which he has commanded in his Assembly has been so large and so pliant that he has been able to do what he chose with it. At his bidding it pronounced against the Higher Biblical Criticism and excommunicated its then leading exponent, the late Professor Robertson Smith. Later, also at his bidding, it declined to strangle the same Criticism now much more audacious, and, indeed, become epidemic, and refused to ostracise its leading exponent of to-day, Professor George Adam Smith. Once more, when he is in his seventy-ninth year, he is called upon to save the Union which he carried.

Yet, in spite of his majority and of his unquestionable strategical ability to lead it, Dr. Rainy has never appealed to the head or the heart of that section of Scotland which may be nominally in popular Presbyterianism, but is not of it. He has never exhibited any of that fervour which characterised his predecessor Chalmers. His oratory is cold, unsympathetic, unattractive; his speeches consist of long, ambiguous, and involved sentences. He is mainly responsible for the possibly fatal blunder in Church policy which Mr. Birrell has to some extent pointed out, of precipitating the Union between the Free and United Presbyterian Churches in 1900, while leaving open questions of creed, ecclesiastical polity, and financial administration that are of great and even supreme importance. He is beyond question a man of indomitable tenacity of purpose. If he feels regret at the crisis which has taken place, he does not show it; he is too dignified and intellectually austere to condescend to the personalities of ordinary religious polemics. But he is probably too old for the task which has been thrust upon him; certainly the style in which he appeals to Scotland is hopelessly antiquated. Take his explanation of "spiritual independence":—

It means this, that the Church of Christ is a supernatural society created by our Lord Jesus Christ. First comes the word of God calling them out to Him, and at the same time calling them into fellowship with one another. And then it becomes part of their duty to confess Christ's truth, which is one thing, and to carry out Christ's commandment, which is another thing. And when the Church falls back from that as the indication of her privilege and her duty, then it becomes carnal and earthly and worldly . . . They have no right to have a Church, they have no right to Church life, if they suppose their congregations to be companies joined together at their own will, which might be dominated by anyone who had power in his hands to control them. They have no right to join in them, unless they join in them to be free to obey the Lord Jesus Christ.

This reads more like the oracular utterance of a Tibetan Lama than a manifesto by the leader of a democratic Church in the

twentieth century. No doubt when Dr. Rainy speaks of the claims of a "supernatural society" he merely uses language that is familiar to even superficial students of mysticism. But these claims have died away as completely from the minds of intelligent Scotsmen as have the doctrines of Predestination, Election, and Reprobation themselves. It is not as the champion of an Enthusiasm of Humanity which breaks down the barriers between the sacred and the profane, and to which nothing is common or unclean, but as the high priest of the spiritually select, that Dr. Rainy appeals to Scotland. He can hardly fail to appeal in vain.

The last hope of "Reform from within," of the movement for a new Presbyterian creed being directed into Church channels lies in the younger ministers, and especially the younger professors, of the United Free Church. Hitherto they have been identified mainly with the Higher Biblical Criticism, of which the *Encyclopædia Biblica* is the recognised manual. They know that their Church is to some extent suffering on their account. An English critic of the action of the Remnant is not wide of the mark when he says that "the real motive which in their minds justifies that action is their honest belief that the United Free Church is on the down grade, that it has become a prey to masked infidelity, and that it can no longer be regarded as a faithful and orthodox exponent of the true Scriptural religion which they inherited from their fathers." They may, therefore, feel put upon their mettle. They know that next—if indeed it be next—to the profession of a creed which, even when watered down by Declaratory Acts, is discarded by the intelligence of the country, the greatest impediment to their Church's progress is the fact that it is, and must be, to all intents and purposes, "run" by the wealthy men who still adhere to it, keep its Sustentation Fund alive, and in a crisis like the present subscribe their thousands of pounds to its "emergency fund." They that pay the piper in Scotland insist on calling the tune. Lord Overtoun, the leading capitalist of the United Free Church, who, some years ago, was the centre of a fierce agitation on the ground that his preaching on the Sunday question did not square with his practice as the employer of labour in a large chemical manufactory, is openly and vehemently opposed to the Higher Criticism. If he had had his way in the Free Assembly a few years ago Professor George Adam Smith, the best-known of the Higher Critics, would have been treated much as was Robertson Smith a quarter of a century ago. The Young Free Churchmen may yet rebel against the tyranny of wealth, and end it, so far as they are concerned, with a "Thy money perish with thee!"

Such a possibility is faintly encouraged by the circumstance that many of these younger men in the United Free Church have

shown themselves much less interested in the traditions and claims of a "supernatural society" than in the always painfully mundane and sometimes infernal realities of the actual society in the midst of which they live. They know Scotland as it is; they are aware that it is the social not the ecclesiastical or even theological question that calls for immediate attention. They know that while the Presbyterian Churches still hold together by reason of their excellent organisation and their old traditions, they are no longer the living forces they were. They are aware that wealth and fashion—the parvenu distiller and the country laird alike—have seceded to Episcopacy of a distinctly Ritualistic type. They know that "churchlessness" is the badge both of the Scottish "intellectuals" and of the Scottish proletariat, that Socialism, approaching slowly but surely by the avenue of Trade Unionism, will certainly be the gospel of the sober and intelligent section of the artisans twenty years hence—as certainly as that the sons of the middle-class laity of the Churches will then be found, to a man, worshipping at the shrine, not of Westminsterism, but of the Week-End. Above all, they are appalled by the physical and moral results of two centuries of industrialism in Scotland—the drunkenness, the vice, the misery of the most hideous slums in the world, the columns of figures which justify the Judicial Commissioners for Scotland in saying, "it is terribly clear that we are further than ever from getting rid of the huge volume of drunkenness and disorder which marks Scottish statistics so unfavourably as compared with those of other countries." They do not conceal from themselves that the cause of Scottish physical and moral decadence is not to be found in "original sin," or in "drink" alone, but in economic conditions. The Churches cannot remove these, but they can, and ought, to point them out in the language of "truth clad in hell-fire" to the community, which, in the last resort, constitutes the State. Thomas Chalmers did valuable service to the nation as a social reformer, more lasting service than he did as the champion of "spiritual independence." It is for a second Chalmers, theologically emancipated, politically enlightened, and as much impressed as was the first with the belief that the continuance of the horrors of city life means national ruin, that Scotland waits. That he will be found in any of the Presbyterian Churches it would be rash to prophesy.

P.

THE AWAKENING OF AFGHANISTAN.

THE imminent visit of the Afghan Heir-Apparent to India, and the arrangement of a fresh British Mission to Cabul, will revive public interest in a country which occupies such an important position as Afghanistan does with regard to India. These steps are creditable to the vigilance and tact of the Indian Foreign Office, but it may be doubted whether its efforts would have been crowned with success if there had not been a responsive movement on the part of the Afghan ruler and his people. Not so very long ago the arrangements now concluded would have been impossible, and in bringing them about the increase of general knowledge and the prevalence of juster views as to our policy in Afghanistan must be allowed as great a share in the result as skilful diplomacy.

Afghanistan itself has not stood still in recent years. Its progress even gives further reason to ask the question : Is the Oriental world after long torpor going to arouse itself and shake off its characteristic lethargy? We have seen the awakening of Japan, and *this* Europe has now been taught is a real awakening. We have had much talk of the awakening of China, but despite the talk China still seems sunk in her ancient slumber. There have been signs that Afghanistan, "the land of rocks and stones and sanguinary feuds," as it used to be called, was about to bestir herself so that she might comply with the inexorable conditions of the modern law of self-preservation ; and now we have evidence that the symptoms were not misleading. Will her awakening be real and lasting, or sham and fleeting? Will it, in short, be marked by some of the energy of Japan, or by the inertia of China? Time alone will tell us; but at least it has begun well with a marked and unexpected demonstration in favour of closer and more cordial relations with the Indian Government.

There is no great secret about the fact that throughout the twenty-four years since British troops were last withdrawn from Afghanistan, its relations with the rulers of that country have been an increasing source of anxiety to the Government of India. To the public eye everything between us and the prince who reigned at Cabul was well, but those in authority knew that there was good cause for secret misgiving. When Habibullah succeeded his father Abdurrahman as Ameer, that anxiety increased. It looked as if, to the exclusive and unbending policy of the father, the son was going to add special provocations of his own device. If at any time down to the close of the year 1903 the Foreign Secretary of

India could have contributed to these pages an article revealing the true situation between his Government and Afghanistan, I venture to say that the dominant notes of his contribution would have been doubt and apprehension.

But a remarkable and welcome change has occurred during the present year. The Afghan ruler has shown a keen appreciation of certain facts to which he had previously seemed wilfully blind, and his awakening may prove the more lasting, because it is attributable to his new appreciation of the necessities of his own position. The consequences of his changed view may be the breaking down of the barrier of suspicion that has so long separated India and Afghanistan, and the gradual creation of a feeling of confidence in the common interests of the two countries. In an autocratic State it is necessary that the ruler should give the example, and, as it were, set the fashion. The Ameer's policy has hitherto imposed fetters on Afghan development. It is gratifying to know that at the very moment when Lord Curzon is returning to India with the avowed intention of improving our relations with Afghanistan, the ruler of that country, moved by influences with which the action of our official world had nothing to do, has taken the decisive step of sending his son and heir to welcome him on his arrival. That act promises the most gratifying results for the diplomatic conferences which are to be held during the coming winter. Before discussing some of the matters that will then have to be arranged, a brief account of the stages in the Ameer's self-enlightenment will furnish the reader with the material for an opinion as to what has brought about the highly welcome improvement in Anglo-Afghan relations.

Up to almost the close of last year there was nothing in Habibullah's policy on which to found a hope that he would modify the stern and exclusive policy of his father. He was the fanatical "King of Islam," the upholder of monopolies and prohibitive duties, and the patron of border chiefs and clans who had rightly incurred our displeasure. Like his father, he was never actively hostile, and he kept to the strict letter of his obligations, but his friendship was of the stand-off category, and closed the door to intimacy. The first indication of a coming change was given last December. The Ameer, without preliminary warning, announced in durbar his intention of founding a Chiefs' College, in which the basis of instruction should be the English language, taught by native graduates of India brought from that country. The proposal naturally aroused the greatest opposition on the part of the mollahs, or priests, who so far as they dared upbraided Habibullah for being false to his religion. The Ameer declared himself unshaken in his plan, but his attention soon after this public state-

ment was called away from reform matters by the perilous personal dispute between himself and his half-brother, Omar Jan, supported by that youth's mother, the Bibi Halima—a title meaning "Queen of the Harem," given to Abdurrahman's principal wife during his lifetime. This dispute, which at one moment threatened to have a tragic ending, went on throughout the winter, but it concluded with the Ameer's complete triumph, and the humiliation of Omar Jan and the Bibi Halima. Omar Jan, the favourite youngest son of the late Ameer, is said to have made himself contemptible in the eyes of the Afghan people, and is openly spoken of as "a delicate and conceited fool," while the Bibi Halima herself is a State prisoner in her own palace.

While this family controversy was in progress, and just as events were shaping themselves for the consolidation of the Ameer's position, news came of the outbreak of the war between Japan and Russia. Is there any reason for surprise in this event arousing as much interest in Cabul as in London? The Afghans have a lengthy frontier against Russian territory. There have been many collisions along that frontier which have been ignored by the discriminating directors of our newspapers. There was last winter a large immigration of Russian Turcoman subjects into Afghan territory. The Ameer suddenly found the population of his State thus increased by at least 4,000 persons, and he and his advisers did not know for a time whether they would be allowed to keep them, or if they did, what troubles might not ensue. Then the boundary pillars along the north-west frontier had by natural decay or malice practically all disappeared. These and other circumstances furnished legitimate ground for anxiety at Cabul as to Russia's intentions. For the Afghans Russia's policy was, and must long remain, a dread and menacing reality.

At that moment of apprehension the war broke out in the Far East, and the Government of India is to be congratulated on having done a wise and a bold thing, which has been allowed to pass unnoticed. By agreement with the Ameer it deputed two of its officers, Mr. Dobbs and Major Wanliss, last March to superintend the repairing and replacing of the boundary pillars along the north-west frontier of Afghanistan. This work was successfully accomplished last July, and on their way back to India the two officers named enjoyed a week's hospitality in the palace at Cabul, and received from his own lips the Ameer's repeated thanks for the good work that they had done. Once more the north-west frontier of Afghanistan is marked out in an unmistakable manner, and no one can violate it without leaving clear evidence of the fact.

The work referred to had barely commenced when news came

that the Ameer had met with an accident whilst out shooting. Rumour magnified the occurrence, and in Russia it was generally reported that the Ameer was dead. As a matter of fact, the injury was not very great. His gun had burst, and torn the fingers of the left hand; with proper treatment the wound would have healed in a week or so. The native doctors, however, treated it improperly, and seriously aggravated the injury. The wound did not heal, and the Ameer became alarmingly ill. He was like to lose not merely his hand, but his life. At that critical moment information as to the state of the case reached India, and Lord Curzon at once offered the services of the surgeon on his own staff, Major Bird. The Ameer accepted them. Major Bird proceeded as fast as he could to Cabul, and arrived in time to save Habibullah's life. This signal service sank deep into the Ameer's heart. Major Bird was not the first English surgeon to give proof of his skill in the Afghan capital. Dr. Gray and Miss Hamilton had resided there during the reign of Abdurrahman, but no opportunity of rendering such timely aid to the ruler had presented itself to them. Major Bird's success where the native practitioners had grossly failed confirmed Habibullah's belief in the efficacy of modern science, and he at once decided to establish a hospital on the European model at Cabul. With the assistance of the Indian Government he has engaged an English doctor, a lady doctor, and three trained hospital assistants. They have reached Cabul by this time, and begun there their beneficent work. As a conclusive proof of his gratitude, the Ameer ordered, last June, the abolition of the cruel penalty of hand-cutting for theft, which has prevailed in Afghanistan for ages, just as it has done among the barbarous chiefs of Central Africa.

It may be questioned whether these occurrences would have produced so deep, and, as there is every reason to believe, so abiding an impression on the Ameer's mind, but for the incidents of the war in the Far East. As soon as that contest became threatening, he ordered the establishment of daily postal runners from the Khyber to Cabul, so that he might receive regular intelligence without delay, and this practice is still in force. It is with no idle inquisitiveness that Habibullah pays thus heavily for the early receipt of news. He reads out the intelligence to his officials and subjects in open durbar, and then he delivers a kind of lecture on the events, and their bearing on the position and security of Afghanistan. The lesson is not the less impressive or attentively listened to because, in reality, it has been inculcated by one Asiatic race upon another, and against a common enemy. The defeats of Russia are encouraging in one sense, because they show that she is not invincible; but from another point of view they do not

allay the apprehension of the Ameer, for there is a widely prevalent belief in Central Asia that Russia will seek to recover the laurels she has lost in Manchuria by a move in the direction of India, and Afghanistan lies directly in her path.

The drift of the Ameer's lectures is, according to the reports received of them, full of just appreciation and good sense. The Japanese are winning, he sets forth, because they were well prepared and ready at all points. Their careful prior organisation explains their victory. It is not that Russian soldiers are not brave, or that Russia has ceased to be a formidable military Power. She has just the same chances of success against a State that possesses only an inferior organisation as she had before the struggle commenced on the shores of the Yellow Sea; and the Ameer has not concealed his belief that Afghanistan at present possesses only an inferior organisation. His apprehension as to the consequences to his own country is the more lively because he seems to believe in the imminence of trouble in Central Asia, which all our authorities, it may be mentioned, agree in discrediting. But if we do not share the fears of Habibullah there will still be general agreement with his main conclusion, that Afghanistan has only a very inferior organisation with which to defend her territory and independence.

He has already taken some small steps to improve it. He has opened arsenals at both Herat and Mazar-i-Sharif, whereas Cabul possessed, until quite recently, the only factory of arms in his kingdom. The arrangements for the defence of Herat have been improved, the fortification of the undoubtedly strong and extensive position at Mazar-i-Sharif has been brought to completion. But these measures, however necessary and advantageous, leave the question of organisation untouched. No one knows the precise value, or, rather, want of value, of the existing Afghan organisation, but it would be an absurdity to think that it approaches, in even a remote degree, to Japanese efficiency. The most hopeful thing that can be said about it is that the Ameer, its responsible head, the son and suçcessor of the man who created the existing Afghan army, appears to be aware of the defects in his own system. Where the responsible ruler possesses this knowledge there is good reason to look for improvement and reform. Some facts have been mentioned that reveal the desire for progress in Habibullah's mind. Others might be found in his promotion of horse-breeding and agriculture, in the promptitude with which he prevented the increase of the price of grain by the merchants during a period of scarcity last year, and in his adoption of electricity as the system for lighting his capital and palace. If a comprehensive view is taken of all these facts, it will be admitted that

the young Afghan ruler has displayed a progressive tendency that, if wisely encouraged, may, before he is an old man, contribute to the prosperity of his people, and bring about a real and lasting awakening of Afghanistan.

The question that now has to be carefully considered is in what way can the Government of India, which, in this quarter, directs and acts for British policy, assist this movement, at the same time that it does not lose sight of its own special and personal concerns. The Ameer tells his officials and his people, so far as they may be said to frequent his durbars, that the Japanese owe their success to organisation, and that the Afghan State does not possess this essential element of strength and security. This may be news to the Afghans, but it is none to the British authorities, who were aware of the fact. The Ameer sees in it an element of weakness and of peril to his country; the Indian Government has long known that it made Afghanistan a feeble barrier against the advance of a well-organised Russian army of adequate numerical strength. The late Ameer used to brag of his line of forts along the Oxus, the present ruler seems to be taking a more just view of the position. By his own line of reasoning, and for his own needs, Habibullah is now inclined to express the very same opinions as the Indian Intelligence Department. Yet it would be going very much too fast and too far to say that he is in the least degree inclined to accept the organisation with which Lord Kitchener would, no doubt, be happy to equip him. He must be left to work out his salvation in his own way, and slower and less direct means will have to be discovered if we are to render him useful co-operation.

It may not be inopportune to remind the reader that the Afghan race is as brave and high-spirited as any on the earth. With a good rifle in his hand, the Afghan, individually, would be more than a match for any soldier of the Czar. But wars are no longer decided by the individual strength, courage, and activity of the combatants. Those qualities provide the best material of a fighting force, but it is for those in authority to supply the organisation and cohesive power without which courage counts for little. How little has been accomplished in this direction in Afghanistan may be judged from the fact that no attempt has been made to create a body of regimental officers. The private soldier possesses a great many good points, but the officer and non-commissioned officer are practically worthless in the military sense. Afghan organisation is thus totally lacking in almost its first essential. An army without officers of some slight degree of capacity is foredoomed to defeat, and that appears to be the true state of the Afghan army. This radical defect is put in the foreground of our comments because it

appears to be the one that the Government of India could most easily co-operate in removing, without committing itself too far in the direction of interference in Afghanistan, and without compromising the Ameer's own position. There appears to be no objection to a certain number of officers of the Afghan army being trained with Indian regiments. In this way the formation of a nucleus of efficient officers would be commenced. The spread of education by the establishment of a college for the sons of chiefs, as projected by the Ameer, and of military schools, would surely bring about the creation of the class of which Afghanistan has need. The Ameer's plan of conferring commissions on chiefs who bring in a certain number of recruits will also be of some avail, but only if the educational machinery in the State is at the same time improved and modernised.

The questions of greatest interest to the Indian Government, in regard to Afghanistan, are, however, not of the military order. They are divisible under two main heads, trade and communications. But they are matters affecting the prosperity and security of Afghanistan, as closely as any detail of military organisation. The late Ameer Abdurrahman imposed import duties on Indian trade that virtually killed it. His policy was rigidly conservative, and may be judged by one of his favourite sayings: "Pack-horses, and not railways, are all that the Afghans require for their commerce." As the necessary consequence, Afghan commerce did not expand, and the State revenue has continued to be of a comparatively low total. In the course of years the demands on the Exchequer have grown heavier, while its own resources have proved cramped and unelastic. The present ruler has displayed a more just view of the situation. He has not gone so far as to reverse the policy he inherited, but he has of late removed some of the more severe and arbitrary restrictions on trade, and he has shown interest in the affairs of the Cabul merchants, and more especially of the Povindahs, who are the great carriers between his country and India. As the consequence of this slight diminution of rigour, the returns of trade across the borders show a considerable increase, so that both the merchants and the Government of Afghanistan have benefited. The facts thus favour a more enlightened policy, and they may even have made it clear to Habibullah that his father's policy was mistaken.

At any rate, there is enough to justify the belief that whenever the Indian Government takes up the discussion of a tariff with Afghanistan it will find Habibullah far more willing to listen to reasonable suggestions than in the past. It may be well to fix with precision exactly what the Indian Government want him most to do. The principal Indian produce for which we wish to

obtain a market in Afghanistan and Central Asia is tea. There was a period when it seemed as if Indian tea might command those markets, but these hopes were killed by the late Ameer's policy. If Habibullah can be induced to place only a light import duty on it they will revive, and very satisfactory results must follow for both parties. It is true that Russia's custom houses come down to the Oxus, and that the Russian import duty is even higher than the Afghan. But it may be observed that the markets south of the Oxus are extensive and profitable, and also that the Russian customs line may not prove so impenetrable as is assumed. A diminution of the duty on tea can also be bought by some concessions on our side in favour of Afghan produce.

An improvement in the tariff will not suffice by itself to cause any large augmentation in the volume of Indo-Afghan trade. It must be accompanied by an improvement in communications. The argument that pack-horses are good enough can no longer be taken seriously. We have reason to believe that the Ameer is disposed to concede a good deal about the tariff, but we are absolutely in the dark as to his views about railways, and yet without railways there can never be any true awakening of Afghanistan. For nearly twenty years we have had a line of railway to Chaman, on the southern side of the great plain of Candahar, but owing to the Afghan prohibition to continue it, this railway has remained for all commercial purposes absolutely useless and unprofitable. To make the absurdity of the situation more glaring, we are now constructing through non-Afghan territory, but along the Afghan border, another railway, in order to reach the Persian province of Scistan. There is nothing to be said against this Nushki route, which was adopted as a *pis aller*, but it is undeniable that if we and the Ameer could come to terms, it would appear of little importance in comparison with trunk lines through Candahar to Herat in one direction, and Cabul in the other.

There is another matter to which the Ameer is not unlikely to lend a willing ear, and this may pave the way to the introduction of railways into his country later on. He can have no misgivings about facilitating the transmission of news. If he had acquiesced some time ago in the establishment of wireless telegraphy between the Khyber and his capital, he would have got his daily bulletin about the war more rapidly and at less cost. Habibullah has a good deal of mechanical knowledge. He was once a constant visitor to the Cabul workshops, and he is quite convinced of the advantages of electricity for lighting purposes. There is no apparent reason why he should demur to the employment of the same agency for the receipt of intelligence. It is most essential in his

own interests that he should be able to know at once what is happening at both Herat and on the Oxus. Some remissness has surely been shown in not impressing on him the prime importance of this question. His suspicions might have been dispelled if he had been exhorted in the first place to lay the wires only from his capital to his frontier towns, leaving the completion of the link with India for the future.

It will thus be seen that there are grounds for believing that the imminent meeting between the Ameer's son and Lord Curzon, and the immediate despatch of a British mission to Cabul under the charge of Mr. Louis Dane, the Indian Foreign Secretary, will be attended by good results. There are some practical points to be arranged. They do not present any serious difficulty. The railway question may not be settled, but it will be brought nearer to settlement. On the other points enumerated, definite and tangible conclusions and arrangements will be come to. The Ameer is not merely in an amiable mood; he has been brought by current events to see the necessity of making some change in his policy in order to provide against the perils of a near future. He has shown himself alive to the signs of the times, and at last it looks as if the Government of India were going to reap the reward of the patience and forbearance that it has displayed in all its dealings with Afghanistan during the last quarter of a century.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

ARMY REORGANISATION.

Mr. Arnold-Forster's Proposals.

The scheme of army reorganisation proposed by Mr. Arnold-Forster is based upon perfectly sound principles, and recognising this, the great majority of critics have been blind to, or have failed even to consider its details; thus the very unsatisfactory character of the methods by which the Secretary of State desires to apply those principles has been very generally ignored.

To me it appears that the proper basis of a discussion will be discovered in the answers to the elementary questions which follow :--

(*a*) For what purposes do we require land forces?

(*b*) To what extent does our existing military system meet our requirements?

(*c*) Wherein would Mr. Arnold-Forster's scheme better our condition?

Having decided what we want, and to what extent we already have it, we shall then be in a position to inquire what would be the ideal method of making good any imperfections, and whether the scheme actually under consideration approximates reasonably to that ideal.

I propose, therefore, to deal, one by one, with the headings *a*, *b*, and *c*, and to place opposite to what I understand to be Mr. Arnold-Forster's views, my own comments thereon.

"A"

Our Requirements, according to Mr. Arnold-Forster.

(1) A "General Service" regular army for over-sea work in peace, and kept at war strength, inclusive of a "Striking Force" of the same nature at home, and held ready for use whenever the occasion may arise. Terms of enlistment to be for nine years with the colours and three years in the reserve.

(2) A "Home Service" regular army, as large as possible, its battalions maintained at a peace strength of 500, but capable of

Comments.

(1) Exactly so. I have no fault to find with this, except that in my opinion the "Striking Force" of 16,000 men is too small, unless other units, at a lower establishment in peace, are available for immediate mobilisation in grave emergencies, and when mobilised would be of approximately equal quality; *i.e.*, have long service reservists belonging to them.[1]

(2) In principle this is quite sound, but without now going into details, it is clear that for the

(1) See "C" and also page 1069.

being augmented to war strength, when required to mobilise in support of the "General Service" branch, for service abroad in case of an important war. Periods of service to be two years with the colours and six years in the reserve.

money expended on training say 100 men for two years, 400 might be trained for six months. In my opinion, our needs would better be met by a national militia army composed of men who, having first been drilled at school, have further been trained for six months as recruits, and subsequently put through easy annual courses.

(3) A force to keep the country safe against raids during the absence of the bulk of the active army ("General Service" and "Home Service") upon an expedition abroad.

(3) This is obviously the *rôle* of the volunteers, and if as the result of adopting universal training in schools, and a great national militia, large numbers of men are trained to arms, there should in time of war be no difficulty in swelling the ranks of the (unpaid) volunteers to any strength required in order to provide for local defence.

From the foregoing it will be seen that I accept generally the principles laid down by Mr. Arnold-Forster, in reference to the land forces that are required. But my contention is, as I shall hereafter explain, that the proposed scheme fails to give us those things which the author of it declares to be needful.

"B"

What we now have, according to Mr. Arnold-Forster.

(1) A regular army which has, serving with the colours, a larger number of men than are required for its normal duties, and in which the period of service is too short for the purpose of providing oversea garrisons and expeditionary forces with due regard to economy and efficiency.

(2) A militia which is inefficiently trained, and which cannot be ordered abroad.

Comments.

(1) I have for many years contended that the regular army, whilst larger than necessary for the "Police of the Empire," is nevertheless too small for a great war, and that it should therefore be reduced, the saving thus effected being devoted to the establishment of a National Army for use in case of national emergency. As regards the question of service, it is not, I think, that the period is too short, but that as boys of 15 or 16 are enlisted, they have been but a short time useful men when the day comes for their transfer to the reserve. It has been the abuse, not the use, of the Cardwell system, that has produced "squeezed lemons."

(2) The inefficiency of the militia in numbers and training is the fault of the War Office, which has failed to see to the matter, preferring to court the greater political influence

of the more numerous volunteers. Inefficiency is not in itself a reason for practical abolition, but rather for reform. The War Office itself is, and has ever been, inefficient; yet Mr. Arnold-Forster does not describe it as therefore "redundant." By law, the militia cannot now be sent abroad, but the law admits of alteration. And, meanwhile, when has the militia hitherto failed to volunteer? Flouted and insulted as it has been, the existing militia might not impossibly hang back in the future, unless redress is given for past injuries—but it has always come forward loyally and cheerfully in the past.

(3) Volunteers who are cheap and enthusiastic, but also indifferently trained.

(3) Absolutely true; the volunteers are cheap, enthusiastic, and indifferently trained, but the conditions under which they might be called upon to fight are most unlikely to arise. Consequently, the entire volunteer force is theoretically "redundant." Yet it would be foolish to do otherwise than foster the volunteers, who have already done and may yet do much to put a military spirit into a laggard generation. But not being available for Imperial defence, they should continue unpaid.

Such then, roughly, are the assets which Mr. Arnold-Forster says that we require, or actually possess, upon account of our military obligations. It remains now to consider the extent to which the proposed scheme would suffice to set our military house in proper order, and the directions in which it seems to require alteration for that purpose.

"C"

Proposals.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, realising that the regular forces are needlessly strong for their primary duty as the "Police of the Empire," proposes to disband certain battalions of infantry, and to retain only a sufficiency of "General Service" battalions, for over-sea garrisons, and for a "Striking Force." Realising also that in addition to the forces intended to meet the normal exigencies of Empire, we require means of supplementing

Comments.

By all means let the regular units that are "redundant" be disbanded, and by all means create a Home Service Army, upon which we may fall back in case of need. But as the scheme now stands, the total strength of the "General Service" and "Home Service" Battalions combined amounts roughly to no more than that of the existing regular forces; and consequently the army remains, numerically, as inadequate as ever

them in the event of a great war, Mr. Arnold-Forster forms the surplus regulars and the bulk of the militia into an army enlisted for "Home Service," but available for over-sea work in case of emergency. The existing militia is not thus available, except with its own consent, and is therefore unsatisfactory.

for the purposes of a great war, and the only gain is in the economy realised by a reduction of the peace strength with the colours. This economy is, however, obtained at so great a sacrifice of efficiency that it actually leaves us at a great disadvantage. A reservist who has served only two years with the colours cannot be as efficient, other things being equal, as a reservist who has served seven years;[1] and a battalion 500 strong cannot as readily as a battalion 800 strong assimilate the number of reservists required to complete it to war strength. Thus, whilst we gain nothing in point of numbers we sacrifice the efficiency for immediate service, which alone constitutes the superiority of a regular over a militia army. In other words we are to pay the cost of regular troops, and obtain little better than militiamen for our money. Such battalions as Mr. Arnold-Forster proposes to create for "Home Service" would have required at least six weeks' training, after mobilisation, to render them as efficient as the worst battalion of regular troops despatched for service in the Boer War. For our regular troops, what we require is quality rather than quantity, and immediate rather than latent efficiency.

The Problem of Imperial Defence.

The safety of this Empire and Kingdom is a naval question. Should we lose command of the sea it would matter little to us whether our army, of whatever kind, were strong or weak, efficient or inefficient. With the ocean highways in possession of an enemy, we should be unable to reinforce our over-sea garrisons, and whether actually invaded or not, the United Kingdom would soon be starved into submission. But we hope and believe that we have a Navy strong enough and good enough to protect us, and had we reason to think otherwise, we would readily face any necessary sacrifices in order to make it so. Upon the other hand, however, the Russo-Japanese war should have taught us that naval superiority alone is insufficient. Had not the Japanese possessed a powerful army, their successes at sea would have availed

(1) See "A" (1).

them little; Korea would before now have been occupied by Russia, and the fortresses of Port Arthur and Vladivostok would have been in no danger whatever. "Raids," indeed, upon the Russian communications in Korea might have caused some slight annoyance, but in spite of them the war could have ended only in one way; Japan would have been impotent to prevent the permanent annexation or protectorate of Korea by Russia. The situation would have become one of "stale-mate" in the sense that neither could Russia invade Japan, nor the Japanese prevent Russia from doing as she pleased on the mainland. But there could have been no doubt as to which side had been the actual gainers. The same conditions would apply were we attempting to defend Holland against Germany.

The Japanese have been indebted for their successes on land to the fact that they have an army not only numerous but well trained, and which was found ready for immediate service. In this we cannot afford to imitate them; because our Navy must come first, and the cost of it is colossal. We can only afford, rich as we are, to spend a certain amount upon our armed forces, and only the balance, after fully providing for the Navy, is available for the Army. What we therefore require to consider is how we can, for the amount we can afford to spend, obtain the Army that will, in the circumstances, best meet our requirements. This is a hard question, and, at first sight, the answer to it might appear to be found either in a comparatively small, but very efficient, regular army, "fit to go anywhere and do anything," or in a larger army of some sort, having numbers to atone for inferior training. Very little consideration will suffice to convince us that a compromise between the alternatives is what our case requires.

No country can afford to maintain the whole of its Army always at war strength, and "short service" and "reserves" are the natural consequence. For the "Police of the Empire" we require soldiers of comparatively long service, for two reasons: (1) because the maturity and efficiency for war that we need for constantly recurring minor expeditions cannot be reconciled with very short service; and (2) because the frequent "reliefs" of garrisons composed of short service soldiers would be too costly. Thus we are led to the conclusion that Mr. Arnold-Forster is absolutely right when he demands that our organisation should include long service troops for over-sea garrisons, and a "striking force" of similar character held in readiness for immediate service in case of need.

But emergencies, not amounting to a struggle for national existence, have arisen in the past, and will continually arise also in the future. Such emergencies may require to be met by larger reinforce-

ments or expeditions than the " striking force " can provide. That the striking force should be followed without a moment's avoidable delay by other troops is essential; and as the units to be employed cannot also be already at war strength, their condition should at least be such that within a very brief space of time after mobilisation they would be fit to proceed to the front. To comply with this requirement two things seem essential: (1) that the peace establishment of regular units at home should yield effective soldiers capable of being sent abroad, to the extent of at least fifty per cent. of the war strength. (2) [1]That the reservists utilised to make good the difference shall have been well trained soldiers capable of reverting quickly to their former standard of fighting efficiency. Accordingly I would prefer to have a smaller number of " Home Service " regular battalions than that proposed by Mr. Arnold-Forster, but to maintain them at a much higher peace establishment, and to provide them with reservists who have served, at all events, not less than five years.

The term "Home Service" is not, in my opinion, a suitable one to apply to any of our regular troops. All regulars should be enlisted under precisely similar conditions, and the only difference to be made between a battalion serving at home and another serving abroad should be that the former might, when the exigencies of the service permitted, be allowed to pass men to the reserve after five years' service, instead of after a longer period.

We must abandon altogether the notion that we can, by means of a regular army alone, supply not only the " quality " required for little wars, but also the numbers required for great wars. The division of the regular forces into two branches is altogether wrong—unless we are prepared, as we are not, to expand the proposed "Home Service" branch to very large proportions. To do this would be mere waste of money; but it would be preferable to relying, as Mr. Arnold-Forster proposes, upon a regular army with a total strength no greater than at present, and divided into " General Service " troops, who will be, or should be, efficient, and "Home Service," who must, in the conditions of their service, be little better than militiamen—not so good, if the latter had the right sort of recruits.

The conclusion to which I am endeavouring to arrive is this: That as we require regular troops for the "Police of the Empire," and cannot maintain a regular army large enough for great wars, the strength of the regular forces should be limited to what is clearly required for such "police" duty; and that every regular unit should be either actually ready for service, or capable of being made so at short notice. The troops required, in addition, to meet

(1) See "A" (1) and "C."

the emergency of war with a First-class Power, must be obtained by means of an altogether different system, calculated to yield great numerical strength combined with as high a standard of training as the money that we are prepared to spend will admit. That we already spend upon the Army as much, or more, than we can afford, is an assertion unlikely to be contradicted; and therefore the system under which any reorganisation is to be effected should certainly be no more costly, and, if possible, less so, than the present. In view of the possibilities of being engaged in a great war, we require numerical strength greatly exceeding that at present available, and as to raise the strength of the regular army must obviously involve an increase of cost (unless coupled with shorter service, and a consequent reduction in the immediate efficiency of the whole or any part of it raised under conditions of shorter service than now), we seem to be naturally led to the conclusion that a strong militia held in reserve for use when the regular army is found too weak to deal with any war upon which we may enter, is the second string to our military bow that common sense recommends to us. That a really efficient regular army of the same strength, or even a good deal weaker, would be preferable, is obvious; but the sacrifice involved by paying for such an Army is one which, thanks to our insular position, and our dependence upon naval strength, it is unnecessary for us to make—even assuming that we are willing and able to afford the expense.

Training is a question of time and opportunity. A soldier, call him militiaman, or what you will, who has been well grounded as a recruit in the essentials of his fighting duties, can within quite reasonable time be made fit for service, provided that he has not been permitted to forget what he originally learned. Our Navy will either defeat the enemy, or it will not. In the former case, we can obviously wait until we are ready before sending an expeditionary force beyond the seas to follow up our naval successes; and, in the latter, our being ready or not would be of no importance, since the sea would be closed to us. Thus in either event a certain degree of unreadiness cannot seriously affect the issue of our military operations, provided that we actually have the men at our disposal and have merely to prepare them for their task. At present we do not even know how we could raise the required forces.

A National Army for Great Wars.

Instead, therefore, of absorbing a portion of the existing militia in a "Home Service" Army, illegitimately fashioned from the ashes of the "Constitutional Force," combined with certain prunings

from the line, our proper course is to use the militia separately as the basis of a great National Army, held in reserve against Imperial dangers, and trained in peace, as far as available funds will allow. The regular army reduced considerably, in order to provide, from the savings caused by such reduction, the money required for the support of the National Army, should be regarded as the "Police of the Empire," and an example in peace and a nucleus in war for the National Army. The cost of a soldier depends upon the length of time spent with the colours. If one soldier serving seven years with the colours cost so much, it is clear that fourteen men could, during the same period, be trained for six months only for approximately the same money, and that at the end of seven years there would probably be twelve, or possibly thirteen, men available in the event of mobilisation. But in order that a soldier whose colour-service has been limited to six months' training as a recruit shall be worth mobilising, he must necessarily perform an annual course of some sort to keep him up to the mark. In my opinion ten drills in winter and ten exercises in summer, performed locally, by companies, in addition to a course of musketry, also performed locally, would suffice for individual efficiency; but in order that the working of larger bodies may not be a sealed book, one battalion exercise, which would also be the "inspection," should be attended annually, and there should be an annual "camp" for one week, attended, however, by each man in alternate years—thus about half the strength of the battalion would be in camp annually. Meanwhile, the training would cost a certain amount of money, and thus the yield in militiamen resulting from the reduction of a given number of linesmen would be discounted proportionately. But Mr. Arnold-Forster proposes to have annual trainings for the reservists of his "Home Service" battalions, and therefore we shall not be far wide of the mark in suggesting that if six months' service were substituted for two years, we should, at very little greater cost, train and pass on to the reserve of our National Army four times as many men as Mr. Arnold-Forster's scheme would give us. But even such a strength would not be sufficient, and further reductions of the regular army should gradually be made, in order to provide the necessary funds, as the growth of the reformed militia made such reductions possible.

A Strong Army the Best Security for Peace.

Our object in raising a great reserve army should not be aggressive, but precautionary. We are a commercial nation, to whom peace is very important. The larger our army, the less the chance

of any nation obliging us to fight. The strength that we should fix for our reserve army is, of course, a matter of opinion; but in my judgment it should, at the very least, be sufficient to enable us to send abroad three hundred thousand men, in addition to an army corps of first-rate regulars, and to retain at home an ample margin to replace casualties or provide reinforcements if required. Had we such an Army, all Europe would go on its knees to court our alliance, and we should not only be left in peace ourselves, but have great power to promote the peace of the world.

Some will say that a soldier cannot be trained in six months; but the Swiss, in a less period, produce results that are very respectable indeed. I believe that we could do the same, and I am inclined to think that conditions of service could be devised that would give us the men we require by voluntary enlistment; this question space will not permit me to follow now. My plan was fully explained in the paper which I read before the National Service League in November of last year.[1] But be this as it may, we require in any case "Universal Training" in schools, and, if necessary, we can have also Universal *Service*,[2] limiting, however, the number of men to be enlisted by fixing a very high moral and physical standard, and preventing hardship to the best of our race, thus compelled to serve their country in person, by placing them at an advantage over their rejected fellow-citizens in matters of taxation or in some other financial direction.

A. W. A. POLLOCK.

Lieut.-Col. Editor of *United Service Magazine.*

(1) Printed in the *United Service Magazine* for February, 1904, and in the *National Service Journal* for August, 1904.

(2) It is frequently alleged that the "Free Born Briton" will never consent to compulsory service—or "conscription," which is the term usually employed. I can imagine no more gross insult to the patriotism of this nation than the inference that we are too slothful or too cowardly to fight for that Freedom of which we are ever ready to sing. The real obstacle to a common-sense military policy is not the backwardness of the people, but the disgraceful insincerity of party politics. However honest and however sound the proposals of any British Government, the Opposition, merely because it is the Opposition, invariably endeavours to excite popular prejudice in the contrary direction. It seems to me that Bacon understood correctly what is needed for the "Soul of a Nation," and that Carlyle formed a just opinion of the mental quality of his countrymen. By permitting our politicians to deceive us, we daily prove the truth of Carlyle's words. Bacon was a greater, as well as a wiser, man than Adam Smith, and we would do well to follow his precepts. "The principal point of *Greatness* in any *State*, is to have a Race of *Military* men. Neither is Money the Sinews of War (as it is trivially said), where the Sinews of Men's Arms in base and effeminate People are failing. For *Solon* said well to *Crœsus* (when in Ostentation he shewed him his *Gold*), *Sir, if any other come that hath better Iron than you, he will be Master of all this Gold.*" A nation is, indeed, "but a Sheep in a Lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the People be stout and warlike." And again: "Let any Prince or State think soberly of his Forces, except his *Militia* of Natives be of good and valiant soldiers."

A. W. A. P.

SACRED ARCHÆOLOGY.

THE TRUE PLACE OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.[1]

For anyone who believes in the divinity of Jesus there is no place on earth more holy than that where the Saviour was crucified and buried. Even for the sceptical archæologist there is no question more passionately absorbing than that of the true site of Calvary. It is by virtue of this site that Judæa is called the Holy Land.

Before Christianity became a sovereign power through Constantine, believers, at the cost of tremendous efforts, came to do honour to the place of Redemption. The Emperor Hadrian was roused by this religious rivalry to such a degree that he built a Temple to Jupiter in the place where the Nazarene died, and a sanctuary to Adonis where he was buried. In 335 there was a solemn purification of Calvary, and thenceforward many desired, like St. Porphyry and St. Jerome, to live and die in the Holy Land. Paula, of the family of the Gracchi, lived with her daughter in the neighbourhood of the Holy Manger; and Gregory of Nyssa, in a letter which has been handed down to us, forcibly protests against the affluence of the pilgrims. St. Augustine and St. Jerome preached the same sermon. The Itinerary from Bordeaux to Jerusalem is sufficient witness to the frequency of the pilgrimages.

The victory of Heraclius over the Persian invaders under Cosroes ensured peace to Jerusalem. But the Holy City was forced to surrender the keys to Omar, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre became a mosque. At the end of the sixth century we have the pilgrimage of St. Antonius; at the beginning of the eighth that of St. Arculfus, who was sent out by Adamnanus, Abbot of the Monastery of Hii (Iona) in Scotland. In spite of the chronicle of St. Denys, historical criticism has more than questioned Charlemagne's pilgrimage to Palestine. When Haroun-al-Raschid sent the keys of the Holy Sepulchre to the Great Emperor he acted from motives of policy, to prevent the Western world coming to the help of the Greeks. In the ninth century we have the account of the French monk Bernard (870). There the documents end.

Hakem became Caliph, and under his reign the Christians were greatly oppressed. His successor Daher suffered a church to be built, not only on the site of the Holy Sepulchre, then occupied by a mosque, but in the Christian Quarter. For in the Levant devotion

(1) The water-colour drawings of the "Dome of the Rock," by John Fulleylove, R.I., are a most admirable illustration of the text. —[Tr.]

was always tempered by commerce, which it fostered. Venice, Pisa, Genoa, Amalfi, Marseille, had their counting-houses at Jerusalem, where every year a great fair was held on the 15th of September. The church, sanctioned by Daher, was not consecrated till 1058. On Friday, the 15th of July, 1099, at three o'clock, the day and hour of the Saviour's death, it saw the Conqueror, Godfrey of Bouillon, on his knees. The Crusade is, in the order of great deeds, what the Cathedral is in the order of great architecture—the supreme glory of the Christian world. What were the Argonauts and all the heroes of Hellas compared with these Crusaders, who, in utter ignorance of the way, with no knowledge of their own or of other men's to guide them, left their families and lands in order to adore and conquer the place of the Holy Sepulchre? We cannot speak of these giants of the faith without a certain pious reverence.

Islam, the terrible foe of Christianity, no longer masters the Western world, but it is still unchecked in Africa, and it has begun to invade Asia. The incredible and unutterable thing has happened; at this present moment the true Holy Sepulchre is again a mosque.

A conclusive proof that the grave of God is not on that spot which has been consecrated to it, will no doubt come as a shock to religious feeling and tradition. We shall have to trace the way of the Cross all over again, only to see this treasure of our faith usurped and profaned by the sons of the Koran. But our supreme interest must be in the establishment of the truth.

The honour of having first pointed out the true site of the Holy Places belongs to an Englishman, Mr. Fergusson, the author of *An Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem*, published in 1848. The Protestant clergy of England tried to induce the author to repudiate his book and even to destroy every copy of it, in consequence of its containing certain personal attacks. Half a century passed before anyone took up Fergusson's work. He will now have the credit of his great achievement. In this brief preface I have shown that the imperial Acts, supplemented by the Christian tradition, constitute a body of genuine historical evidence. Hadrian could hardly be deceived as to the place of the Sepulchre. Through the account of their pilgrimages given us by St. Antonius, St. Arculfus and others, we shall be able to prove that the buildings of Constantine described by Eusebius were actually to be seen up to the end of the ninth century; that the church dedicated in 1058 is not built on the true site of the Sepulchre; and finally we shall compare the existing church with the Dome of the Rock, in full confidence of convincing the attentive reader.

I.—The Texts.

In the place of skulls, called in the Hebrew Golgotha, there was a garden, and in this garden a new Sepulchre. There they laid Jesus,

because it was the hour of the Preparation, and the tomb was nigh at hand. St. John (19, 41-42) tells us that the place of crucifixion was near the place of burial. So that, when we have determined the former, we shall have no hesitation as to the latter. Josephus describes Golgotha as the great cemetery of the Jews. This agrees with St. Matthew (20, 52) "The tombs were opened and many bodies of the saints that had fallen asleep were raised."

Golgotha was the usual place of execution, the Montfaucon of Jerusalem, Jesus being led to his death with two thieves, criminals under the common law. The Greek rendering of Golgotha is Place of Skulls, the Latin Calvary, equivalent to the French Chaumont or Montchauve. Krafft, a German writer quoted by Fergusson, identifies the Golgotha of the New Testament with the Goath of the Old.

We read in Jeremiah (31, 39) "And the measuring line shall yet go out straight onwards unto the hill Gareb, and shall turn about unto Goah. And the whole valley of the dead bodies and of the ashes and the fields unto the brook Kidron, unto the corner of the horse gate towards the east, shall be holy unto the Lord; it shall not be plucked up, nor thrown down any more for ever." According to Esdras or Kings (11, 16) the King's house was near the horse gate, and the horse gate was to the north of the Temple; which places Golgotha to the east, near the Temple.

The site of Jerusalem has never varied except in the drawing of its boundaries. The city stood on an elevated plateau sloping towards the north, and broken into little hills. Between Mount Sion and the Mount of Olives stretched the Valley of Jehosaphat. Acra was to the north, Moriah to the south-east.

Both Solomon's Temple, and the Temple rebuilt by Herod stood on Mount Moriah, a small hill whose surface was artificially extended. We know that Bethseda was not contained within the wall of Agrippa till after the death of Jesus.

From Josephus to Eusebius we have no documents. The burning of the Temple by Titus—the destruction of Sion by Hadrian, when crushing the revolt of Barcocheba—storm after storm of disaster veils the fate of the Holy Places. Turanus Rufus, Governor of Judæa, drove his chariot over the place where the Temple had once stood, and old Jerusalem, now a Roman colony, was called Œlia Capitolina. They built a Temple to Jupiter where the Temple of Jehovah had stood, and another to Venus in the place of Calvary, in order to abolish simultaneously all traces both of old Mosaism and young Christianity.

Bishop Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, tells in his *Life of Constantine*, how the son of Helena ordered the Pagan edifices on Mount Moriah to be overturned and razed to the ancient level of

the ground. From the statements of Eusebius it would appear that the tradition was established; without search, without hesitation, it was assumed that by simply laying bare the places marked by Hadrian's buildings, the Holy Sepulchre would be found.

"From the time of Hadrian to the coming of Constantine, a Temple of Jupiter and a statue of Venus, on the very place of the Resurrection, and on the Rock of Calvary, received the worship of the heathen, of those instigators of persecution who believed that they could destroy belief in the Resurrection and in the Cross of the Saviour. They only succeeded in polluting these holy places with their idols.

"Those impious and profane persons fondly imagined that they could bury the truth of this mystery under the mound of earth and stones with which they were about to cover the holy tomb. Of these then they brought thither a prodigious quantity: they paved the surface and built on it a tomb which was not for the burial of bodies, but for the perdition of souls. I speak of an obscure cavern that they built there to the demon of impurity, in honour of Venus; afterwards they there offered abominable sacrifices. . . .

"At last Constantine, no longer able to endure that a place so holy should be covered over with filth, or, as it were, buried in forgetfulness through the artifices of the enemies to the faith, gave orders that these pollutions should be done away with; that this place might be rendered the most magnificent aud glorious under the sun. He had no sooner given the word to raze these buildings to the ground than the abominable worship disappeared. The Emperor not only caused to be overthrown this sanctuary consecrated to the idol of impurity; he caused the ruins of it to be flung far away, and the soil dug out and carried elsewhere.

"No sooner had Constantine given this order, no sooner had they dug down to the ancient level of the ground, than they saw beyond all manner of expectation the most holy and august tomb whence the Saviour was in old times risen again.

"It was an astounding thing to see the rock rise solitary in a levelled place."

We have also the letter from Constantine to Macarus, Bishop of Jerusalem, in which the Emperor celebrates the discovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and orders the building of a magnificent church.

"So extraordinary and marvellous is the grace that the Lord has given us that there are no words that can worthily express it. Indeed, what could be more marvellous than the decree of Providence by which he hid under ground for so long a time, this monument of the Passion? . . .

". . . I have no stronger desire than to make beautiful with splendid buildings this place, which, in itself holy, has been yet further sanctified by the marks of the Saviour's passion, and is by my care freed from the heavy burden of an idol.

"I leave it to your discretion to see to it that these buildings surpass in grandeur and in beauty all that the world holds of beautiful and great. I have charged our beloved Dracilian, Vicar of the Prefects of the Pretorium, to employ according to your orders the most excellent workmen for the building of the walls. Ask of me whatever marbles and pillars you desire. I shall be glad to know if you judge it fitting that the church should be overlaid; in this case gold can be used."

Eusebius adds that two monuments were built on Moriah, the Anastasis or Resurrection, and the Martyrion or Witness, a vast basilica on the site of Calvary.

"Instantly, very near to the Sepulchre of the Saviour, was raised a new Jerusalem, facing the place where the old had once stood.

"Beside it the Emperor erected a trophy to preserve the memory of the victory won by the Saviour over death.

"What if this church, built by Constantine, be the New Jerusalem foretold by the prophets? The grave, near which the angel once announced the mystery of the Resurrection, was the first to be adorned and enriched with divers ornaments. The magnificence of the Emperor was chiefly shown in the beauty of the pillars with which he beautified the monument of our Lord's resurrection. From this tomb one came into a place of vast extent, paved with fine stones and embellished with three galleries raised on three sides. The Church of the Martyrion was built on the side opposite the tomb, exposed to the east. It is a work marvellous in its height, its length, and its width."

These immense works, begun in 326, were solemnly consecrated on the 13th of September, 335, under the consulate of Constance and Albinus. The Bishop of Cæsarea, an eye witness, and one of the principal persons who took part in the ceremony, gives some typical details.

"Those who had no power of public speech satisfied God by prayers, but we who on this occasion had received more honour than we deserved, celebrated its solemnity by divers discourses which we held.

"All were filled with joy on beholding, after so long and painful humiliations, the fulfilment of the prophecy of Isaiah *Erit sepulchrum ejus gloriosum!* The festival of the inauguration lasted eight days, but the songs with which these vaults echoed shall last for ever."

It is impossible to set aside such precise details. The "Pilgrim of Bordeaux," the oldest text relating to pilgrimages to the Holy Land, also mentions the two statues of the Emperor Hadrian and the Basilica of Constantine, which were in process of building. He places to the left of Pilate's Pretorium the Mount of Golgotha, and close to Golgotha the crypt of the Burial. It should also be borne in mind that, after having seen the Basilica, the pilgrim leaves on his left the Valley of Jehosaphat to go up the Mount of Olives.

We will now examine other descriptions of Jerusalem, in which we shall again come across the Anastasis of Constantine. Between Justinian and the Arabian Conquest in the sixth century, we have only the account given by Antonius the Martyr. He calls the Sepulchre a *monumentum*, and describes it as hewn out of the living rock and enriched with gold and precious stones. He also makes two important statements—first, that the distance between the place of the crucifixion and that of the Sepulchre is four hundred feet; next, that, on laying the ear to the floor of the crypt, the sound of water is heard, and if a piece of wood be thrown through the opening it is found shortly after in the fountain of Siloam.

Now the Fountain of Siloam runs under Mount Moriah. In the year 314 of the Christian era, Jerusalem was sacked by the Persians. In 637 the Holy City was occupied by the Mussulmans. Omar

guaranteed to the patriarch Sophronius the possession of the Holy Places on condition that a Mohammedan house of prayer should be erected in the place where Jacob spoke with God. It is said that the Caliph, by way of encouraging the Faithful to build a mosque on Mount Moriah, turned up the skirt of his gown and carried some of the earth in it himself. This building is in no way remarkable. But, half a century later, Meleck raised a great house of prayer on the very site of Solomon's Temple, which is no other than the existing mosque, El-Aksa. Meleck belonged to the Omniades, the aristocratic party in Islam, who had been repulsed from Mecca. He desired to make Jerusalem a religious centre, and to set up the Stone of Jacob in opposition to the Black Stone of the Kaaba. He succeeded in attracting to Jerusalem a large number of the pilgrims to Mecca.

In 969 Moez put the patriarch to death, burnt the Martyrion, or Basilica of Canstantine, but preserved the Anastasis on account of its rock, which henceforth became the Stone of Jacob. Tradition was literally transported from El-Aksa to the Anastasis, which had now become a mosque, and was thus saved from destruction.

Meanwhile a still better document is the account given by Arculfus, who spent the year 695 at Jerusalem, dictated his pilgrimage towards the end of the seventh century to Adamnanus, and traced on wax the plan of the several buildings, among them that of the Anastasis, an octagon with a cupola on a drum, like the figure on the Seal of the Templars, and of unmistakably Byzantine character. According to Arculfus the Mohammedans had built a square mosque right against the south wall of the Temple, capable of containing three thousand of the faithful; the piers were united by transverse beams. Finally, this mosque was to be found at the spot where a bridge joined the Temple and the city. This bridge, thrown across the valley of the Cheesemongers, joined Mount Moriah to the Xystus of Sion. Arculfus says that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is upheld by twelve columns of large size with a second row of piers. "In the middle there is a cave hewn out of the living rock, where nine persons could stand upright; the space between the vault and an ordinary sized man being a foot and a-half."

About 725, St. Willibald, who belonged to a wealthy Hampshire family, made the pilgrimage, accompanied by all his family. He was Bishop of Eischataed and dictated his pilgrimage to a nun of Heidenheim, his kinswoman. M. Charton, in his *Voyageurs du Moyen Age*, has shown that this account has suffered alteration and interpolation in order to make it agree with writings posterior to the Crusade. Willibald seems to be describing, not the Church of the Holy Sepulchre mentioned by Eusebius, Antonius and Arculfus, but the church built under Daher in the Christian quarter.

Under Charles the Bald, the French monk, Bernard, writing

about 870, describes only what Arculfus left unmentioned. For the description of the Holy Sepulchre he formally refers us to Arculfus. He identifies the church of Golgotha with that of Constantine, but only mentions nine pillars and an open square between the four churches which constituted the Holy Places. The Anastasis of Constantine, then, remained the Church of the Holy Sepulchre up till the middle of the ninth century.

I have already explained why Moez, when burning the Basilica, preserved the Anastasis of Constantine. From 969 to 1048 there rose, near to the offices of the Merchants of Amalfi, a new Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Just as Moez transplanted the tradition of Jacob's Stone from El-Aksa to the Anastasis, the clergy of Jerusalem transplanted the tradition of the Holy Sepulchre from Mount Moriah to the other end of the city in the Christian merchants' Quarter.

We shall be the less astonished at the possibility of such trickery when we recall the history of the Santa Casa of Loretta. On the 7th of May, 1291, the house of the Virgin left Nazareth. It was believed to have travelled to Tersata, in Dalmatia ; it remained there three years and a-half, when it took flight and settled in the neighbourhood of Ancona. Four months after it changed its abode again; and finally settled at Loretta. When we realise the nature of that troubled and half-barbarous age, we can understand that in those days a priest's word was regarded as infallible.

Were the clergy so very guilty after all? Terrified at the loss of the Holy Places, a loss which they believed to be final, they were determined to preserve the tradition at all costs.

In 1099, when the Crusaders became masters of the Holy City, both on Mount Moriah and the other hills, they might indeed have confessed the pious fraud. But circumstances were somewhat sudden and unfavourable to reflection. Godfrey of Bouillon, leaving the scene of carnage to the Crusaders, betook himself, followed by three servants, unarmed and barefoot, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Albert of Aix states how when they heard of this act of devotion the whole Christian army abandoned the massacre and rushed towards the Church of the Holy Grave, beating their breasts. At such a moment the priests could hardly be expected to silence the songs of the penitents by confessing their subterfuge.

We shall now examine by the light of these earlier texts the church in the Christian Quarter which was built between 1031 and 1048; when we shall see that it presents no mark of authenticity whatever. Then, by applying the same texts to the Dome of the Rock, we shall be able to restore to it its true title of the Anastasis, and to worship, in the clear light of knowledge, before the most signal relic of our faith—the true grave of Jesus.

II.—The Monuments.

I.—THE FALSE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

To the west, near the centre of Jerusalem, in the ancient quarter of Christian commerce, there stands a Roman church, not one stone of which is earlier than the eleventh century. Shut in between convent buildings, it presents to the visitor a lateral façade with two doors, one of which is walled up. The decoration, which is fine, is twelfth century.

It would take pages to give any idea of this incoherent Basilica, where crypts, terraces, chapels, and stairs are mingled in indescribable confusion. Say that we go first of all to the Rotunda of the Holy Sepulchre. The eighteen pillars date from the year 1810, also the hexagonal kiosk, a sort of catafalque in bad Gothic style, covered all over with marble. After the fire of October 11, 1808, which destroyed the great dome and several galleries, no subsidies arrived from the west; and the Schismatics, who undertook the work of restoration by way of cancelling the rights of the Latins, broke up the tombs of Godfrey and Baudouin.

The entrance to the tomb is to the east; it has a stone seat on each side. You enter first the Chapel of the Angel, which is nine yards in area. Thence, by stooping, you can pass into the sepulchral chamber, which is only capable of containing three people at a time, including the priest. Finally, the tomb itself is an altar not a yard high and shorter than the human figure. It is entirely constructed of Brescia marble. The whole measures less than four square yards. It is no use to put your ear to the floor, for the fountain of Siloam flows about a mile off. It is obvious that there is nothing here that corresponds to the account of the early pilgrims. And it is quite useless to go back in time, and explore the epochs of restoration, for neither in 1719, nor under the Bishop Nectarius in 1664, do we find any satisfactory record. Father Boniface, the guardian of Mount Sion, bears witness that in his time (1555) "the little monument which covered the Holy Sepulchre being damaged, it was found necessary to disturb this work that Saint Helena caused to be made." That happened under Pius IV.

"Necessity having compelled us to raise one of the alabaster tablets which Saint Helena had put there, we beheld this ineffable place. On every surface were still to be seen the traces of the blood of Jesus, mingled with the unguents which had been used to embalm Him." Highly probable! Seeing that Jesus had lost much blood under the scourging, that He expired on the third hour and was not buried till the sixth, the hour of preparation mentioned by the Evangelist.

Nowadays, to ascend Golgotha you must go up eighteen steps, four yards and a-half above the level of the church. The awful doubt arises : is this mound, enclosed within the church by the Crusaders, of rock—or of masonry? From the slab of the tomb to the hole in the rock, where the cross was planted, there are only four yards, instead of the four hundred feet mentioned by Antonius the Martyr. The place of the thieves is marked at sixty degrees from that of the Saviour which forms the apex of a triangle. A yard and a-half from the hole of the cross we find the famous opening in the rock which has converted several English people because the fissure does not follow the normal vein of the stone.

Now, apart from the fact that the existing church of the Holy Sepulchre does not stand on the site of Golgotha, but is removed from it by a space of more than seven hundred yards as the crow flies, and that the style of the church is anything but Byzantine, bearing both in its general architecture and in all its details the mark of the twelfth century, the tomb itself (described by the Evangelist as hewn out of the living rock) is nothing but an altar, a modern and grotesque erection set up on the level ground. What is more, it neither accords with any of the ancient measurements nor with the real distance between the cross and the grave, nor with the area and surface of the funeral chamber, and there is none of the texts that in the smallest particular suggests this monument. Whence we are bound to conclude that the Christians, driven from the Holy Places by Hakem, took refuge north-east of the city, and there built a new Holy Sepulchre close to the Quarter of the merchants of Amalfi, where, since the days of Moez, there had stood a church dedicated to the Virgin, also the Hospital of St. John, which was the cradle of the Knights of Rhodes and Malta.

The Christians tried to reproduce as far as possible the original Anastasis; and they may have used the plan of Arculfus for this purpose, building a rotunda instead of an octagon. Assuredly, the existing official building of the Holy Grave is this church, authorised by Daher, which was dedicated in 1058, and enlarged in the times of the Latin Kingdom, and has undergone perpetual alterations up to the nineteenth century. It does not enclose a grave hewn out of the living rock, but a mere altar built of marble and contained within a Kiosk of the year 1810.

II.—THE TRUE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The supposed mosque, Koubbet-es-Sakhra, the "Dome of the Rock," does not stand in the middle of the Haram. It is raised above the ground on a platform three yards high, reached by four stairs in the form of arcades. The stairs do not correspond exactly with the axis of the doors which are true to the points of the compass. The lines

of the monument are simple and pure. It is an octagon of twenty yards to a side, supporting a circular drum pierced with windows, once arched, now made square by plaster riddled with holes. The cupola is slightly pointed at the top, almost imperceptibly narrowed at the base. The drum is decorated in blue terra-cotta with Arabic lettering. To the height of a man the base of the octagon is faced with white marble; above is brilliant tiling in the Persian style. There is even a lettered frieze above the bays bestowed by Solyman the Magnificent, about 1561. Each door, square and crowned with an arch, has a little portico of four columns with walled intervals. Since the rebuilding of the west wall, it has been proved that the existing form of the bays dates from the sixteenth century, for originally they were all arched.

So, if by an effort of imagination we restore the arch, suppressing the plaster squares or ogives, take away the blue terra cotta from the drum and the Persian tiles, and the frieze above the bays, we are confronted by a Byzantine monument of the fourth century. Looking at the Sakhra from the Mount of Olives, a double arcade with abutments may be observed in the rampart. The moulding of the architecture cannot be attributed either to Herod or the Romans. The door called the Golden Door, which was anterior to the Mussulman wall of the Haram, has been enclosed. In it I recognised the double door which led into the atrium of the Basilica of Constantine.

The effect produced by the interior of the Sakhra is amazing, before you discover the secret of the bits of glass let into the plaster, which act like lenses, giving an impression as of sunlight seen through a veil of coloured silk. No sooner have the eyes become accustomed to the veiled light then the words of Eusebius are verified, "It was an astounding thing to behold the Holy Rock rise solitary in a levelled place." In fact an enormous limestone rock, abrupt and wild, rises in the very centre of the building to a height of two yards, measuring more than seventeen yards long by thirteen wide. The Dome of the Rock, measuring fifty-three yards in diameter, is divided into three concentric circles by two rows of piers and columns. The largest circle, which is hexagonal like the monument itself, has eight piers and sixteen columns in couples. The inequality, the disparity and also the beauty of these monolithic columns in green and red marble, show that they must have been taken from Pagan buildings. They have unequal bases and Ionic capitals. Each bears an architrave with a row of small arches. The second colonnade is circular, with four massive piers; twelve columns with Ionic capitals support the drum.

If architectural examination were not sufficient to reveal the fact that we have here a Byzantine building of the fourth century, the mosaics of the drum would complete the proof. They repre-

sent the Eucharistic cup, from which springs a growth of vine branches and ears of corn, carried out in arabesque. Here, as at Ravenna, the vine symbolises the blood, and the corn the body of the Saviour. Everybody knows that the octagonal style was adopted for mausoleums after the abandonment of the circular form made famous by the tombs of Cecilia Metalla, Hadrian and the Empress Helena, before the Porta Major. The church of St. Constantia near Rome (built as a mausoleum for the two daughters of Constantine) is in the circular style. The exterior of the mausoleum of Theodosius at Ravenna is polygonal. The fifth century Rotunda Church of St. Stephen, on the Cœlius, has a circular colonnade bearing a cylindrical construction. The Church of Nocera, on the road to Pompeii, has its columns arranged two by two in a circle, supporting a cupola with no drum. The Baptistery of the Orthodox at Ravenna is also of the fifth century. At Brescia the cupola is supported by eight piers, at Torcello the Baptistery is octagonal, while it is invariably polygonal at Asti, Chiavenna, Cremona, Parma, Pisa, Florence and Pistoia.

Anyone who compares the Sakhra with these buildings can have no doubt of its date, the date given by Eusebius, 335. While anyone who studies the inscriptions on the blue terra-cotta frieze which runs above the piers will be convinced, as I am, that the Mussulmans knew the divine secret of the Rock. If they did not know it, why should they have chosen from all the suras of the Korân the verses which deny the divinity of Christ and circle his tomb with a crown of blasphemy?

"Say: Glory to God who has neither son nor companion in power, and who has no need of help to proclaim his greatness!

"Oh you who have received the scriptures! go not beyond the just measure in your religion and say not of God the thing that is not true.

"Jesus the Messiah is only the Son of Mary, the messenger of God; His word which He entrusted to Mary.

"Believe then in God and in His Messenger, and say not that there is a Trinity. God is one. How should He have a son? He is perfectly sufficient unto Himself.

"Jesus said: 'Peace be upon me in the day of my birth, of my death, and of my resurrection.' It is Jesus, the Son of Mary, whom they doubt. God is incapable of having a son. It is unworthy of Him. God is my Lord and yours; adore Him. That is the way of right."

If the Dome of the Rock had been built by the Mussulmans and dedicated to Allah, why these carefully chosen texts aimed against the mystery of the Incarnation, and of the Trinity, and proclaiming the humanity of Jesus?

An archæological article is hardly the place in which to put forth one's religious and æsthetic feelings by way of proof, but I shall never forget the thrill with which I descended the eleven steps

leading into the crypt. Convinced of the site, equally convinced of the date of the building, I had nothing more to do than to verify the statement of Arculfus. As it happened, the crypt just held nine persons standing upright. As to the rest, Catterwood has taken the measurement of the cave, and found that it exactly accords with that given by the pilgrim in 695. In the middle, under a surface of two yards, the rock sounds hollow under the foot. The rabbis say it is the well of purification for the sacrifices; the imams say it is the well of souls; for me it is the crypt where the martyr Antonius heard the flowing of the water. As I was accompanied by Mussulmans, I could not attempt to prove whether an object thrown through the opening would be found a few minutes afterwards in the piscina of Siloam, the water of which, at the present day, is lost in the valley of Jehosaphat, the lower basin being completely dry.

The reader who has been good enough to follow me so far, will now see that all the historical details given by the texts cited, from those of the Gospels and of Eusebius to those of the pilgrims, agree in every particular, and proclaim that the Dome of the Rock is no other than the Anastasis of Constantine, and contains the true Holy Sepulchre hewn out of the living rock.

As a rule the discussion on the authenticity of the Holy Places is limited to the question of the areas. Josephus distinguishes three. The second, the one contemporary with Jesus, runs from the gate of Genath, or the gardens, towards the south, then turns to the east, ending in the Tower of Antonia at the north-east angle of the Temple. Thus one part of Mount Moriah remains outside the rampart. Beyond stretch the great cemetery of the Jews, the place of execution, bare spaces and gardens. Jesus was crucified between the second area and the conventional line which was followed twelve years after by the wall of Agrippa; that is to say, five hundred yards from the Tower of Antonia, not far from the Golden Door enclosed by the modern area.

Danville has drawn in this area a considerably receding angle, in order to place the existing Holy Places outside the walls. The removal of the Holy Sepulchre involves that of the Via Dolorosa. It is agreed that the Pretorium of Pilate stood on the site now occupied by the Turkish barracks, and that, for Jesus to be led to Golgotha at the present day, he would have to cross Jerusalem from east to west. Now the sacred text is precise upon this point: "And when they led him away they laid hold of one Simon of Cyrene, coming from the country, and laid on him the cross . . ."

In modern Jerusalem Jesus, in coming out of the Pretorium, would have taken St. Stephen's gate, which dates from the time of Solyman. We know that the east gate is altogether recent, and we must suppose that the Hittat gate opened directly on the space

beyond the walls, and not upon the Haram. The true Way of the Cross leads away from the present Holy Sepulchre straight to the Dome of the Rock.

The reader may ask how it was that nobody before Fergusson ever dreamed of identifying the Holy Sepulchre with the Mosque of Omar? Chateaubriand has answered him. "As for the interior of this mosque, I have never seen it. I was certainly tempted to risk everything in order to satisfy my love of art, but I was held back by my fear of disturbing the faith of the Christians at Jerusalem."

Half a century later, negroes with drawn swords still guarded the gates of the Haram. Michelet, the immortal historian of the Crusades, says: "Everybody knows that it is impossible for the Christian traveller to penetrate the interior of this monument. It is a question of either death or apostasy; I have only seen the outside of it. I have often contemplated for whole hours this Mosque of Omar, the most beautiful monument in Jerusalem."

According to Munk, doubts as to the authenticity of the Holy Places appeared as early as the fourteenth century. Quaresimus regards as a heretic everybody who criticises the assertions of the clergy. In the last century Korte, a German bookseller in Altona, denied the authenticity of the Holy Sepulchre, and was followed by several savants, but they all came to the same conclusion as Robinson in his *Biblical Researches*, that a solution of the mystery was impossible.

Then came the immortal James Fergusson, and proved that the Holy Sepulchre did not stand to the west, in the middle of Jerusalem, but under the Dome of the Rock within the circuit of the Haram-Scheriff; and at the same time he demonstrated the true line of the second area, the removal of the Holy Places, and the Byzantine character of the supposed Mosque of Omar. His book, as I said before, wounded certain susceptibilities, and as it happened to first see the light during the revolution of 1848, these remarkable discoveries attracted but little attention. Victor Langlois published a pamphlet forty years after Fergusson, and was the third to repeat the same truth with considerable verifications and a whole bundle of proofs. Only two objections have been made to my view, one by a great rabbi. He tries to make out that, according to Jewish tradition, Jacob's Stone had always been enclosed in the Temple. To this, I reply that Joseph's Stone, the Sakhra, is to be found in El-Aksa, built by Meleck, which stands on the site of Solomon's Temple and the Temple of Herod. I have already explained how the tradition relating to the Sakhra came to be referred to the crypt of the Anastasis. Moreover, the Sakhra is not mentioned in the Bible, and only appears in the Talmud, that is to say, at the time of Con-

stantine, when the friction between Jews and Christians gave rise to innumerable falsehoods.

The other objection was put forth in the *Journal des Débats*, which asks: How can you expect to find the Holy Sepulchre on Mount Moriah, seeing that Golgotha was outside the city wall while the Sakhra was swallowed up in the ruins of the Temple? This is the same confusion, a tangling together of three traditions—Jewish, Mohammedan, and Christian; and we cannot be surprised that the legends of a religion should be thus confounded if the monuments themselves, without changing their aspect, are taken for Arabian, when they are really Christian.

It is worth while remarking that Mosaism presents a basis of tradition common to Christians and Mussulmans. Mohammed appropriated as much of the Old Testament as he pleased; calling the Israelitish era early Islamism. According to the legend, Mount Moriah saw the sacrifice of Abraham and the burial of Adam; it was there that Jeremiah hid the ark; even the Kaaba is to leave Mecca and be transported towards the Sakhra at the Last Judgment, and the assistant judge of the Prophet is to be Jesus (Sidi Aiça).

The rights of the Islamites to trace their descent from Abraham are indisputable, but the Prophet lied, with a serenity truly Oriental. According to him, Abraham found the Aksa forty years after the Kaaba. Catherwood and Barclay, and finally M. de Voquë have explored the vast underground spaces beneath the Temple. The Romans found the piscina of Siloam encumbered with corpses brought down by the course of the stream; they ransacked the crypt and found it full of dead and dying. These Judaic catacombs determine the site of the Temple irrefutably.

Here we have a double sacerdotal subterfuge. The Sakhra of the Jews was abandoned by Moez, who preferred to exhibit it under the so-called Dome of Omar. The Holy Sepulchre of the Christians became a mosque; the clergy transported the tradition to where they could build new Holy Places. All the nations came with their chariots of war—Egyptians, Persians, Assyrians, exhausted themselves in efforts to destroy the Holy City. Under Titus, Paganism buried everything it could lay its hands on. Under Hadrian, it profaned and levelled everything to the ground, till another Emperor came who lifted up Jerusalem from her ruins. Constantine caused a New Jerusalem to rise up out of the earth. In vain the Persian hordes hurled themselves on the City of Solomon; in vain Mohammed rose up, and a new and formidable religion came to contend with Christ for the soul of the East; the Western peoples crossed the seas, driven by the irresistible impulse of their faith; and the world beheld the finest spectacle in modern history—a Latin kingdom in Jerusalem.

[o century passed without some victory of the Cross over the Cres-ent; and that victory still endures.

Four formidable forms of fanaticism are fighting for possession of he Holy Land. The Jew goes there to weep over the wall of the Temple; the Mussulman reveres the Anastasis as the holiest place in he world after Mecca and Medina; the Catholic worships as he has vorshipped for a thousand years; and the Schismatic, by dint of old and audacity, hunts the Christian from Bethlehem and from erusalem. These four antagonists claim the same origins, are aithful to the same memories, believe the same traditions. Koran ınd Gospel alike are full of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of [acob. This fourfold claim to the same rights engenders blind bad aith, to be found even in the criticism of monuments and texts. Strange to say it is the English Protestants who have produced the best examples of impartial research. Without making any prior claim to the possession of the sanctuaries, they have, in the most lisinterested manner possible, held up the torch of science amid the clash of creeds.

Those who can only see the land of Jesus Christ through the four Gospels, must wonder why it pleased the Lord to leave His tomb in the hands of infidels. But those who have made the pilgrimage will reply that the abomination of desolation is supreme in Palestine. Around the Holy Manger, as around the Sepulchre, greed and brutality, theft and even murder, soil the most august of places.

It is possible that Jesus may have preferred to the sellers in the Temple, and the bloody fanatics, the noble silence of the Dome of the Rock. One day blood will flow afresh over this great theatre of religious destiny; will flow hotter and redder than it flowed under the lance of the legions and the sword of Tancred, if any Christian communion ever has faith enough to shake the equilibrium of Europe with the violence of a supreme Crusade. Otherwise, by dint of gold and intrigue, Russia will become the mistress of the Holy Places.

The future is God's secret, but truth is man's duty. For that reason, having discovered the Holy Sepulchre, I say to all my brother Christians, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

PELADAN.

THE CRISIS IN THE BOOK MARKET.

It is no exaggeration to call the present condition of the book publishing business critical and the cause of grave disquiet to all who take a sincere interest in the well-being of English letters. Providers of cheap magazines and of penny periodicals are for the most part thriving, but their ardent endeavours have no connection with literature or with our present purpose. The publishers of high-class books, including, of course, many houses that issue admirable magazines, bitterly complain that times were never so bad as they are now; yester-year was evil, this is worse; books are a drug in the market and the book-buyer's purse is tight shut. There is no doubt that these complaints are only too well-founded. What are the causes of this disastrous state of affairs and what will be the outcome of it?

Many truths are so elementary that they are usually forgotten. Four parties are concerned in the production and selling of books --the buyers, the sellers, who act as intermediaries between them and the publishers, and the harmless, necessary authors. The time may come, and soon, if payment on delivery be adopted by the Post Office, when the public will deal directly with the publisher or with large general stores, where there are book departments; but at present the booksellers have their uses and publishers are largely dependent upon their intelligence and enterprise for the sale of their products. We cannot here discuss in detail the rights and wrongs of the bookseller, whether he be as a rule a man of wisdom or the opposite, and whether he of to-day compares favourably with him of yesterday. It may be noted, however, that many and many a bookseller who a few years since made a fair living out of books alone, now depends for his subsistence upon stationery, fancy goods and picture post-cards. Many publishers can find no words but those of abuse for the bookseller, accusing him of stupidity, cupidity, ignorance and lack of energy; the bookseller has been known to retort in kind. But two facts there are; it was a disastrous day when the custom was adopted of taking threepence in the shilling off the retail price of books, and healthy trade can result only if publishers and booksellers act in accord for the benefit of themselves and of their customers. Study your customers is an admirable motto for all those whose welfare depends upon public patronage.

It is strange how often we are oblivious of the obvious. In bookselling, wholesale and retail, as in every other branch of com-

merce, the law of supply and demand works inexorably; the purchaser will buy only that which he desires to possess, as much of it as he considers necessary, and to the extent that his purse permits. Publishers exist to supply—not to create—the demand for books; they are made for and by their customers. The aforementioned law publishers have outraged and they are now paying the penalty. If more books are supplied than are called for and of a quality and character for which the book-reading public have no appetite, disaster must inevitably be the result. The matter is simple A B C; six books are needed, a dozen are supplied; one of two things must happen: either patronage is spread thin over the whole twelve, or six are bought and six are unsold. It is precisely the same as if twelve men struggled to subsist where there is food sufficient only for six; either all of them will eke out a wretched existence, or, what is more likely, the six sturdiest will shoulder away the others into starvation and will themselves wax fat. The fact is that we are not only offered the twelve books where we call for but half that number, but matters are made worse by there being too many publishers; over-production gluts the market and competition is too fierce.

Though our population increases with reasonable rapidity and year by year a larger percentage of the populace can read, the increase in culture, and therefore in the demand for sound literature, does not grow with equal celerity. To teach an otherwise ignorant man to read does not convert him into a lover of books; the hunger of the multitude is appeased by the daily newspapers and by a host of cheap journals. On the other hand, the output of books has increased greatly during recent years, the result being over-production. Turn from the publisher to the bookseller and book-buyer. The former is unable to handle the vast number of volumes which are showered upon him, and too often knows too little of their contents to be able to select with discretion. In the majority of cases he is content to pile his counters and his shelves with promiscuous wares and to supply customers with what they ask for; advice he cannot give for lack of the knowledge upon which to found it. Even where the head of the establishment is master of his trade he finds it very difficult to obtain efficient assistants. All this were bad enough if the supply of books were at all evenly distributed over the year. Not so long ago a publisher would look upon the spring season as being as important as the autumn; times have changed and opinions with them, a great majority of important books being issued during the last three months of the year, the spring season showing growing signs of decay. Many a reader who would buy two books a year at suitable intervals hesitates to purchase two at once; to demand a

pound of a man to-day is a very different affair to asking of him ten shillings now and ten more six months hence. It has apparently grown to be a firm belief of the publishers that little reading, if any, is done except during the mid-winter months, which we hold to be a mistaken belief; fiction and light literature appeal to the general public and sound fare to lettered readers all the year round, there being a slight decrease in the demand for good literature during July and August; a fine book is as welcome in June as in January. The outcome of this policy is that too large a demand is made upon the book-buyer's pockets during certain months of the year and that booksellers' shelves are overburdened. Further than this, the sale of good literature depends to a great extent upon reviews in those journals to which book-lovers look for sound criticism. It is obviously impossible when books are poured forth recklessly for such papers to find space for notices of more than a very small proportion of the good books published. Injustice is done to the reading public, who should be kept well informed of good works; neglect comes to many a worthy work, and—the publishers grumble about hard times. To sum up, not only are too many works published, but, to make bad worse, the publication of this "too many" is squeezed into a too vigorous autumn and a too slack spring season. Publishers would do well to study political economy.

Competition among the publishers is too keen. There are too many publishing houses, so that not only is the market overstocked with books, but the books themselves are often of poor quality, there not being sufficient authors of merit to "go round." There are stated to be eighty publishers now whereas a few years ago there were but twenty! Is there a proportionate increase in competent writers? Or do those who write well write too much? For a time this condition of things may prove profitable to the authors, who now demand of the publishers prices that are sometimes almost prohibitive. The literary agent is a factor here, a not entirely beneficent influence. A history of publishing would show that on the whole authors have not been hardly dealt with, and woe betide our writers if they slay the golden goose by playing the game of "heads I win, tails you lose." Another evil brought about by over-keen competition is that an author will drift from publisher to publisher, ever hungry after the highest price, losing sight of the fact that it is unwise to diffuse his strength, and that the day may come when it will be advisable and profitable to issue a collected edition, which can only be accomplished with difficulty, if at all, when the writer's works are in many hands.

There are other points to be considered in this connection; a concrete example will be useful. The Russo-Japanese war

created a demand for information concerning the Far East, which the least astute publisher could not but foresee. The average reader might be expected to buy one book upon Japan or to borrow several from the library. Such a demand would be quickly satisfied, more especially as magazines and newspapers were replete with articles dealing with the subject. The demand has been supplied over and over again; the presses have poured forth volumes upon Japanese and Russian affairs, new and old, good and bad; result—overstocked booksellers' shelves, and, in the near future, a plentiful harvest of cheap "remainders." A further result should be noted; there are only a few writers competent to produce really valuable work concerning the East, but every globe-trotter has been pressed into the service and the few good books published have been drowned in an ocean of rubbish. So it is on every like occasion.

Take another point. Some ten or fifteen years since one or two autobiographies of a light and anecdotal character proved highly popular; said the publishers, "The public demand this sort of thing; let us seek out and publish the autobiographies of everybody who is not actually a nobody." This was and still is being done, the public are growing restive, and to a great extent content themselves with reading the sheaf of good stories given in the columns of the reviews, avoiding the books themselves, knowing that journalist Jack Horners have extracted the anecdotal plums from the heavy dough. Again, a clever publisher hits upon a fairly fresh form of book which he believes will catch the public fancy; he takes the risk of backing his opinion, and if he prove correct, he does not reap the harvest he has sown, for his rivals rush in with similar publications, the demand is stifled by over-supply, and none benefit where one had a right to look for well-earned profits.

When publishers fall out the public sometimes secures a benefit, as in the case of the numberless series of excellent "reprints"; never was the poor book-buyer so well off or so fastidious, asking more than his money's worth, having been taught to do so by competing publishers. Where yesterday a certain style of volume was thought marvellously cheap, as it was, at a shilling, we now look askance at it when asked for sixpence, murmuring, "fourpence halfpenny." So ridiculous is this cut-throat competition that there are some series now upon the market out of which the publishers can make little, if any, profit, no matter how large the sale may be. Go into any large bookseller's and look around the shelves; no doubt can remain that cheap and beautiful reprints are very pleasant for the purchasers, but cannot be a source of wealth to the publishers.

The matter may be restated thus : a certain number of persons can afford and are willing to purchase a number of books sufficient to provide profit to a certain number of publishers; more books are offered for sale than will be bought, and there are more salesmen than can possibly, even were their output fitted to the demand, make a good living. The only persons who are benefiting now are the authors, and they must suffer when the time of reaction and retrenchment comes, as come it must.

When a market is overstocked merchants pursue two courses in order to secure trade; they endeavour to out-shout their rivals in the effort to attract customers and they strive to undersell one another. Neither course is dignified, nor in the upshot profitable. The book publisher shouts through the editorial and the advertising columns of the newspapers and the magazines. If a man has goods for sale he must announce the fact to the public, but he need not yell or blow his own trumpet. Such methods may attract in the cases of the first few who indulge in such unmannerly clamour, but when many are shouting at the top of their voices babel is the only result. So is it with the advertising of books; in this country the advertiser too often thinks it sufficient to cry aloud that he sells the very best goods at most reasonable if not ridiculously low prices; the cry has ceased to attract, reiteration has dulled its charm. Between impudence and old-fashioned dignity in advertising there is a happy mean. Americans are adepts in the art of advertising, and are gradually learning that loud and indiscriminate shouting is unprofitable and expensive. The whole theory of advertising books, or anything else, is this : a commodity is for sale, there are certain persons who desire to purchase it, who should be informed that the thing they desire is obtainable, that it is of good quality and of reasonable price; that is all. The difficulty is to make sure of your announcement being read and that by the right people. In order to attain this result advertisements must be suitably worded, well designed, and "placed" rightly. Continued exaggeration and over-emphasis are precisely the same as crying "wolf" where no wolf is. When by chance the plain truth is told it is not credited. Many a publisher in this country neither words his announcements effectively nor places them in the most suitable mediums. Some are content with making a bald statement of fact, others indulge in vivacious but unconvincing fictions; and the public have come to believe that in advertisements is no truth to be found—a result brought about by the foolish "booming" and "puffing" of second-rate books and incompetent writers. The result of it all is disastrous; every day vociferation grows louder and louder, the shout of yesterday is the whisper of to-morrow;

the public are deafened, stunned, incredulous; the still small voice of literature is drowned in the bellowing of the book-maker. But while over-competition and over-production last this over-loud advertising is likely to continue. The time will come, however, when publishers, taught by expensive experience, will neither shout nor whisper, but will send out clear and sane announcements of new books and new editions, informing the public fully of what is offered them, eschewing all exaggeration, and trusting to truth. Most of the present advertising, ill-compiled and ill-aimed, is very expensive and unprofitable. A good lesson that the English might learn from the American advertiser is to place advertisements in the right quarters, so obtaining the best results at the minimum expenditure. One example will suffice; literary students and book-lovers, in nine cases out of ten, read one or more of the four or five journals which have established reputation for sound and scholarly criticism. An announcement in sufficient detail of a high-class work in the advertising columns of these papers will reach the vast majority of the public by whom such books are bought. That course is pursued by the American publisher, but the English is not so wise, paying heavily to announce his wares in all sorts and conditions of papers, adding thereby greatly to his expenditure and little to his profits, if anything. Advertising is an art, not a gamble. Fiction and other light wares may be announced almost broadcast, *if* they are good, for in very few cases does even persistent and extensive advertising make a pecuniary success out of a worthless book, though there are unfortunately exceptions to this rule. Well-judged advertising is profitable; ill-judged mere waste of money.

Genius to-day blooms unceasingly! So we are told by enthusiastic reviewers and in publishers' advertisements. A short-lived vogue is often won for writers who own no real claim to distinction, and the public is bewildered by the galaxy of new light ever bursting forth. Quackery serves to throw discredit on regular practitioners. Such triumphs are brief and each author quickly finds his level. But the book-buyer is scared by these loud trumpetings, by persistent "boomings," until to many a popular work has become anathema and true merit is often unrecognised. This banging of drums has done evil to the publishing business; a publisher's puff must now be very strong meat if it is to tickle the jaded palate of the public.

Such are some of the causes of the present crisis in the publishing world, but we are told by those directly interested that there are other more immediate and more important. It is freely alleged that not only are booksellers incompetent, but that the public is indifferent, less eager to buy books than it was wont to

be. The truth of this latter statement is more than open to question; the fact is, as already pointed out, that the public is healthily hungry but not insatiable, unable to swallow or digest the huge meal that is set before it, its book-money divided among too many providers of printed pages. Doubtless the competition of newspapers and of cheap and too often shoddy magazines extracts many pence from pockets that might otherwise afford more shillings for bound volumes; but this mass of penny-a-line literature appeals to those who, while able to read, are of limited understanding and uncultured desires, those who seldom if ever hunger after books. There are also temporary disturbances. It is a well-known fact that in hard times the first luxury upon which expenditure is curtailed is the purchase of books. But are times hard now? Has money really been "tight" among the well-to-do since the war time, as is so generally alleged? In war time the columns of the newspapers are more eagerly and fully read than is usual, the result being less leisure and inclination for the quieter excitements of literature. A political commotion, such as a general election, which occupies and holds public attention, also acts detrimentally upon the book market. But at present there are no such evils, and even were there, they are not wholly hurtful, as they produce a call for war and political literature. Nor are they lasting.

Taking all things into consideration, it must be stated that the bad condition of the book market can be made good only by efforts on the part of the publishers, and if these efforts are not made the law of the survival of the fittest must take its course. At best it is to be feared that there are worse times in store before good succeed and that many of the weaker brethren will go to the wall. There are too many publishers, unless—which is not possible—the reading public can be suddenly and vastly increased in number and the supply of competent writers largely added to. The books born into the world are too many; patronage sufficient to sustain profitably a lesser fails to support a greater number. Publishers can be divided into two classes: those who flood the market with cheap trash, who, alas, flourish and will flourish, and those who do their duty toward literature, producing good books and finding it difficult to earn profits, because there is only a limited number of such works to be found, and too many publishers clamorous to handle them. The literary "output" must be curtailed to meet and no more than satisfy the demand, a higher degree of excellence so being maintained and neither purchasers nor sellers of books being overwhelmed by the mountains of volumes set before them. Publishers must bestir themselves, the stable houses holding their own by vigour and discre-

tion. Those that survive the struggle will probably be those which have on their lists the works of standard authors, living and dead, and which deal largely in school and other text-books which are in constant demand. The view here taken, both of the present and of the future, may be considered by some to be too gloomy, but few who are intimately acquainted with the publishing and bookselling world will deny its essential truth, at any rate as regards to-day, even if they may question the views expressed as regards to-morrow. It is unpleasant for any lover of letters to be compelled to realise that the literary future of our country is to a great extent a mere trade question, but the fact is there; the sooner it is faced by all parties concerned the better it will be. The public must learn to be more discriminating in winnowing the chaff from the corn; the bookseller must be equally careful in his selection, and publishers must understand that they live for and by the public. This is the counsel of perfection which we shall never see fully carried out, but some sturdy effort must be made if disaster is to be staved off.

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

TIME'S ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE.

II.

SCENE : *A very large upper room in the Red Dragon Restaurant, prepared as if for a public dinner.* COLONEL BARTRAM *alone, in severe evening dress with a favour. He is looking through the menu with the incomparable austerity of the gourmet.*

THE COLONEL (*ringing a bell*). Waiter!

THE WAITER (*shooting up*). Sir!

THE COLONEL. Will you kindly ask the proprietor to speak to me a moment.

THE WAITER. Proprietor, sir? yessir. (*Vanishes.*)

THE PROPRIETOR (*bland, but alien*). You veesh spik to me, sir.

THE COLONEL. I feel that it is perhaps the wisest course to confide to you my reason for asking for a special room to-night. My position is unofficial, so I must request you to be reticent. Mr. Balfour has asked me to make semi-private arrangements for the Colonial Conference of which you have no doubt heard. As that project is regarded with suspicion by many, even of his own party, he has thought it best that it should be called quietly. Thus we may be able to show the fruit while people are still discussing the possibility of the tree.

THE PROPRIETOR (*beaming but impenetrable*). Oyess!

THE COLONEL. I have therefore arranged that the Imperial Conference should take place here to-night. You will, I am sure, endeavour to do me justice in the matter of the dinner.

THE PROPRIETOR (*starting off*). Dinner sir? yessir.

THE COLONEL. One moment. I feel a further explanation is due to you. Did you ever grasp the objection which we old Tories really had to the Reform Bill? No, you misunderstand me. I do not require the bill at present. I say, did you ever reflect upon the really tenable and intellectual objections to representative Government?

THE PROPRIETOR. So! Oyess!

THE COLONEL. The weak point of representative Government is that it is not representative. A man elected for political reasons may stand for the people, but he does not typify them. A politician elected for Cornwall may be the most political man in Cornwall. But he is not the most Cornish man in Cornwall. He is not elected because he is like the people. He is elected because he is not like the people. He is elected because he is rich, that is,

unlike the people; or because he is clever, that is, unlike the people. You may think I am speaking of the Thanet election; I speak of no such obscene event. I say even where the man has common honesty he is chosen not for the common honesty, but for the uncommon money or brains. You employ an M.P. as you do a ferret—because he is not a man.

THE PROPRIETOR (*with sudden hopefulness*).You keep ferrets, yes?

THE COLONEL. No. But let me apply my principle to this Council of Empire. First of all, I am sorry to say, it rules out the non-European races. India cannot be represented, great and intellectual as she is, not because she ought not to be represented, but because talkative delegates would not represent her. Obviously the very fact that a man was the most Parliamentary Indian would prove that he was the most non-Indian Indian.

THE PROPRIETOR. Indian, Indian—yess, yess—ver good.

THE COLONEL. If, then, you agree that there remains for us the white races in the Empire, how shall they be represented? Not, on our principle, by mere maps, by Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and the rest. That, we have agreed, results in false representation—in abnormal, not normal types. We must seek the typical figures, and choose them autocratically. Now there are three great white elements in the Empire--three civilisations. First we have the old society of England, aristocratic, fond of liberty and comfort, kindly but not logical in government, brave but not scientific in war. The English Parliament is that, the Army is that, the Navy is that, the Crown Colonies are governed by that, the Pro-consuls and Administrators are made out of that. India is made out of that. Second, we have the Colonial Civilisation, crude, clever, undistinguished, but very democratic; with wealth, bustle, and hope, but without art, literature, great religion, or any tradition of arms. Third, we have, alas, the element in us that the Empires of the Continent have, the element of all Christian nationality, unreconciled and unabsorbed. It is the dagger in our side, and its name is Ireland.

THE PROPRIETOR. Yess! Ireland! Ver pretty place. My oncle haf been.

THE COLONEL. I say its name is Ireland, though that does not include the whole of it. Scotland is in the same position in so far as this, that in differing from England it does not resemble the Colonies, and does resemble the Continent. Just as the Irish have a religion understood in France or Germany, so Scotland has, for instance, a University system understood in France and Germany. Briefly, then, here are our three strands in the Imperial texture. England, which is national and aristocratic. The Colo-

nies, which are copies of England, but are not aristocratic. The sister nations, Ireland and Scotland, which are national, but not copies of England. Now I have chosen the committee on the psychological principle of representation. As I think they are now arriving, you will pardon any over-businesslike brevity you may have observed in my remarks. The Nationalist element I dealt with easily. The general difficulty of representation does not exist in Ireland, for the Irish are very political, and their politicians are thus akin to them. You cannot, as I have said, get a real representative of India on a British Committee. He might be a naked saint who had sworn only to look at his toes. You cannot get one for the Soudan. He might be a wild-eyed warrior who had cut off a hundred heads. But the Irish are fond of that institution which is at once gregarious and pugnacious—a Parliament. I have therefore chosen an eminent politician. And here he comes.

Enter MR. PATRICK DESMOND, *very grave, in evening dress with a green favour, his red hair brushed erect.*

MR. DESMOND. The other Councillors have not arrived?

THE COLONEL (*bowing*). No. I was just explaining the system to our host, who takes an almost morbidly keen interest in such matters. As I say, the Irish type has offered no difficulties : here he is. But with the Colonial type I have proceeded in a manner which will move your surprise and even possibly your indignation. My difficulty is this. Firmly as I believe in the future of our Colonies, I am compelled to admit that, though there is a spirit pervasive and typical of them, it has not reached its flower in any exalted and picturesque personalities or schools. We feel the flavour. It is a spirit that can believe in culture but only believe in it in an uncultured way : it can be idealistic, but it cannot cease to be commonplace. Now this soul has reached its greatness, not in our present Colonies, but in the Colony that broke loose from us—America. The spirit is in everything American, from Mark Twain, so slangy and twangy, and yet so Puritan, to that great man, Walt Whitman, that great man who was so poetical that he was prosaic. It is evident that our Colonial literature has not this primary Colonial smack; it is mere secondary English literature. You would agree, Monsieur le propriétaire, that "Leaves of Grass," good or bad, smells of a new civilsation. You would not say that of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab."

THE PROPRIETOR (*galvanised suddenly*). You vant a hansom cab—Yess? (*Starting off.*)

THE COLONEL. Stop a moment! For these reasons, then, and

with a full sense of the apparent strangeness of my action, I have selected an eminent American. In the light of Psychological Representation he appears to me to express all that is best in the new and raw commonwealths. He has the great note of them, the love of literature divorced from the love of learning. He has their political note—a general democratic sentiment marred by an oligarchical exaltation of the working class. He has their virtue, a simple vanity: he has their superstition, progress. His transparent conviction, his sincere sensibility——but here comes the great man.

Enter DR. PAUL, *sharply contrasted with the others through his retention of the light clothes and the red tie, which are, however, a little self-consciously untidy.*

MR. DESMOND. Dr. Paul, you have interrupted Colonel Bartram in a eulogy on yourself.

THE COLONEL. Never mind that—never mind that now. Let's sit down and start the Colonial Conference with a good dinner. The *menu* again, please.

THE PROPRIETOR (*bewildered*). I not understand. The Colonial Conference? Is it this?

THE COLONEL. Well, what more do you want? You and I have agreed, after a rather animated debate, that the Conference should represent (or typify, as you properly correct me) the three Imperial strains—the old England, the new peoples, and the Irish. Here are the new peoples—Dr. Paul. Here are the Irish—Mr. Desmond. Here is the unworthy type of old England—who is at any rate old—myself.

THE PROPRIETOR (*vaguely*). But this—it is all, no?—This is all the Colonial Conference?

THE COLONEL (*with a venerable mildness*). Well, it's all there's ever likely to be.

[*Solvuntur risu tabulæ. Exit the Proprietor, dazed.*

MR. DESMOND. What on earth did you mean, Colonel, by wanting us to dress, and by all this bosh about a Council on Preferences within the Empire?

THE COLONEL (*after a short pause*). Well, the truth is, Desmond, our host here, who is a capital fellow in an ordinary way, has not been treating us quite properly in the matter of fried potatoes. I have noticed several little negligences of late in that and other respects, and I thought it might be worth while to get a private room and—impress him with our importance. So I thought we might as well fix on this room once and for all, and always meet here, and—discuss the Empire from time to time.

MR. DESMOND. Discuss the Empire from time to time! Actually, in cold blood, discuss the Empire!

THE COLONEL. Well, as Balfour really has suggested a Colonial Conference, and as I really do admire him and his policy——

MR. DESMOND. Therefore you will, I hope, follow the inner sentiments of him and his policy, and wish Chamberlain and his Empire at the bottom of the sea. I don't say, of course, that Balfour is a Little Englander, whatever that is. He is in doubt, like all the grey-haired men of his generation. Chamberlain has no doubts simply because he has read no history.

DR. PAUL. The one really good thing about Chamberlain is the fact that he has read no history. I detest history, as I detest geography. The country across the river is always fairyland until some fool goes and calls it Surrey. The next political change is always the New Jerusalem until some fool finds out that the same thing happened in early Assyria. I say to you, walk down Fleet Street as if you were the first that ever burst into that primeval forest. I say to you——

MR. DESMOND. Whitman! Whitman! No poetry here.

DR. PAUL. Whitman is not poetry. Whitman was too great a man to be a poet.

THE COLONEL. Your discussion of the Imperial Council seems very close and exact. Still, I think some even more prosaic detail——

MR. DESMOND. But I say, you don't really mean us to discuss Protection and Preference and all that? It seems carrying a joke too far, almost into bad taste.

THE COLONEL. Do you take no interest in the life or death of a great commerce?

MR. DESMOND. Besides, what is there to discuss? There's nothing new in Chamberlain's speech. I suppose he's right enough to go on blandly boring in that way. The great difference between politics and literature is, after all, this: that in literature a thing exists when it has been said once; while in politics a thing only begins to exist when it has been said ninety-nine times. But surely politicians need not be taken in by politics?

THE COLONEL. To a certain extent I agree. I am and have always been a Protectionist; nor have I ever been able to understand the sanctity attached to Free Trade. It seems to me clear that a nation has at least as much right to defend its national existence by tariffs as it has to defend its national existence by arms. Surely it is absurd to say that we have no right to search a German's hand-bag to protect ourselves, but have a right to blow his legs off for the same object! I think Chamberlain, therefore, entirely right. But I cannot tolerate the *entourage* in which

Chamberlain has involved himself. In my day, we Protectionists were a minority, but we were a minority so English that it was almost as symbolic as a majority. We may have been negligible : we were not contemptible. But look at the men that Chamberlain has to encourage! I'm not talking of the member for Thanet or any glaring cases. But look at Pearson! Look at that Harris man who got in for Dulwich! I do not know what party this is : it is not the Conservative Party that Lowther and I joined.

MR. DESMOND. To join that Conservative Party you will have to join Lowther.

THE COLONEL. Sometimes I feel like it.

DR. PAUL. It strikes me that the discussion of Chamberlain's perfect Empire doesn't agree with you. I suggest we drop it. What about the war?

THE COLONEL. Oh, I don't know anything about war. Journalists and money-lenders and damned chemical experts know all about it now. As for us——

MR. DESMOND. Ah! that's the tone I like to hear. Do you know, Paul, why it is that we Irish, in spite of the fact that we are, in the main, Radicals, and that the Radicals are, in the main, on our side, perpetually break out and run amuck at Radicals and into the arms of Conservatives?

DR. PAUL. To speak with a limpid sincerity, my dear Desmond, I believe you do it after a fairly sagacious calculation of what you can get.

MR. DESMOND. A total error. One of the thousand-and-one errors of political materialism—possibly the most feeble and fallacious of all political philosophies. Don't you see, my dear fellow, that it is, on the face of it, very unlikely that people will calculate their material interests in everything? Don't you see that it's much more likely that they will be sentimental and theoretic? To calculate one's material interest accurately is, to begin with, a horrible nuisance and very hard work. Sentiment lies ready-made to your hand—it comes to you without effort. To calculate what a people gains through slavery would be hard for anyone but an economist. But a disgust at negroes might be felt by anybody. To calculate what a people loses by slavery is work for an economist. But a pity for slaves might be felt by anybody. Doctor, dismiss all that cynical delusion. Men are not purely selfish—pure selfishness is a great deal too much trouble.

DR. PAUL. I thought we were talking of Ireland and the Tories.

MR. DESMOND. So we are. What I mean is this : that you make a ruinous and radical mistake if you suppose that the frequent recoil of Irish politicians towards the Tory Party is a mere matter of bargain and self-interest. It arises from a deep psych-

ological affinity between some elements in the Irish Nationalist and some elements in the English Tory. As I say, on most essentials we are Liberals: but English Liberalism leaves our souls starving for all that. There are three things we respect and the English Liberals loathe, and they are war, whisky, and Catholicism. Especially war. That is what I meant when I said that it did me good to hear the Colonel breaking out from the military point of view. We hate the British Empire, but not because it rests on arms—it doesn't. The heroes whom our ballads praise are not Hague pacificators or pro-Boers, but the fierce men who vexed the Empire with arms—Akbar Khan, Arabi, De Wet—men who were brave with the only complete bravery, the bravery of the beaten. When we do not fight against you as rebels, it is only because we are fighting for you as soldiers. What we detest is not the British Army, or even the South African war. What we detest—what we despise—is the Pax Britannica.

Dr. Paul. Desmond, I sometimes think you are mad. War seems to me successful assault—crime on a large scale, and nothing else. Still, I can faintly enter into the confused feelings of the people who believe themselves to be waging a serious and necessary and justified war——

Mr. Desmond. The devil fly away with all serious and justified war! War is a game between equals, not a school-whipping and moralising. Do you know the one thing I really detest about your Transvaal war? Not the slaughter, not the invasion, not the misery. No, the justification—the infernal, cowardly morality of its use and necessity. Let war be war—a tournament. To kill a man for fun or glory is the accident of a gentleman. But to kill a man for his own good is the act of a lying cad. A fight is like a faith, my boys, it's all the better if there is no reason for it. It's art for art's sake. No, no, give me Donnybrook. Give me the war where you break heads with shillelaghs—not the war where you break hearts with sophistry and mental slavery, and a heartless pessimism and a more heartless optimism. Hooroo!

Dr. Paul. Desmond, you affect me as ghastly.

The Colonel. You affect me as preposterous. I don't agree with Paul, who thinks that all fighting is wrong. I think war is a painful and practical matter. I would go to war, but only for very big, solid, and (as you would probably say) sordid interests. I think we make far too much fuss about prestige. I've seen too much war to want to wake such a hell for mere sentiment. I would fight just as I would steal, for physical necessity. I don't know whether you fellows have any notion of what these modern wars really mean, of how frightful and how prosaic they are, of how the mixture in them of physical science and physical misery

banishes the chivalrous and poetic sense. Look here, for instance (*picks up a newspaper*)——Hullo! Great God!

[*Remains with fixed eyeglass, rigid.*]

Dr. Paul. What on earth is the matter?

The Colonel. The infernal dogs! The damned——

Mr. Desmond (*springing*). What do you mean? (*Looks over his shoulder.*) "Outrage by Russians on the Dogger Bank. British fishing-smack sunk!" Why, great God, Bartram, it's war! This is horrible!

The Colonel. Why I thought, Desmond, that war was a delightful game at Donnybrook——

Mr. Desmond. Don't play the fool. This is serious. I suppose we can avoid war, but——

Dr. Paul. It looks frightfully bad. If they deliberately fired on an English boat, how can we——

The Colonel. I thought, Doctor, that war was a crime everywhere and always?

Dr. Paul (*furiously*). Oh, this is serious, my man.

The Colonel. Yes, and that is more, I think, than your theories were. That war is always jolly is a nice little theory. That war is always wicked is a nice little theory. But when men come face to face with war they are a little more ready for war—and a little less fond of it.

Dr. Paul. And you, Colonel? Would your theory hold? Would you only fight for a boatful of millionaires?

The Colonel. You're right. No. I would fight for the honour of England.

Dr. Paul. What is the definition of honour, I wonder?

Mr. Desmond (*stamping*). Oh, what is the definition of life?

G. K. Chesterton.

THE SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY: SOME BOOKS OF 1904.

ONCE again, for the sixth year, I have turned the few thousand pages of the half-hundred of sporting books produced during an active twelvemonth of publishing. In number and importance they touch the average of the crops reviewed in five previous December issues of this Review. Possibly, there is none which can be described as monumental, but, then, elaborate sporting books are few and far between. If the title can in justice be applied to any, it is to Mr. Theodore Cook's recently completed history of the Turf, which was, however, noticed in its penultimate stage in last year's forerunner of this article. Yet there are landmarks among the rest. The recent death of an octogenarian Master of Hounds has invested with a mournful interest the two volumes of varied reminiscence, which he just lived to see appreciated by the subjects of the fifth British sovereign under whom he had lived. The unlooked-for success of Mr. Warner's team on the other side of the world made the cricketers of two hemispheres eager for the inner history of the tour, which the captain has embodied in a neat volume of narrative and criticism. The completion of Mr. Grimble's sumptuous work on the salmon rivers of these islands is not without interest. A new era in the literary annals of natation is marked by the appearance of a voluminous work on the science and business, as distinguished perhaps from the sport, of swimming (42)—a labour of years which must take very different rank from cheap handbooks written hurriedly to order. As usual, the thirty or forty volumes devoted to the reminiscent and instructive sides of what our humanitarian friends pleasantly call "blood" sports, occupy most of the table. This may be read as shocking evidence of national decadence, but publishers are only human in continuing to print these ledgers of gore, so long as a ferocious generation prefers them to more gentle tracts. It is unusual for a whole year's sporting library to include no single work, not even a single chapter, on Africa. On the other hand, ground which is nearly new is broken in New Zealand and Alaska for the deerstalker, in the Iberian Peninsula for the trout-fisher, and in the remote west of Cornwall for those who care to traffic with seals, badgers, and other uncouth game of the Land's End. The publication in this country of a larger number of American works than usual is welcome, even where the interest is mainly confined to the hunting grounds on the sunset shore of the Atlantic. Even where, as in yachting, the sporting ideals of kinsmen differ little less than irrevocably, it is well that they should know one another. One work, for instance, which gives the

American view of International yachting, as interpreted by a writer of undoubted authority, may inspire good sportsmen on both sides of the "herring pond" with something of regret that the America Cup race should ever have been won, lost, or raced at all; and, after reading the strictures on English challengers and the businesslike view which our neighbours take of what to us is only a pleasant summer pastime, we cannot share the general regret that the latest challenger's negotiations with designers are in danger of falling through. But we would not, on that account, have had this book left unwritten. A very interesting American volume of the year embodies the big game records of the famous Boone and Crockett Club. A third treats minutely of firearms and meagrely of fishing tackle. A fourth, on sporting dogs, is handy for comparison with an English work on the same subject of simultaneous appearance. Other American volumes, which will be found in the list at the end of the article, deal with the difficulties of untaught marksmanship when stalking deer in the timber country, with the psychology of the angler, and with a small but most serviceable firearm, in the use of which the author is acknowledged a *maestro*. The revolver will never be regarded in this country in the same friendly spirit as in America. We have our lawbreakers, it is true; but our sporting opportunities do not include chasing bank-robbers into the "bad country," and there shooting them down like vermin.

If, having pondered on all these volumes, the reviewer were asked to name some feature that distinguished them from their predecessors in former years, he might with good reason name the growing influence of the camera. Mr. Elliott's realistic portraits (40) of shooting men, fishing men, hunting men, golfers, cricketers, dry bobs, and wet bobs, illustrate the photographic "fake" in its highest form, bringing the mechanical adjuncts of the studio to counterfeit the reality of the covertside and river. Mr. Beldam's marvellous pictures (38 and 39) of model stance and swing in golf show what an artist can do with a shutter that gives a thousandth-of-a-second's exposure of the plate. Nor are the sun-pictures less employed in landscape than in portraiture. The peaceful fishing scenes in Mr. Hutchinson's two portly volumes are in striking contrast with the giddy death-traps shown in Mrs. Le Blond's stirring narrative of Alpine climbing; and both strike a different note from the varied souvenirs of homely sport in Mr. Bryden's latest contribution to sporting literature. So pronounced just now is this paramount influence of the snapshot that some, skilled in reading the portents of popular taste, foretell an early impatience of its inexpensive tyranny, a reaction in favour of those stirring efforts of the imagination which the crude veracity of the dark room has ousted from our sporting books. The few exceptions from which the mechanical ingenuity of the lens has been almost entirely excluded include a very fine facsimile reprint (46) of the Haymarket edition of Alken's *National Sports of Great Britain*, with the original coloured plates

and French and English texts. A splendid work, which belongs more properly to the domain of natural history, and in which the brush has almost completely held its own, as indeed it might, handled by such artists as the author, Mr. Archibald Thorburn, and Mr. George Lodge, is the first of three volumes by Mr. J. G. Millais, dealing with British mammals.

If Africa is overlooked, America has more than its share. First, there are Sir Henry Seton-Karr's very interesting and amusing narratives (1) of adventure when stalking bear and buffalo and wapiti, or catching trout, in Wyoming and other districts in the Rockies. The author also has much to say of salmon-fishing at home as well as of elk and reindeer in Norway, and such serious topics as the deterioration of Scotch stagheads also exercise his pen, with the result that he offers sound and practical advice, the outcome of long and wide experience. This book is one of the most readable of the year; and the author's own photographs, excellent in quality, though reproduced a little small for effect, are supplemented by three welcome drawings of moose, wapiti, and buffalo by that admirable artist, Mr. E. Caldwell.

For a similar lack of sporting adventure in British India the short but trying campaign—was it called a Mission? I forget, and it matters very little—which has lately tended to broaden the territorial significance of that term may be held in part responsible, seeing that the mountainous region bordering on Tibet and Ladak is the pet playground of the stalker. All, then, that India has to show are a compendious guide-book to the whole of its sports and games (3), and a new edition of a handbook (9) of its sporting birds. The newest ground of all is broken by Colonel Cradock who, in New Zealand (2), has a sporting territory exhibiting conditions absolutely the converse of those which obtain in India. Not only is much of that island colony virgin ground to the deerstalker and trout-fisherman, but all the game of his gun and rod was artificially introduced by man, who found Nature niggardly in all but climate and promptly made good her errors. Three other works devoted to the pursuit of big game are entirely American in their interest. The fourth publication of the Boone and Crockett Club, ably edited by Mr. Grinnell (4), shows the American as a preserver as well as a destroyer, and the President's article on the Yellowstone Park is perhaps one of the most interesting contributions that have ever come from Mr. Roosevelt's pen. The Kadiak bear, the giant moose, the white sheep, and other interesting quadrupeds of North America are alternately persecuted and protected in the course of these varied records, and if the volume had been issued only to vindicate the existence of the Club, its appearance would not have been in vain. In another volume, Colonel Cane (14) tells of the black and white sheep, bears, moose, grouse, and wildfowl, which the territory known as Alaska offers to a variety of ambitions. Colonel Cane, like most Englishmen, is unable to

write of any other portion of the globe without regretting that his countrymen did not at some propitious moment either filch or purchase it. Nevertheless, his complaint of the prevalent ignorance touching so near a neighbour of the Dominion is more than justified. He says what he has to say in straightforward fashion; never slipshod, yet never essaying fine writing. Another volume on shooting in Alaska was issued late in the year by Mr. Rowland Ward, but I saw it too late to notice in these pages. The remaining big game book (13) is yet more American in flavour—from its title to its illustrations, a remarkable series of pictorial diagrams—which Mr. Van Dyke has designed to show the novice why he never sees the deer of reality as the books have taught him to see it. As about a hundred loyal citizens of the Republic are shot every year in mistake for deer, such a volume, from one who seems to have imbibed his wonderful spooring knowledge straight from Fenimore Cooper's Red Indians, should be a national asset.

This is stalking in its wildest and most primitive form. The latest pattern of small arm is carried into the untrodden wilderness and pointed at animals that never perhaps before saw man. Mr. Bromley Davenport refused to class Highland deerstalking on the same footing. Many enthusiasts have protested against the verdict that the sport in Scotland has an artificial taint; and one of these, Captain Hart-Davis, has reprinted from the *Field* a readable volume (12) on Highland deerstalking, illustrated with his own sketches. The book contains all the necessary information about rifles, telescopes, and clothing, which might puzzle anyone accepting his first invitation to a "forest," and the tyro is conducted through the whole day's procedure, from start to gralloch.

Homely sport is, in fact, the theme of several books. There appears to be a growing feeling that, unless other circumstances beckon them overseas, the inhabitants of this island need not voyage in search of sport appealing to a variety of income. In his sumptuous volumes on English and Welsh salmon rivers (23), which for the most part (though with very notable exceptions), do not appeal to the man of slender purse, Mr. Augustus Grimble expounds the theory that the Londoner had far better cast his fly in one or other of the three score and ten salmon rivers within twelve hours' rail of Paddington, Euston, or some other terminus, than cross either the Scotch border or the Irish Sea. Mr. Grimble's two volumes set the coping on a splendid work, packed with information, and produced in a style which, if a little elaborate for the average angler's requirements, makes it an ornament to any table. Doubtless there are errors in so great an undertaking, but, if we may judge the rest by his chapters on the Devon Teign and Wiltshire Avon, these are very few and quite unimportant.

Reverting to sport within the limits of this kingdom, the year's books will show that even the poor man is provided for. If deerstalking is for the wealthy man and his friends, there is the sporting

snipe for the rest. Salmon-fishing may in many cases entail rent and other outlay in proportion, but there are coarse fishing and sea fishing for the humbler sportsman, and all these have their place in the year's additions to the library. Apart even from the question of economy, which is in itself increasingly important in an age convulsed with rumours of tariff reform, the wilder and less splendid forms of shooting will always have a fascination for the best sportsmen; and so long as a few sodden acres of Britain still harbour the fickle snipe, those who shoot only expensive birds will be voted welcome to their record bags by many who love to stroll after casual snipe in the bogs and marshes. A writer, who prefers to take the scientific name of an allied favourite of the winter gunner, has reprinted from the pages of *Blackwood* a delightful little book (5) on a bird which is in life as in death a perpetual joy to the artist.

The partridge, which for wildness lies midway between the snipe and the pheasant, is ousting the latter bird from our lowlands, owing to the difficulty of making the long-tailed gentleman give really sporting shots. A bird which would rather fly low than high, and which would infinitely rather run than fly at all, obviously presents difficulties to keepers desirous of showing it to the guns in any but the undulating coverts of Scotland, Devon, and similar country. Therefore it is that, in the eastern counties at any rate, the partridge is coming into first favour; and Mr. Alington has in his book (6) dealt very fully with both producing the bird, chiefly by the "Euston System," showing it, and killing it to the best advantage. The suppression of vermin (in this connection there is a most instructive list of despoiled nests, with the cause of tragedy specified in each case) and the care of the birds, from hatching to smashing, are admirably handled. In the second part there is much incidental reflection on the proper conduct of guests, loaders, retrievers and others who take part in the day's sport.

The pheasant is the keeper's pet bird, at any rate, south of the Trent, and the business of rearing and showing pheasants necessarily occupies a prominent place in a very useful and suggestive work (7) with a titular dedication to the keeper, yet also of great value to his employer. The editors have observed a very correct view of the proportions, and they are to be congratulated on having secured contributions from Lord Douglas Graham, Captain Shaw Kennedy, the veteran keeper, Tom Speedy, and others who write with authority on the virtues, as well as the sins of omission and commission, which pertain to keepers, loaders, gillies, and other employees of the sporting establishment. They are even bold enough to append a tariff of tips on a scale so reasonable that no man, who could afford to accept an invitation, need be alarmed at the prospect.

The most varied book on home sport (10) comes from a writer whose previous essay in this direction took the form of a valuable addition to the scanty literature of hare-hunting. Mr. Bryden

writes as an enthusiast of grouse and white trout in Ireland, but his heart is in Sussex. There, in and around Pevensey Marshes, and on the breezy Downs which overlook them, he hunts the hare and fox, shoots the snipe and partridge, and even nets the elusive prawn in the surf-swept rocks at the foot of Beachy Head. He is of Pascal's sportsmen, who cheerfully give up a morning to hunt a hare that they would not buy; and if there is no sport, he saunters forth to watch the seabirds nesting in the cliffs, or even to note the flowering of buttercup and bugloss in the valley of the Cuckmere.

A very different sample of English scenery is the hinterland of the Land's End. For some unexplained reason, Cornwall has been voted inhospitable to the stranger, a verdict which many of us know to be utterly preposterous. Perchance a scenic wildness bordering on savagery is in part accountable for the slander on its natives; and Mr. Tregarthen (11) has certainly contrived to show the character of the remote west of the duchy in his picturesque account of hunting seals, badgers, otters and foxes amid surroundings that were well voted the last stronghold of old time giants. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the life story of a certain jack hare, which eventually outwitted a brace of champion greyhounds and may therefore still be eking out its span in a land teeming with stoats and weasels and other dangers to its timorous existence A very charming book of home sport and nature is entitled *Ianto, the Fisherman.* This is one of the books which bring the breath of the river and woodland to those whom circumstances coop amid the bricks and mortar. There is a growing notion that only "useful" books are nowadays paying property. This would soon reduce us to the Post Office Directory. Fortunately, however, there are still sufficient townsmen to feel grateful to Mr. Rees and other followers of Richard Jefferies for bringing Nature nearer to their fog-wrapt homes. He has made most lovable characters of his old fisherman and poacher, and whether these were the creatures of his imagination or actual companions of his rural excursions, the result is equally pleasing.

Of angling books dealing with our rivers, lakes, and territorial waters along the coast, mention has already been made of one treating only of the lordly salmon. Only two other European countries, indeed, are regularly visited by disciples of Walton. Mr. Thomas-Stanford (27) takes us to the more northerly of these, and round the topography of the Gaula water he weaves much interesting natural history, sport, and narrative. His volume concludes with a most discouraging forecast of the future of Norwegian fishing. The increasingly heavy rents asked by agents are, he says, based on an estimate of seven shillings and sixpence per pound weight *killed in the best seasons.* So long as wealthy sportsmen are willing to spoil the market, the greed of the tourist-agent is without repletion. Mr. Gallichan (28), an angling bard, who previously tuned his harp to the theme of Wales, went in search of

sport to more southern mountains, and in him the streams of the Peninsula find an uncompromising champion. Not the vermin, not the mendicants, not the rough accommodation or empiric cookery of the sunny land beyond the Pyrenees have any terrors for this enthusiast. He and his wife fished the tumbling Bidasoa, the impetuous Ason, the turbid Guadalquivir, and the stately Minho, and much he enjoyed his sport and travel in a land where politeness costs so little that the tourist and his muleteer are alike *caballeros*. If sometimes the muleteer has the better right to the title, no matter; both enjoy it.

Other volumes dealing with angling in home waters include Mr. Hutchinson's liberally illustrated volumes in the "Country Life Library" (24). The camera has been even more freely used than in previous volumes, and special attention is given to the natural history of the fishes. Here and there the construction of Mr Boulenger's English is a trifle obscure for the unsophisticated sporting reader, but of the accuracy of his facts and the seriousness of his conclusions his qualifications leave no doubt whatever Mr Halford on the trout, and Mr. Hardy on the salmon, Mr. Marston on coarse fish, and Mr. Jardine on pike, leave little to be said on their respective subjects, and the profusion of beautiful photographs makes these volumes conspicuous among fishing books of this or any other year. Sir Herbert Maxwell's contribution to the "Woburn Library" (25), edited by the Duke of Bedford, deals with natural history rather than with sport, but the author has contrived to embody much angling chat by way of lightening the science, a happy combination in a handsomely illustrated work. For the trout-fisherman there is a tasteful reprint of Mr Hodgson's pretty fancies (26), prefaced by an audacious but successful inset facsimile of the contents of a fly-book for seven months of the year Mr Hodgson browses peacefully on theory, practice, and retrospect, gentle until his pet dogmas are traversed, and then a fico for peace! With a fierce slogan he rushes on in defence of his angling creed. Those who differ from him can throw his book on the floor, but they will be compelled to pick it up again and read to the last page of the history of the euchred "whustler."

In Mr. Gwynn (29) the *amabilis insania* has an apologist of another kidney, one whose lines have haply been cast in the lakes and tidal waters of far Donegal, with an occasional outing in Cornish pilchard boats. With Mr. Gwynn fishing means fly-fishing, though he does not despise the capture of a white trout on a sand eel deftly trailed in the Ravensfort Channel. The psychology of the poor devil *capable de pêcher à la ligne* is further exploited by an American author (32), who endeavours to explain to the Philistine the cerebral morbus of the patient and impatient angler, the tyro and the expert, the sportsman and the pothunter.

Whatever the elect may sing in praise of fly-fishing, angling for pike and roach and dace, ay, and even eels, is the pastime of the

million; and an unnamed author (30) publishes some delightful reflections on angling clues in the Greek and Roman classics, on the virtues of the close season, on economy versus extravagance, and on the ethics of a sport that has many detractors. The choice and purchase of fishing tackle, incidentally referred to by this author, receives fuller treatment in a little pocket volume (34) devoted to the subject, and one item, the artificial fly, occupies the scanty available space in a new volume of Mr. Caspar Whitney's growing American library (33) So fully, however, have the other writers dealt with guns, rifles, and revolvers, that Mr Harrington Keene has to be satisfied with one-eighth of the whole for his admirably illustrated chapter on flies

Firearms occupy two other small volumes, in addition to a very practical chapter on sporting rifles, by Sir Henry Seton-Karr, in his book referred to on an earlier page. Target-shooting may be regarded as a preparation for war, or as a sport in itself Even Private Copper, who was fortunately able to make the range a very short one, admitted himself only a third-class shot. The need of a less fearsome familiarity with the rifle is one of the lessons that an empire learns from its enemies. Sergeant Tippins (15) says all that need be said on the subject of practice with miniature rifles, the use of which has of late been much advocated by the Duke of Norfolk and others; while an American resident in this country (16) publishes in an abridged form the valuable hints on revolver shooting which he has already given in a more elaborate monograph.

One or two books lie on the borderland of sport and natural history, and of these the most pleasing are a volume of a quarter of a century's jottings on the East Coast (17), a region peculiarly favourable to wildfowling and coarse fishing; a more sumptuous work (18) on the scanty fauna of a Highland region, which offers the sportsman grouse, deer, and wild duck; and a new edition of Colonel Le Messurier's work on Indian birds, so enlarged and illustrated as to be practically a new publication (19). Two books on sporting dogs acquire a joint interest from the opportunity which they afford of comparing the English and American ideals Mr. Compton (8) has collated the opinions of hundreds of fanciers in this country, a piece of journalism that has resulted in a really valuable and interesting symposium on the present condition and possible improvement of the two score hounds, gun-dogs and terriers, which we commonly regard as sporting breeds. The one grave fault of the book is an inadequate and superfluous attempt to include a few representative foreign breeds. To give the Australian dingo the preference over the *bracco* and *spinone* of Italy, or to include the Circassian harehound while excluding the *podengo* and *alano* of Spain, is a heresy of which there was no need to run the risk. Mr. Graham (9), writing on the American side, draws on his own knowledge only. Here, as might be expected, great store is set by the Laverack and Llewellin setters, and by the Chesapeake,

a water-dog of which we know nothing. The picture of an American meet of foxhounds sufficiently indicates the line of contrast to which reference was made above. Such comparisons are not invidious. The pageantry of the fashionable packs suits the shires as well as the rough and ready American meet suits the New World. Each is best in its own home.

Of hunting books the year has produced three, one of them a compilation of lists of hounds, the kennel record of the Brocklesby (22) during more than a century and a half. Always in the hands of the Yarborough family since the year after Waterloo, the pack has included some historic hound blood, and crisp comments on famous animals by such critics as "The Druid" and Will Dale lend an interest to the pages facing the lists. The premier hunting work of the year is, of course, the late Colonel Anstruther Thomson's two volumes of reminiscences (20), which carry us from the visit made by King George IV. to Scotland to a similar visit made by King Edward VII. eighty years later. Colonel Thomson, who mastered his first pack seven years before the outbreak of the Crimean War, took in turn the Atherstone, the Fife, the Bicester, and the Pytchley, and it was with the last that he had the historic "Waterloo" run, using three horses, and going three hours and three-quarters without a kill at the end of it.

The fortunes of the Blackmore Vale hounds, not long since dispersed on the resignation of Mr. Merthyr Guest, are the chief theme of Miss Serrell's pleasing volume of retrospect (21), though there is much by the way of entering terriers to otters, and of Lord Wolverton's bloodhounds, which also hunted the carted deer in the Vale. Miss Slaughter has edited the book in workmanlike fashion; and there are many portraits of at any rate local interest in the sporting circles of Dorsetshire.

The remainder of the year's books must be dismissed briefly. Readers of the excellent volume of racing lore (35) brought together by Mr. Watson, will agree more than ever with the dictum of one of the contributors that the horse, though a noble animal to the naturalist, "is the unfortunate occasion of a great deal of untruth and deception." Less general concurrence will be felt with the suggestion that there are self-respecting men who attend race-meetings, "in the hope of advancing their social status." Their social status must be a little shaky, if it depend on such a mode of rehabilitation. Mr. Watson need not apologise for suppressing the names of his writers, for the Turf is admittedly a subject on which those write most freely and most frankly who keep their identity to themselves.

Mr. Pelham Warner was as much before the public as most people during the early part of the summer, except perhaps General Kuroki and the Alake of Abeokuta. First he "brought back the ashes" of cricket from Australia. Then his wedding interrupted a cricket match at Lord's. Much interest attaches to his inner

history (36) of a highly successful tour, particularly in view of the criticism of himself and his team, in which writers in the Press indulged somewhat freely when victory was yet in the balance. Nor have the results of this year's county championship tended less than the Australian performances of Rhodes and Hirst to lend importance to a history of Yorkshire cricket (37). With the aid of Mr. Ashley-Cooper the author has worked out, with a tabular precision worthy the accountants to the Bank of England, every conceivable permutation and combination of county cricket statistics. Lord Hawke, who has done more for his pros than perhaps any other county captain, contributes a pleasant essay on the fortunes of Yorkshire cricket.

The "ashes" have been brought back from Australia. But the cup has not yet been "lifted" from New York. It never will be. Apart from the iniquitous "new deed of gift," round which the ingenious author of the American statement of the case (41) sails as cleverly as he might round a mark in the course of the Seawanhaka regatta, there are other reasons, into which, thank goodness, it is unnecessary to enter, why the America Cup may be regarded as permanently domiciled in the New World The question is whether a careful reading of what Mr. Stephens has to say on the sport—or is it business?—of yacht-racing inspires any lasting regret that this should be the case. The regret is rather that an event, intended to promote friendly rivalry between sister nations, should in course of time have brought to the surface of the course the worst elements of antagonism. A momentary demonstration by an overwrought Colonial crowd at a Test match is mellow music compared with the indecent venom which seems inseparable from these Cup races. Secrecy and mystery are the very essence of competitive American "sports." This and its English contrast were long ago recognised by so good an American sportsman as Mr. Caspar Whitney, on the occasion of his well-remembered visit to this country; and his comments on these national traits are recalled by Mr. Beach Thomas in a wholesome little book addressed to our budding manhood (43), setting forth the moral and physical advantages of games, athletics, swimming, volunteering, and winter reading of the right sort.

The past mountaineering season was one of dreadful accidents, and a record death roll must in part be attributed to the fondness evinced by the "steeplejack" school of Alpinists to feats of daring, particularly without qualified guides. Mrs. Le Blond (44) has collected many stories of thrilling adventure, which show that other nations besides the English take their pleasures sadly. A smaller volume (45) deals with the historic aspect of the same weird sport, as enjoyed by centuries of enthusiasts from King Philip of Macedon to the present President of the Alpine Club. Philip, at any rate, ascended Haemus with the object of breaking a record and seeing two seas at once, a reason more intelligible than those of some modern climbers.

Last on my list is the opening volume of an outdoor magazine (47) edited by the most versatile and literary of our leading cricketers and athletes on lines so original that I felt bound to make an exception in its favour, even in a yearly summary that professes to take no account of serial sporting literature.

What next year's sporting books may be like, beyond the few announcements that have leaked out of the publishers' presses, no man knows. Each December we look at the growing shelves and say that the last word has been written. Each November brings its new crop of books, great and small. Yet there is the consolation that the readers multiply even more rapidly than the books!

F. G. AFLALO.

SOME SPORTING BOOKS OF 1904

(a) SHOOTING, HUNTING, AND FISHING.

1. *My Sporting Holidays* By Sir Henry Seton-Karr, C.M G . M.P.
2. *Sport in New Zealand* By Lieut.-Colonel Montagu Cradock, C B.
3. *The Sportsman's Book for India.* By Various Writers.
4. *American Big Game in its Haunts* Edited by George Bird Grinnell
5. *A Book of the Snipe.* By "Scolopax."
6. *Partridge Driving.* By Charles Alington.
7. *The Keeper's Book.* Edited by A. Stodart Walker and P. Jeffrey Mackie
8. *The Twentieth Century Dog (Sporting).* Edited by H. Compton
9. *The Sporting Dog* By Joseph Graham
10. *Nature and Sport in Britain* By H. A. Bryden.
11. *Wild Sport at the Land's End.* By W A. Tregarthen.
12. *Stalking Sketches.* By Captain H. Hart-Davis.
13. *The Still Hunter* By T. S Van Dyke.
14. *Summer and Fall in Western Alaska* By Colonel Claude Cane
15. *Miniature Rifle Shooting.* By Sergeant L. R. Tippins.
16. *Hints on Revolver Shooting.* By Walter Winans.
17. *Notes of an East Coast Naturalist* By A H. Patterson.
18. *A Fauna of the North-West Highlands and Skye* By J. A Harvie-Brown and the Rev. H. A Macpherson
19. *The Game, Shore, and Water-Birds of India.* By Colonel A. Le Messurier, C.I.E. (4th E).
20. *Eighty Years' Reminiscences* (2 vols.) By Colonel Anstruther Thomson.
21. *With Hound and Terrier.* By Alys Serrell.
22. *The Brocklesby Hound Lists* (1746—1903). By G. E. Collins.
23. *The Salmon Rivers of England and Wales* (2 vols.). By Augustus Grimble.
24. *Fishing* (2 vols., "Country Life Library"). Edited by Horace Hutchinson
25. *British Freshwater Fish* ("Woburn Library"). By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bt
26. *Trout Fishing.* By W. Earl Hodgson.
27. *A River of Norway.* By C. Thomas-Stanford.
28. *Fishing and Travel in Spain* By Walter M. Gallichan.
29. *Fishing Holidays.* By Stephen Gwynn.
30. *Super Flumina*
31. *Ianto the Fisherman.* By A. W Rees.
32. *The Angler's Secret.* By Charles Bradford.
33. *Guns, Ammunition, and Tackle* ("American Sportsman's Library"). Edited by Caspar Whitney.
34. *How to Buy Fishing Tackle* (The "How to Buy" Series). By John Bickerdyke, C H. Wheeley, &c

(b) HORSERACING.

35. *The Racing World and its Inhabitants.* Edited by A. E. T. Watson.

(*c*) GAMES.

36. *How We Recovered the Ashes.* By Pelham Warner.
37. *A History of Yorkshire Cricket.* By the Rev. R. S. Holmes.
38. *Great Golfers · Their Methods at a Glance.* By G. W. Beldam.
39. *The Art of Putting.* By Walter Travis and Jack White. Edited and illustrated by G. W. Beldam.

(*d*) MISCELLANEOUS.

40. *Fifty Leaders of Sport.* Photographs by Ernest Elliot.
41. *American Yachting* ("American Sportsman's Library"). By W P Stephens.
42. *Swimming.* By Ralph Thomas.
43. *The Road to Manhood* ("Young England Library"). By W. Beach Thomas.
44. *Adventures on the Roof of the World* By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.
45. *The Story of Alpine Climbing* By Francis Gribble.
46. *The National Sports of Great Britain* (Reprint). By Henry Alken.
47. *C B Fry's Magazine* (Vol 1). Edited by C. B. Fry.

A MODERN UTOPIA.

A SOCIOLOGICAL HOLIDAY.

BY

H. G. WELLS.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Property, Nature, and Mechanism.

§ 1.

These modern Utopians with the universally diffused good manners, the universal education, the fine freedoms we shall ascribe to them, their world unity, world language, world-wide travellings, world-wide freedom of sale and purchase, will remain mere dreamstuff, incredible even by twilight, until we have shown that at that level the community will still sustain itself. At any rate, the common liberty of the Utopians will not embrace the common liberty to be unserviceable, the most perfect economy of organisation still leaves the fact untouched that all order and security in a state rests on the certainty of getting work done How will the work of this planet be done? What will be the economics of a modern Utopia?

Now in the first place, a state so vast and complex as this world Utopia, and with so migratory a people, will need some handy symbol to check the distribution of services and commodities. Almost certainly they will need to have money. They will have money, and it is not inconceivable that, for all his sorrowful thoughts, our botanist, with his trained observation, his habit of looking at little things upon the ground, would be the one to see and pick up the coin that has fallen from some wayfarer's pocket. (This, in our first hour or so before we reach the inn in the Urseren Thal.) You figure us upon the high Gotthard road, heads together over the little disk that contrives to tell us so much of this strange world.

It is, I imagine, of gold, and it will be a convenient accident if it is sufficient to make us solvent for a day or so, until we are a little more informed of the economic system into which we have come. It is, moreover, of a fair round size, and the inscription declares it one Lion, equal to "twaindy" bronze Crosses. Unless the ratio of metals is very different here, this latter must be a token coin, and therefore legal tender for but a small amount. (That would be pain and pleasure to Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe if he were to chance to join us, for once he planned a Utopian coinage,[1] and the words Lion and Cross are his. But a token coinage and "legal tender" he cannot abide. They make him argue.) And being in Utopia, that unfamiliar "twaindy" suggests at once we have come

(1) *A System of Measures*, by Wordsworth Donisthorpe.

upon that most Utopian of all things, a duodecimal system of counting.

My author's privilege of details serves me here. This Lion is distinctly a beautiful coin, admirably made, with its value in fine, clear letters circling the obverse side, and a head thereon—of Newton, as I live! One detects American influence here Each year, as we shall find, each denomination of coins celebrates a centenary. The reverse shows the universal goddess of the Utopian coinage—Peace, as a beautiful woman, reading with a child out of a great book, and behind them are stars, and an hour-glass, halfway run. Very human these Utopians, after all, and not by any means above the obvious in their symbolism!

So for the first time we learn definitely of the World State, and we get our first clear hint, too, that there is an end to Kings. But our coin raises other issues also. It would seem that this Utopia has no simple community of goods, that there is, at any rate, a restriction upon what one may take, a need for evidences of equivalent value, a limitation to human credit.

It dates—so much of this present Utopia of ours dates. Those former Utopists were bitterly against gold. You will recall the undignified use Sir Thomas More would have us put it to, and how there was no money at all in the Republic of Plato, and in that later community for which he wrote his Laws an iron coinage of austere appearance and doubtful efficacy. . . It may be these great gentlemen were a little hasty with a complicated difficulty and not a little unjust to a highly respectable element.

Gold is abused and made into vessels of dishonour, and abolished from ideal society as though it were the cause instead of the instrument of human baseness; but, indeed, there is nothing bad in gold. Making gold into vessels of dishonour and banishing it from the State is punishing the hatchet for the murderer's crime Money, did you but use it right, is a good thing in life, a necessary thing in civilised human life, as complicated, indeed, for its purposes, but as natural a growth as the bones in a man's wrist, and I do not see how one can imagine anything at all worthy of being called a civilisation without it. It is the water of the body social, it distributes and receives, and renders growth and assimilation and movement and recovery possible. It is the reconciliation of human interdependence with liberty. What other device will give a man so great a freedom with so strong an inducement to effort? The economic history of the world, where it is not the history of the theory of property, is very largely the record of the abuse, not so much of money as of credit devices to supplement money, to amplify the scope of this most precious invention; and no device of labour credits[1] or free demand of commodities from a central store[2] or the like has ever been suggested that does not give ten thousand

(1) Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. Ch IX

(2) More's *Utopia* and Cabet's *Icona*.

times more scope for that inherent moral dross in man that must be reckoned with in any sane Utopia we may design and plan. . . Heaven knows where progress may not end, but at any rate this developing state, into which we two men have fallen, this Twentieth Century Utopia, has still not passed beyond money and the use of coins.

§ 2.

Now if this Utopian world is to be in some degree parallel to contemporary thought, it must have been concerned, it may be still concerned, with many unsettled problems of currency, and with the problems that centre about a standard of value. Gold is perhaps of all material substances the best adapted to the monetary purpose, but even at that best it falls far short of an imaginable ideal. It undergoes spasmodic and irregular cheapening through new discoveries of gold, and at any time it may undergo very extensive and sudden and disastrous depreciation through the discovery of some way of transmuting less valuable elements The liability to such depreciations introduces an undesirable speculative element into the relations of debtor and creditor When, on the one hand, there is for a time a check in the increase of the available stores of gold, or an increase in the energy applied to social purposes, then there comes an undue appreciation of money as against the general commodities of life, and an automatic impoverishment of the citizens in general as against the creditor class. The common people are mortgaged into the bondage of debt And on the other hand an unexpected spate of gold production, the discovery of a single nugget as big as St. Paul's, let us say—a quite possible thing—would result in a sort of jail delivery of debtors and a financial earthquake

It has been suggested by an ingenious thinker that it is possible to use as a standard of monetary value no substance whatever, but instead, force, and that value might be measured in units of energy. An excellent development this, in theory, at any rate, of the general idea of the modern State as kinetic and not static; it throws the old idea of the social order and the new into the sharpest antithesis. The old order is presented as a system of institutions and classes ruled by men of substance, the new, of enterprises and interests led by men of power.

Now I glance at this matter in the most incidental manner, as a man may skim through a specialist's exposition in a popular magazine. You must figure me, therefore, finding from a casual periodical paper in our inn, with a certain surprise at not having anticipated as much, the Utopian self of that same ingenious person quite conspicuously a leader of thought, and engaged in organising the discussion of the currency changes Utopia has under consideration. The article, as it presents itself to me, contains a complete and lucid, though occasionally rather technical, explanation of his newest proposals. They have been published, it seems, for general criticism, and one gathers that in

the modern Utopia the administration presents the most elaborately detailed schemes of any proposed alteration in law or custom, some time before any measure is taken to carry it into effect, and the possibilities of every detail are acutely criticised, flaws anticipated, side issues raised, and the whole minutely tested and fined down by a planetful of critics, before the actual process of legislation begins.

The explanation of these proposals involves an anticipatory glance at the local administration of a Modern Utopia. To anyone who has watched the development of technical science during the last decade or so, there will be no shock in the idea that a general consolidation of a great number of common public services over areas of considerable size is now not only practicable, but very desirable. In a little while heating and lighting and the supply of power for domestic and industrial purposes and for urban and inter-urban communications will all be managed electrically from common generating stations And the trend of political and social speculation points decidedly to the conclusion that so soon as it passes out of the experimental stage, the supply of electrical energy, just like drainage and the supply of water, will fall to the local authority. Moreover, the local authority will be the universal landowner. Upon that point so extreme an individualist as Herbert Spencer was in agreement with the Socialist. In Utopia we conclude that, whatever other types of property may exist, all natural sources of force, and indeed all strictly natural products, coal, water power, and the like, are inalienably vested in the local authorities (which, in order to secure the maximum of convenience and administrative efficiency, will probably control areas as large sometimes as half England), they will generate electricity by water power, by combustion, by wind or tide or whatever other natural force is available, and this electricity will be devoted, some of it to the authority's lighting and other public works, some of it, as a subsidy, to the World-State authority which controls the high roads, the great railways, the inns and other apparatus of world communication, and the rest will pass on to private individuals or to distributing companies at a uniform fixed rate for private lighting and heating, for machinery and industrial applications of all sorts Such an arrangement of affairs will necessarily involve a vast amount of book-keeping between the various authorities, the World State government and the customers, and this book-keeping will naturally be done most conveniently in units of physical energy.

It is not incredible that the assessment of the various local administrations for the central world government would be already calculated upon the estimated total of energy, periodically available in each locality, and booked and spoken of in these physical units. Accounts between central and local governments could be kept in these terms. Moreover, one may imagine Utopian local authorities making contracts in which payment would be no longer in coinage

upon the gold basis, but in notes good for so many thousands or millions of units of energy at one or other of the generating stations.

Now the problems of economic theory will have undergone an enormous clarification if, instead of measuring in fluctuating money values, the same scale of energy units can be extended to their discussion, if, in fact, the idea of trading could be entirely eliminated. In my Utopia, at any rate, this has been done, the production and distribution of common commodities have been expressed as a problem in the conversion of energy, and the scheme that Utopia was now discussing was the application of this idea of energy as the standard of value to the entire Utopian coinage. Every one of those giant local authorities was to be free to issue energy notes against the security of its surplus of saleable available energy, and to make all its contracts for payment in those notes up to a certain maximum defined by the amount of energy produced and disposed of in that locality in the previous year. This power of issue was to be renewed just as rapidly as the notes came in for redemption. In a world without boundaries, with a population largely migratory and emancipated from locality, the price of the energy notes of these various local bodies would constantly tend to be uniform, because employment would constantly shift into the areas where energy was cheap. Accordingly, the price of so many millions of units of energy at any particular moment in coins of the gold currency would be approximately the same throughout the world. It was proposed to select some particular day when the economic atmosphere was distinctly equable, and to declare a fixed ratio between the gold coinage and the energy notes; each gold Lion and each Lion of credit representing exactly the number of energy units it could buy on that day. The old gold coinage was at once to cease to be legal tender beyond certain defined limits, except to the central government, which would not reissue it as it came in. It was, in fact, to become a temporary token coinage, a token coinage of full value for the day of conversion at any rate, if not afterwards, under the new standard of energy, and to be replaceable by an ordinary token coinage as time went on The old computation by Lions and the values of the small change of daily life were therefore to suffer no disturbance whatever.

The economists of Utopia, as I apprehended them, had a different method and a very different system of theories from those I have read on earth, and this makes my exposition considerably more difficult. This article upon which I base my account floated before me in an unfamiliar, perplexing, and dream-like phraseology. Yet I brought away an impression that here was a rightness that earthly economists have failed to grasp. Few earthly economists have been able to disentangle themselves from patriotisms and politics, and their obsession has always been international trade. Here in Utopia the World State cuts that away from beneath their feet; there are no imports but meteorites, and no exports at all. Trading is the earthly economists' initial notion, and they start from perplexing and in

soluble riddles about exchange value, insoluble because all trading finally involves individual preferences which are incalculable and unique. Nowhere do they seem to be handling really defined standards, every economic dissertation and discussion reminds one more strongly than the last of the game of croquet Alice played in Wonderland, when the mallets were flamingoes and the balls were hedgehogs and crawled away, and the hoops were soldiers and kept getting up and walking about. But economics in Utopia must be, it seems to me, not a theory of trading based on bad psychology, but physics applied to problems in the theory of sociology. The general problem of Utopian economics is to state the conditions of the most efficient application of the steadily increasing quantities of material energy the progress of science makes available for human service, to the general needs of mankind. Human labour and existing material are dealt with in relation to that. Trading and relative wealth are merely episodical in that scheme. The trend of the article I read, as I understood it, was that a monetary system based upon a relatively small amount of gold, upon which the business of the whole world had hitherto been done, fluctuated unreasonably and supplied no real criterion of well-being, that the nominal values of things and enterprises had no clear and simple relation to the real physical prosperity of the community, that the nominal wealth of a community in millions of pounds or dollars or Lions, measured nothing but the quantity of hope in the air, and an increase of confidence meant an inflation of credit and a pessimistic phase a collapse of this hallucination of possessions The new standards, this advocate reasoned, were to alter all that, and it seemed to me they would.

I have tried to indicate the drift of these remarkable proposals, but about them clustered an elaborate mass of keen and temperate discussion Into the details of that discussion I will not enter now, nor am I sure I am qualified to render the multitudinous aspect of this complicated question at all precisely. I read the whole thing in the course of an hour or two of rest after lunch—it was either the second or third day of my stay in Utopia—and we were sitting in a little inn at the end of the Lake of Uri. We had loitered there, and I had fallen reading because of a shower of rain. . . . But certainly as I read it the proposition struck me as a singularly simple and attractive one, and its exposition opened out to me for the first time clearly, in a comprehensive outline, the general conception of the economic nature of the Utopian State.

§ 3.

The difference between the social and economic sciences as they exist in our world[1] and in this Utopia deserves perhaps a word or

(1) But see Gidding's *Principles of Sociology*, a modern and richly suggestive American work, imperfectly appreciated by the British student. It is not even mentioned in the article "Sociology" in the 1902 edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. See also Walter Bagehot's *Economic Studies*.

so more. I write with the utmost diffidence, because upon earth economic science has been raised to a very high level of tortuous abstraction by the industry of its professors, and I can claim neither a patient student's intimacy with their productions nor—what is more serious—anything but the most generalised knowledge of what their Utopian equivalents have achieved. The vital nature of economic issues to a Utopia necessitates, however, some attempt at interpretation between the two.

In Utopia there is no distinct and separate science of economics. Many problems that we should regard as economic come within the scope of Utopian psychology. They make two divisions of the science of psychology, first, the general psychology of individuals, a sort of mental physiology separated by no definite line from physiology proper, and secondly, the psychology of relationship between individuals. This second is an exhaustive study of the reaction of people upon each other and of all possible relationships. It passes insensibly into a science of human aggregations, of all possible family groupings, of neighbours and neighbourhood, of companies, associations, unions, secret and public societies, religious groupings, of common ends and intercourse, and of the methods of intercourse and collective decision that hold human groups together, and finally of government and the state. The elucidation of economic relationships, depending as it does on the nature of the hypothesis of human aggregation actually in operation at any time, is considered to be subordinate and subsequent to this general science of Sociology. Political economy and economics, in our world now, is a hopeless muddle of social assumptions and preposterous psychology, and a few geographical and physical generalisations. Its ingredients will be classified out and widely separated in Utopian thought. On the one hand there will be the study of physical economies, ending in the descriptive treatment of society as an organisation for the conversion of all the available energy in nature to the material ends of mankind—a physical sociology which will be already at such a stage of practical development as to be giving the world this token coinage representing energy—and on the other there will be the study of economic problems as problems in the division of labour, having regard to a social organisation whose main ends are reproduction and education in an atmosphere of personal freedom. Each of these inquiries, working unencumbered by the other, will be continually contributing fresh valid conclusions for the use of the practical administrator.

In no region of intellectual activity will our hypothesis of freedom from tradition be of more value in devising a Utopia than here. From its beginning the earthly study of economics has been infertile and unhelpful, because of the mass of unanalysed and scarcely suspected assumptions upon which it rested. The facts were ignored that trade is a bye-product and not an essential factor in social life, that property is a plastic and fluctuating convention,

that value is capable of impersonal treatment only in the case of the most generalised requirements. Wealth was measured by the standards of exchange. Society was regarded as a practically unlimited number of avaricious adult units incapable of any other subordinate groupings than business partnerships, and the sources of competition were assumed to be inexhaustible. Upon such quicksands rose an edifice that aped the securities of material science, developed a technical jargon and professed the discovery of "laws." Our liberation from these false presumptions through the rhetoric of Carlyle and Ruskin, and the activities of the Socialists, is more apparent than real. The old edifice oppresses us still, repaired and altered by indifferent builders, underpinned in places, and with a slight change of name "Political Economy" has been painted out, and instead we read "Economics—under entirely new management." Modern Economics differs mainly from old Political Economy in having produced no Adam Smith. The old "Political Economy" made certain generalisations, and they were mostly wrong; new Economics evades generalisations, and seems to lack the intellectual power to make them The science hangs like a gathering fog in a valley, a fog which begins nowhere and goes nowhere, an incidental, unmeaning inconvenience to passers-by Its most typical exponents display a disposition to disavow generalisations altogether, to claim consideration as "experts," and to make immediate political and personal use of that conceded claim. Now Newton, Huxley, Darwin, Dalton, Davy, Joule, and Adam Smith did not affect this "expert" hankey-pankey, becoming enough in a hairdresser or a fashionable physician, but indecent in a philosopher or a man of science. In this state of impotent expertness, however, or in some equally unsound state, economics must struggle on—a science that is no science, a floundering lore wallowing in a mud of statistics—until either the study of the material organisation of production on the one hand as a development of physics and geography, or the study of social aggregation on the other, renders enduring foundations possible.

§ 4.

The older Utopias were all relatively small states; Plato's Republic, for example, was to be smaller than the average English borough, and no distinction was made between the Family, the Local Government, and the State. Plato and Campanella—for all that the latter was a Christian priest—carried communism to its final point and prescribed even a community of husbands and wives, an idea that was brought at last to the test of effectual experiment in the Oneida Community of New York State (1848-1879). This latter body did not long survive its founder, at least as a veritable communism, by reason of the insurgent individualism of its vigorous sons. More, too, denied privacy and ruled an absolute community of goods at any rate, and so, coming to the Victorian Utopias, did Cabet. But Cabet's communism was one of the "free store" type,

and the goods were yours only after you had requisitioned them. That seems the case in the "Nowhere" of Morris also. Compared with the older writers Bellamy and Morris have a vivid sense of individual separation, and their departure from the old homogeneity is sufficiently marked to justify a doubt whether there will be any more thoroughly communistic Utopias for ever.

A Utopia such as this present one, written in the opening of the Twentieth Century, and after the most exhaustive discussion—nearly a century long—between Communistic and Socialistic ideas on the one hand, and Individualism on the other, emerges upon a sort of effectual conclusion to those controversies. The two parties have so chipped and amended each other's initial propositions that, indeed, except for the labels still flutteringly adhesive to the implicated men, it is hard to choose between them. Each side established a good many proportions, and we profit by them all. We of the succeeding generation can see quite clearly that for the most part the heat and zeal of these discussions arose in the confusion of a quantitative for a qualitative question. To the onlooker, both Individualism and Socialism are, in the absolute, absurdities, the one would make men the slaves of the violent or rich, the other the slaves of the state official, and the way of sanity runs, perhaps even sinuously, down the intervening valley. Happily the dead past buries its dead, and it is not our function now to adjudicate the preponderance of victory. In the very days when our political and economic order is becoming steadily more Socialistic, our ideals of intercourse turn more and more to a fuller recognition of the claims of individuality. The state is to be progressive, it is no longer to be static, and this alters the general condition of the Utopian problem profoundly; we have to provide not only for food and clothing, for order and health, but for initiative. The factor that leads the World State on from one phase of development to the next is the interplay of individualities; to speak teleologically, the world exists for the sake of and through initiative, and individuality is the method of initiative. Each man and woman, to the extent that his or her individuality is marked, breaks the law of precedent, transgresses the general formula, and makes a new experiment for the direction of the life force. It is impossible, therefore, for the state, which represents all and is preoccupied with the average, to make effectual experiments and intelligent innovations, and so supply the essential substance of life. As against the individual the state represents the species, in the case of the Utopian World State it absolutely represents the species. The individual emerges from the species, makes his experiment, and either fails, dies, and comes to an end, or succeeds and impresses himself in offspring, in consequences and results, intellectual, material and moral, upon the world.

Biologically the species is the accumulation of the experiments of all its successful individuals since the beginning, and the World State of the Modern Utopist will, in its economic aspect, be a com-

pendium of established economic experience, about which individual enterprise will be continually experimenting, either to fail and pass, or to succeed and at last become incorporated with the undying organism of the World State. This organism is the universal rule, the common restriction, the rising level platform on which individualities stand.

The World State in this ideal presents itself as the sole landowner of the earth, with the great local governments I have adumbrated, the local municipalities, holding, as it were, feudally under it as landlords The State or these subordinates holds all the sources of energy, and either directly or through its tenants, farmers and agents, develops these sources, and renders the energy available for the work of life. It or its tenants will produce food, and so human energy, and the exploitation of coal and electric power, and the powers of wind and wave and water will be within its right. It will pour out this energy by assignment and lease and acquiescence and what not upon its individual citizens. It will maintain order, maintain roads, maintain a cheap and efficient administration of justice, maintain cheap and rapid locomotion and be the common carrier of the planet, convey and distribute labour, control, let, or administer all natural productions, pay for and secure healthy births and a healthy and vigorous new generation, maintain the public health, coin money and sustain standards of measurement, subsidise research, and reward such commercially unprofitable undertakings as benefit the community as a whole; subsidise when needful chairs of criticism and authors and publications, and collect and distribute information. The energy developed and the employment afforded by the State will descend like water that the sun has sucked out of the sea to fall upon a mountain range, and back to the sea again it will come at last, debouching in ground rent and royalty and license fees, in the fees of travellers and profits upon carrying and coinage and the like, in death duty, transfer tax, legacy and forfeiture, returning to the sea. Between the clouds and the sea it will run, as a river system runs, down through a great region of individual enterprise and interplay, whose freedom it will sustain. In that intermediate region between the kindred heights and deeps it will be that those beginnings and promises will arise that are the essential significance, the essential substance, of life. From our human point of view the mountains and sea are for the habitable lands that lie between. So likewise the State is for Individualities. The State is for Individuals, the law is for freedoms, the world is for experiment, experience, and change: these are the fundamental beliefs upon which a Modern Utopia must go.

§ 5.

Within this scheme, which makes the State the source of all energy, and the final legatee, what will be the nature of the property a man may own? Under modern conditions—indeed, under any

conditions—a man without some negotiable property is a man without freedom, and the extent of his property is very largely the measure of his freedom. Without any property, without even shelter or food, a man has no choice but to set about getting these things; he is in servitude to his needs until he has secured property to satisfy them. But with a certain small property a man is free to do many things, to take a fortnight's holiday when he chooses, for example, and to try this new departure from his work or that; with so much more, he may take a year of freedom and go to the ends of the earth; with so much more, he may obtain elaborate apparatus and try curious novelties, build himself houses and make gardens, establish businesses and make experiments at large. Very speedily, under terrestrial conditions, the property of a man may reach such proportions that his freedom oppresses the freedom of others. Here, again, is a quantitative question, an adjustment of conflicting freedoms, a quantitative question that too many people insist on making a qualitative one

The object sought in the code of property laws that one would find in operation in Utopia would be the same object that pervades the whole Utopian organisation, namely, a universal maximum of individual freedom. Whatever far-reaching movements the State or great rich men or private corporations may make, the starvation by any complication of employment, the unwilling deportation, the destruction of alternatives to servile submissions, must not ensue. Beyond such qualifications, the object of Modern Utopian statesmanship will be to secure to a man the freedom given by all his legitimate property, that is to say, by all the values his toil or skill or foresight and courage have brought into being. Whatever he has justly made he has a right to keep, that is obvious enough; but he will also have a right to sell and exchange, and so this question of what may be property takes really the form of what may a man buy in Utopia?

A modern Utopian most assuredly must have a practically unqualified property in all those things that become, as it were, by possession, extensions and expressions of his personality; his clothing, his jewels, the tools of his employment, his books, the objects of art he may have bought or made, his personal weapons (if Utopia have need of such things), insignia, and so forth. All such things that he has bought with his money or acquired—provided he is not a professional or habitual dealer in such property—will be inalienably his, his to give or lend or keep, free even from taxation. So intimate is this sort of property that I have no doubt Utopia will give a man posthumous rights over it—will permit him to assign it to a successor with at the utmost the payment of a small redemption. A horse, perhaps, in certain districts, or a bicycle, or any such mechanical conveyance personally used, the Utopians might find it well to rank with these possessions. No doubt, too, a house and privacy, owned and occupied by a man and even a man's own household furniture might be held to stand as high or almost as high in

the property scale, might be taxed as lightly and transferred under only a slightly heavier redemption, provided he had not let these things on hire, or otherwise alienated them from his intimate self. A thorough-going, Democratic Socialist will no doubt be inclined at first to object that if the Utopians make these things a specially free sort of property in this way, men would spend much more upon them than they would otherwise do, but indeed that will be an excellent thing. We are too much affected by the needy atmosphere of our own mismanaged world. In Utopia no one will have to hunger because some love to make and have made and own and cherish beautiful things. To give this much of property to individuals will tend to make clothing, ornamentation, implements, books, and all the arts finer and more beautiful, because by buying such things a man will secure something inalienable—save in the case of bankruptcy—for himself and for those who belong to him. Moreover, a man may in his lifetime set aside sums to ensure special advantages of education and care for the immature children of himself and others, and in this manner also exercise a posthumous right.[1]

For all other property, the Utopians will have a scantier respect; even money unspent by a man, and debts to him that bear no interest, will at his death stand upon a lower level than these things. What he did not choose to gather and assimilate to himself, or assign for the special education of his children, the State will share in the lion's proportion with heir and legatee.

This applies, for example, to the property that a man creates and acquires in business enterprises, which are presumably undertaken for gain, and as a means of living rather than for themselves. All new machinery, all new methods, all uncertain and variable and non-universal undertakings, are no business for the State; they commence always as experiments of unascertained value, and next after the invention of money, there is no invention has so facilitated freedom and progress as the invention of the limited liability company to do this work of trial and adventure. The abuses, the necessary reforms of company law on earth, are no concern of ours here and now, suffice it that in a Modern Utopia such laws must be supposed to be as perfect as mortal laws can possibly be made *Caveat vendor* will be a sound qualification of *Caveat emptor* in the beautifully codified Utopian law Whether the Utopian company will be allowed to prefer this class of share to that or to issue debentures, whether indeed usury, that is to say lending money at fixed rates of interest, will be permitted at all in Utopia, one may venture to doubt. But whatever the nature of the shares a man may hold, they will all be sold at his death, and whatever he has not clearly assigned for special educational purposes will—with possibly some fractional concession to near survivors—lapse to the

(1) But a Statute of Mortmain will set a distinct time limit to the continuance of such benefactions. A periodic revision of endowments is a necessary feature in any modern Utopia.

State. The "safe investment," that permanent, undying claim upon the community, is just one of those things Utopia will discourage; which indeed the developing security of civilisation quite automatically discourages through the fall in the rate of interest. As we shall see at a later stage, the State will insure the children of every citizen, and those legitimately dependent upon him, against the inconvenience of his death; it will carry out all reasonable additional dispositions he may have made for them in the same event; and it will insure him against old age and infirmity: and the object of Utopian economics will be to give a man every inducement to spend his surplus money in intensifying the quality of his surroundings, either by economic adventures and experiments, which may yield either losses or large profits, or in increasing the beauty, the pleasure, the abundance and promise of life.

Besides strictly personal possessions and shares in business adventures, Utopia will no doubt permit associations of its citizens to have a property in various sorts of contracts and concessions, in leases of agricultural and other land, for example; in houses they may have built, factories and machinery they may have made, and the like. And if a citizen prefer to adventure into business single-handed, he will have all the freedoms of enterprise enjoyed by a company; in business affairs he will be a company of one, and his single share will be dealt with at his death like any other shares. . . . So much for the second kind of property. And these two kinds of property will probably exhaust the sorts of property a Utopian may possess.

The trend of modern thought is entirely against private property in land or natural objects or products, and in Utopia these things will be the inalienable property of the World State. Subject to the rights of free locomotion, land will be leased out to companies or individuals, but—in view of the unknown necessities of the future—never for a longer period than, let us say, fifty years.

The property of a parent in his children, and of a husband in his wife, seem to be undergoing a steadily increasing qualification in the world of to-day, but the discussion of the Utopian state of affairs in regard to such property may be better reserved until marriage becomes our topic. Suffice it here to remark, that the increasing control of a child's welfare and upbringing by the community, and the growing disposition to limit and tax inheritance are complementary aspects of the general tendency to regard the welfare and free intraplay of future generations no longer as the concern of parents and altruistic individuals, but as the predominant issue of statesmanship, and the duty and moral meaning of the world community as a whole.

§ 6.

From the conception of mechanical force as coming in from Nature to the service of man, a conception the Utopian proposal of a coinage based on energy units would emphasise, arise profound contrasts

between the modern and the classical Utopias. Except for a meagre use of water power for milling, and the wind for sailing—so meagre in the latter case that the classical world never contrived to do without the galley slave—and a certain restricted help from oxen in ploughing, and from horses in locomotion, all the energy that sustained the old-fashioned State was derived from the muscular exertion of toiling men. They ran their world by hand. Continual bodily labour was a condition of social existence. It is only with the coming of coal smelting, of abundant iron and steel, and of scientific knowledge that this condition has been changed. To-day, I suppose, if it were possible to indicate, in units of energy, the grand total of work upon which the social fabric of the United States or England rests, it would be found that a vastly preponderating moiety is derived from non-human sources, from coal and liquid fuel, and explosives and wind and water. There is every indication of a steady increase in this proportion of mechanical energy, in this emancipation of men from the necessity of physical labour. There appears no limit to the invasion of life by the machine.

Now it is only in the last three hundred years that any human being seems to have anticipated this. It stimulates the imagination to remark how entirely it was overlooked as a modifying cause in human development[1] Plato clearly had no ideas about machines at all as a force affecting social organisation. There was nothing in his world to suggest them to him. I suppose there arose no invention, no new mechanical appliance or method of the slightest social importance through all his length of years. He never thought of a State that did not rely for its force upon human muscle, just as he never thought of a State that was not primarily organised for warfare hand to hand. Political and moral inventions he saw enough of and to spare, and in that direction he still stimulates the imagination But in regard to all material possibilities he deadens rather than stimulates.[2] An infinitude of nonsense about the Greek mind would never have been written if the distinctive intellectual and artistic quality of Plato's time, its extraordinarily clear definition of certain material conditions as absolutely permanent, coupled with its politico-social instability, had been borne in mind. The food of the Greek imagination was the very antithesis of our own nourishment. We are educated by our circumstances to think no revolution in appliances and economic organisation incredible, our minds play freely about possibilities that would have struck the men of the Academy as outrageous extravagance, and it is in regard to politico-social expedients that our imaginations fail. Sparta, for all the evidence of history, is scarcely more credible to us than a motor car throbbing in the agora would have been to Socrates.

(1) It is interesting to note how little even Bacon seems to see of this, in his New Atlantis

(2) The lost Utopia of Hippodamus provided rewards for inventors, but unless Aristotle misunderstood him, and it is certainly the fate of all Utopias to be more or less misread, the inventions contemplated were political devices.

By sheer inadvertence, therefore, Plato commenced the tradition of Utopias without machinery, a tradition we find Morris still loyally following, except for certain mechanical barges and such-like toys, in his *News from Nowhere*. There are some foreshadowings of mechanical possibilities in the New Atlantis, but it is only in the nineteenth century that Utopias appeared in which the fact is clearly recognised that the social fabric rests no longer upon human labour. It was, I believe, Cabet [1] who first in a Utopian work insisted upon the escape of man from irksome labours through the use of machinery. He is the great primitive of modern Utopias and Bellamy is his American equivalent. Hitherto, either slave labour (Phaleas),[2] or at least class distinctions involving unavoidable labour in the lower class, have been assumed—as Plato does, and as Bacon in the New Atlantis probably intended to do (More gave his Utopians bondsmen *sans phrase* for their most disagreeable toil); or there is—as in Morris and the outright Return-to-Nature Utopians—a bold make-believe that all toil may be made a joy, and with that a levelling down of all society to an equal participation in labour. But indeed this is against all the observed behaviour of mankind. It needed the Olympian unworldliness of an irresponsible rich man of the shareholding type, a Ruskin or a Morris playing at life, to imagine as much. Road-making under Mr. Ruskin's auspices was a joy at Oxford no doubt, and a distinction, and it still remains a distinction; it proved the least contagious of practices. And Hawthorne did not find bodily toil anything more than the curse the Bible says it is, at Brook Farm.[3]

If toil is a blessing, never was blessing so effectually disguised, and the very people who tell us that, hesitate to suggest more than a beautiful ease in the endless day of Heaven. A certain amount of bodily or mental exercise, a considerable amount of doing things under the direction of one's free imagination is quite another matter Artistic production, for example, when it is at its best, when a man is freely obeying himself, and not troubling to please others, is really not toil at all. It is quite a different thing digging potatoes, as boys say, "for a lark," and digging them because otherwise you will starve, digging them day after day as a dull, unavoidable imperative. The essence of toil is that imperative, and the fact that the attention *must* cramp itself to the work in hand—that it excludes freedom, and not that it involves fatigue. So long as anything but a quasi-savage life depended upon toil, so long was it hopeless to expect mankind to do anything but struggle to confer just as much of this blessing as possible upon one another. But now that the new conditions physical science is bringing about, not only dispense with man as a source of energy but supply the hope that all routine work may be made automatic, it is becoming conceivable, that presently there may be no need for anyone to toil habitually

(1) Cabet, *Voyage en Icarie*, 1848.
(2) Aristotle's *Politics*, Bk. II., Ch. VIII.
(3) *The Blythedale Experiment*, and see also his *Notebook*.

at all; that a labouring class—that is to say a class of workers without personal initiative—will become unnecessary to the world of men.

The plain message physical science has for the world at large is this, that were our political and social and moral devices only as well contrived to their ends as a linotype machine, an antiseptic operating plant, or an electric tram car, there need now at the present moment be no appreciable toil in the world, and only the smallest fraction of the pain, the fear, and the anxiety that now makes human life so doubtful in its value. There is more than enough for everyone alive Science stands, a too competent servant, behind her wrangling underbred masters, holding out resources, devices, and remedies they are too stupid to use.[1] And on its material side a modern Utopia must needs present these gifts as taken, and show a world that is really abolishing the need of labour, abolishing the last base reason for anyone's servitude or inferiority.

§ 7.

The effectual abolition of a labouring and servile class will make itself felt in every detail of the inn that will shelter us, of the bedrooms we shall occupy. You conceive my awakening to all these things on the morning after our arrival. I shall lie for a minute or so with my nose peeping over the coverlet, agreeably and gently coming awake, and with some vague nightmare of sitting at a common table with an unavoidable dustman in green and gold called Boffin,[2] fading out of my mind. Then I should start up. You figure my apprehensive, startled inspection of my chamber. "Where am I?" that classic phrase, recurs. Then I perceive quite clearly that I am in bed in Utopia.

Utopia! The word is enough to bring anyone out of bed, to the nearest window, but thence I see no more than the great mountain mass behind the inn, a very terrestrial looking mountain mass. I return to the contrivances about me, and make my examination as I dress, pausing garment in hand to hover over first this thing of interest and then that.

The room is, of course, very clear and clean and simple; not by any means cheaply equipped, but designed to economise the labour of redding and repair just as much as is possible. It is beautifully proportioned, and rather lower than most rooms I know on earth. There is no fireplace, and I am perplexed by that until I find a thermometer beside six switches on the wall. Above this switchboard is a brief instruction: one switch warms the floor, which is not carpeted, but covered by a substance like soft oilcloth; one warms the mattress (which is of metal with resistance coils threaded to and fro in it); and the others warm the wall in various degrees, each direct-

(1) See that most suggestive little book *Twentieth Century Inventions*, by Mr. George Sutherland.

(2) *Vide* William Morris's *News from Nowhere*.

ing current through a separate system of resistances. The casement does not open, but above, flush with the ceiling, a noiseless rapid fan pumps air out of the room. The air enters by a Tobin shaft There is a recess dressing-room, equipped with a bath and all that is necessary to one's toilette, and the water, one remarks, is warmed, if one desires it warm, by passing it through an electrically heated spiral of tubing. A cake of soap drops out of a store machine on the turn of a handle, and when you have done with it, you drop that and your soiled towels and so forth, which also are given you by machines, into a little box, through the bottom of which they drop at once, and sail down a smooth shaft. A little notice tells you the price of your room, and you gather the price is doubled if you do not leave the toilette as you found it. Beside the bed, and to be lit at night by a handy switch over the pillow, is a little clock, its face flush with the wall. The room has no corners to gather dirt, wall meets floor with a gentle curve, and the apartment could be swept out effectually by a few strokes of a mechanical sweeper The door frames and window frames are of metal, rounded and impervious to draught You are politely requested to turn a handle at the foot of your bed before leaving the room, and forthwith the frame turns up into a vertical position, and the bedclothes hang airing. You stand at the doorway and realise that there remains not a minute's work for anyone to do Memories of the fœtid disorder of many an earthly bedroom after a night's use float across your mind.

And you must not imagine this dustless, spotless, sweet apartment as anything but beautiful Its appearance is a little unfamiliar of course, but all the muddle of dust-collecting hangings and witless ornament that cover the earthly bedroom, the valances, the curtains to check the draught from the ill-fitting wood windows, the worthless irrelevant pictures, usually a little askew, the dusty carpets, and all the paraphernalia about the dirty, black-leaded fireplace are gone. But the faintly tinted walls are framed with just one clear coloured line, as finely placed as the member of a Greek capital; the door handles and the lines of the panels of the door, the two chairs, the framework of the bed, the writing table, have all that final simplicity, that exquisite finish of contour that is begotten of sustained artistic effort. The graciously shaped windows each frame a picture—since they are draughtless the window seats are no mere mockeries as are the window seats of earth—and on the sill, the sole thing to need attention in the room, is one little bowl of blue Alpine flowers.

The same exquisite simplicity meets one downstairs.

Our landlord sits down at table with us for a moment, and seeing we do not understand the electrically heated coffee-pot before us, shows us what to do. Coffee and milk we have, in the Continental fashion, and some excellent rolls and butter.

He is a swarthy little man, our landlord, and overnight we saw him preoccupied with other guests. But we have risen either late or early by Utopian standards, we know not which, and this morning

he has us to himself. His bearing is kindly and inoffensive, but he cannot conceal the curiosity that possesses him. His eye meets ours with a mute inquiry, and then as we fall to, we catch him scrutinising our cuffs, our garments, our boots, our faces, our table manners. He asks nothing at first, but says a word or so about our night's comfort and the day's weather, phrases that have an air of being customary. Then comes a silence that is interrogative.

"Excellent coffee," I say to fill the gap.

"And excellent rolls," says my botanist.

Our landlord indicates his sense of our approval.

A momentary diversion is caused by the entry of an elfin-tressed little girl, who stares at us half impudently, half shyly, with bright black eyes, hesitates at the botanist's clumsy smile and nod, and then goes and stands by her father and surveys us steadfastly.

"You have come far?" ventures our landlord, patting his daughter's shoulder.

I glance at the botanist. "Yes," I say, "we have."

I expand. "We have come so far that this country of yours seems very strange indeed to us."

"The mountains?"

"Not only the mountains."

"You came up out of the Ticino valley?"

"No—not that way."

"By the Oberalp?"

"No"

"The Furka?"

"No."

"Not up from the lake?"

"No."

He looks puzzled.

"We came," I say, "from another world."

He seems trying to understand. Then a thought strikes him, and he sends away his little girl with a needless message to her mother.

"Ah!" he says. "Another world—eh? Meaning——?"

"Another world—far in the deeps of space."

Then at the expression of his face one realises that a Modern Utopia will probably keep its more intelligent citizens for better work than inn-tending. He is evidently inaccessible to the idea we think of putting before him. He stares at us a moment and then remarks, "There's the book to sign."

We find ourselves confronted with a book, a little after the fashion of the familiar hotel visitors' book of earth. He places this before us, and beside it puts pen and ink and a slab, upon which ink has been freshly smeared.

"Thumbmarks," says my scientific friend hastily in English.

"You show me how to do it," I say as quickly.

He signs first, and I look over his shoulder.

He is displaying more readiness than I should have expected. The book is ruled in broad transverse lines, and has a space for a name,

for a number, and a thumbmark. He puts his thumb upon the slab and makes the thumbmark first with the utmost deliberation. Meanwhile he studies the other two entries. The "numbers" of the previous guests above are complex muddles of letters and figures. He writes his name, then with a calm assurance writes down his number, A.M.a.1607.2.$\alpha\beta\oplus$. I am wrung with momentary admiration. I follow his example, and fabricate an equally imposing signature. We think ourselves very clever. The landlord proffers finger bowls for our thumbs, and his eye goes, just a little curiously, to our entries.

I decide it is advisable to pay and go before any conversation about our formulæ arises.

As we emerge into the corridor, and the morning sunlight of the Utopian world, I see the landlord bending over the book

"Come on," I say. "The most tiresome thing in the world is explanations, and I perceive that if we do not get along they will fall upon us now."

I glance back to discover the landlord and a gracefully robed woman standing outside the pretty simplicity of the Utopian inn, watching us doubtfully as we recede.

"Come on," I insist.

§ 8.

We should go towards the Schoellenen gorge, and as we went, our fresh morning senses would gather together a thousand factors for our impression of this more civilised world. A Modern Utopia will have done with yapping about nationality, and so the ugly fortifications, the barracks and military defilements of the earthly vale of Urseren will be wanting. Instead there will be a great multitude of gracious little houses, clustering in college-like groups, no doubt about their common kitchens and halls, down and about the valley slopes. And there will be many more trees, and a great variety of trees—all the world will have been ransacked for winter conifers. Despite the height of the valley there will be a double avenue along the road. This high road with its tramway would turn with us to descend the gorge, and we should hesitate upon the adventure of boarding the train. But now we should have the memory of our landlord's curious eye upon us, and we should decide at last to defer the risk of explanations such an enterprise might precipitate.

We should go by the great road for a time, and note something of the difference between Utopian and terrestrial engineering.

The tramway, the train road, the culverts and bridges, the Urnerloch tunnel, into which the road plunges, will all be beautiful things.

There is nothing in machinery, there is nothing in embankments and railways and iron bridges and engineering devices to oblige them to be ugly. Ugliness is the measure of imperfection; a thing of human making is for the most part ugly in proportion to the poverty of its constructive thought, to the failure of its producer fully to grasp the purpose of its being. Everything to which men continue

to give thought and attention, which they make and remake in the same direction, and with a continuing desire to do as well as they can, grows beautiful inevitably Things made by mankind under modern conditions are ugly, primarily because our social organisation is ugly, because we live in an atmosphere of snatch and uncertainty, and do everything in an underbred strenuous manner. This is the misfortune of machinery, and not its fault. Art, like some beautiful plant, lives on its atmosphere, and when the atmosphere is good it will grow everywhere, and when it is bad nowhere. If we smashed and buried every machine, every furnace, every factory in the world, and without any further change set ourselves to home industries, hand labour, spade husbandry, sheepfolding and pig minding, we should still do things in the same haste, and achieve nothing but dirtiness, inconvenience, bad air, and the gaunt and gawky reflection of our intellectual and moral disorder. We should mend nothing.

But in Utopia a man who designs a tram road will be a cultivated man, an artist craftsman; he will strive, as a good writer or a painter strives, to achieve the simplicity of perfection. He will make his girders and rails and parts as gracious as that first engineer, Nature, has made the stems of her plants and the joints and gestures of her animals. To esteem him a sort of anti-artist, to count every man who makes things with his unaided thumbs an artist, and every man who uses machinery as a brute, is merely a passing phase of human stupidity. This tram road beside us will be a triumph of design. The idea will be so unfamiliar to us that for a time it will not occur to us that it is a system of beautiful objects at all. We shall admire its ingenious adaptation to the need of a district that is buried half the year in snow, the hard bed below, curved and guttered to do its own clearing, the great arched sleeper masses, raising the rails a good two yards above the ground, the easy, simple standards and insulators. Then it will creep in upon our minds, "But, by Jove! *This is designed!*"

Indeed the whole thing will be designed.

Later on, perhaps, we may find students in an art school working at a competition for an electric tram, students who know something of modern metallurgy, and something of electrical engineering, and we shall find people as keenly critical of a signal box or an iron bridge as they are on earth of—— ! Heavens! what *are* they critical about on earth?

The cut and condition of a dress tie!

We should make some unpatriotic comparisons with our own planet, no doubt.

(*To be continued.*)

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